VOL · IV APRIL 1925 NO · 16

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

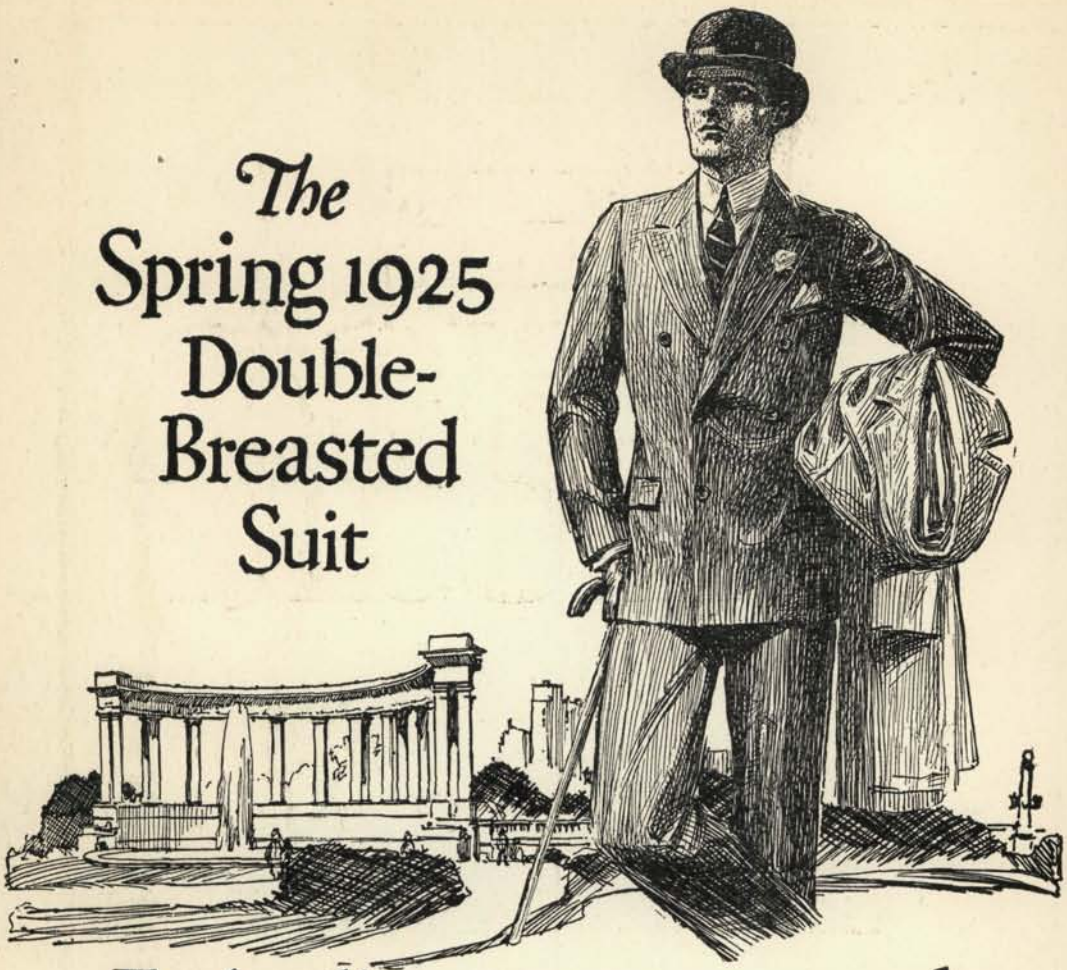
50¢
FOR ONE COPY

$5.00
BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF
PUBLISHER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spring 1925 Double-Breasted Suit



Embodies every new and approved style idea

See the broad rolling lapels - the stalwart shoulders - the low buttons and pockets - - - the things you want - - - *what you'll see in*

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C HJALMAR NELSON
806 OVERLOOK
ROCKFORD ILL

The Connoisseur's Favorite

A CUP of Ridgways *Genuine* Orange Pekoe Tea is like the company of a cheering friend.

In lonesome moments that fill the day, in the evening hour of quiet reflection—any time, when exhausted nature calls for something soothing, sustaining and refreshing, a cup of the choicest tea—Ridgways *Genuine* Orange Pekoe—is nature's supreme refreshment.

Let this, "The Finest Tea the World Produces," minister to your daily needs.

1 lb., ½ lb., ¼ lb. and 15c Trial *TINS*

Ridgways Genuine Orange Pekoe Tea

Ridgways, Inc., Dept. A. 60 Warren Street, New York.

Send me a free Sample of Ridgways *Genuine* Orange Pekoe Tea and your booklet, "A Few Facts About Tea."

Name..... *Address*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FROM SELTZER'S

The Guermantes Way

The third and fourth parts of *Marcel Proust's* series, *Remembrance of Things Past*. Two vols., 860 pages, boxed, uniform with *Within a Budding Grove*. $6.00

"'A great life-giver' is the very epithet one needs for *Proust*," says *Edith Wharton* in the YALE REVIEW. "His gallery of living figures is immense, almost past reckoning . . . and his pages abound in flashes one of which would make the fortune of a lesser novelist."

Little Novels of Sicily

Novelle Rusticane, the finest short stories of *Giovanni Verga*, translated by *D. H. Lawrence*. $2.00

D. H. Lawrence's translations of *Verga* bring to the American public the greatest figure in Italian letters since *Manzoni*, a writer it would be difficult to match in literature since the days of the giants, *Balzac, Dostoievsky, Tolstoi;* and yet a writer whose clear vigor is closely akin to the modern tradition of terse simplicity.

Processional

A play by *John Howard Lawson*, illustrated with eight photographs of the *Theatre Guild* production. $2.00

"The thing is gorgeous," says *Christopher Morley*. "To my taste it makes a thing like *Saint Joan* seem like palaver."

Sherwood Anderson writes: "It enhanced my own imagination more than any other play I have seen by an American."

If there can be such a thing, *Processional* is in fact the "great American drama."

The Challenge of Childhood

by *Ira S. Wile, M.S., M.D.*, Crown 8vo. $3.50

The most fascinating and practically useful book of child psychology ever written. Out of his vast experience with unadjusted children, *Dr. Wile* has taken fifty of his little patients, and written what was the matter with them, what was done, what the result was. For parents, teachers, doctors and social workers.

The Woman I Am

An autobiographical novel by *Amber Lee* $2.00

It is only once in many years that such a combination appears—a beautiful woman whose stormy career led her from a quiet New England home, through an unfortunate marriage with wealth into the "fast set" of New York, from there to the leading role in the nine-days' sensation of a murder trial—and at the same time a woman who can with uncommon literary power write with vividness, grace, and dignity the story of her fascinating life.

The Golden Door

A novel by *Evelyn Scott*. $2.50

This is the first published work of *Evelyn Scott* since that masterpiece of unique autobiography, *Escapade*. In this story of a man who tries to be a modern barefoot saint, and of his wife who tries to follow him, and can't, will be found the same rare literary qualities that made *Escapade* so fascinating.

The Groote Park Murder and *The Cask*

Two detective stories by *Freeman Wills Crofts*, each, $2.00

There is nothing of the common detective story about these two. Readers have written to say *Crofts* is the greatest in his line since *Gaboriau*. *The Cask* is already well known as the finest book of its kind of 1924. *The Groote Park Murder*, just issued, is equally great.

The Hounded Man

The novel by *Francis Carco* that won the *Prix du Roman*. $2.00

In the squalid night-haunts of the lower strata of the Paris underworld lives a baker who has committed a murder, and left never a clue. His only enemy is his driving fear, and then the girl to whom he betrays his secret. This is the story of that fear, which drives him at last, writhing, into the hands of the law.

PUBLISHED AT FIVE WEST FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME IV April 1925 NUMBER 16

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Creating Reputations, Ltd.	Oswald Garrison Villard	385
Adventures Among Union Men	G. Frederic Pelham, Jr.	390
Servants of the People	James M. Cain	393
The New York of the Salons	James L. Ford	399
The Devil is a Woman (*A Poem*)	Alice Mary Kimball	404
The Psychopathology of Business	Carl Dreher	411
Americana		417
The Hound of Heaven	Robert L. Duffus	424
Poe as a Critic	George E. DeMille	433
The Sorcerer (*A Story*)	Julia Peterkin	441
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken	448
The Heirs of Bolívar	Ernesto Montenegro	453
The Arts and Sciences:		
The New Immigration Law	J. G. Wilson	459
Heart Disease	James A. Tobey	462
Stravinsky as a Symptom	Daniel Gregory Mason	465
The Second War for Independence	Harry Elmer Barnes	469
The Bewildered American	William Orton	476
A Boy in Idaho	James Stevens	480
Instinct as a Guide to Food	Benjamin Harrow and Casimir Funk	489
Testimonies	L. M. Hussey	495
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	499
The Library	H. L. Mencken	505
The American Mercury Authors		511
Index to Volume IV		512
Editorial Notes		xviii
Progress in Knowledge		xxvi
Check List of New Books		xxxii

Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes will not be returned and the Editors will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th Streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1925, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher* — George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken } *Editors*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW DUTTON BOOKS—NON-FICTION

One of the great autobiographies of the century

Seventy Years of Life and Labor

By SAMUEL GOMPERS. In two illustrated volumes

The story of a typically American career, that of a poor boy who became a leader of men. The story of the creation of the A. F. of L., one of the greatest organizations of its kind in the world, influencing the lives and the prosperity of hundreds of thousands of Americans. If you are interested in American economics or sociology you will find this illuminating reading. Two vols. $10.00

The Reforging of Russia

By EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

An impartial picture of what Russia is accomplishing and an interesting, intelligent forecast. $3.00

Secret Societies and Subversive Movements

By NESTA H. WEBSTER

A study of the relation of secret cults to the great revolutionary movements of history. $7.00

Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation

By ANNE KIMBALL TUELL

A critical review of work few know in its entirety and a delightful portrait of a personality whose influence was wide. $2.50

Essays in French Literature

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY

Ranging from his early essay on Baudelaire to one written in 1923 on Anatole France. $4.25

New Volumes of the Broadway Translations

Laclos' Dangerous Acquaintances

Translated by Richard Aldington. Lytton Strachey describes it as "a witty, scandalous and remarkable novel revealing on every page a most brilliant and concentrated art." $5.00

Martial's Twelve Books of Epigrams

Translated by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright. Twelve books of witty, scathing criticism of the early Roman Empire in all its luxury and vice. $5.00

Uniform with the Above

Suetonius' History of Twelve Caesars
Trans. by P. HOLLAND $5.00

Esquemeling's "The Buccaneers of America"
Trans. by WM. STALLYBRASS $5.00

A Book of Characters
By Theophrastus and others. Ed. by R. ALDINGTON $5.00

Aksakov's Chronicles of a Russian Family $5.00

Gesta Romanorum
Trans. by CHARLES SWAN $5.00

De Rojas' Celestina
Trans. by JAMES MABBE $5.00

Bandello's Tragical Tales
Trans. by GEOF. FENTON $5.00

Simplicissimus the Vagabond
Trans. by A. S. GOODRICH $5.00

Other Volumes in the Same Series Somewhat Smaller in Size

The Girdle of Aphrodite
Trans. by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

Voltaire's Zadig, etc.
Trans. by H. I. WOOLF $3.00

Petronius' Satyricon
Trans. by J. M. MITCHELL $3.00

Master Tyll Owlglass
Trans. by K. H. MACKENZIE $3.00

Montesquieu's Persian Letters
Trans. by JOHN DAVIDSON $3.00

Alciphron's Letters
Trans. by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

Ovid's Lover's Handbook
Trans. by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

Four French Comedies of the XVIIIth Century
Trans. by R. ALDINGTON $3.00

Cyrano de Bergerac's Voyages to the Sun and to the Moon
Trans. by R. ALDINGTON $3.00

Travels of Baron Munchausen
Trans. by WM. ROSE $3.00

Three Tibetan Mystery Plays
Trans. by R. ALDINGTON $3.00

Three Plays of R. V. Lunacharski
Trans. by L. A. MAGNUS and K. WALTER

Poets of the Greek Anthology
By F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

The Epic of the Beast
Introduction by WM. ROSE $3.00

Count Lucanor
Trans. by JAMES YORK $3.00

Heliodorus: An Aethiopian Romance
Trans. by THOMAS UNDERDOWNE $3.00

These books can be bought through any bookstore or direct from

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW DUTTON FICTION

IMAGINATIVE — REALISTIC — STIMULATING — ENJOYABLE

"One of the most fascinating stories to be found in any literature"

WE

A BRILLIANT SATIRE ON STANDARDIZED SOCIETY
Translated by Gregory Zilboorg from the Russian of
EUGENE ZAMIATIN

"The future, in fiction, is always interesting if it is well-handled, and this story in the hands of Zamiatin who neither forces our imaginations unduly, nor becomes needlessly involved in speculation, appeals irresistibly to the romancer in all of us. And it can be read solely for the story, or more thoughtfully with full appreciation of overtones of humor, irony and bitterness that make it an invaluable record of the Russian mind. It has a kick for those who read only for thrills, and a moral for those who, like the Duchess, insist that there is a moral in everything, if you will only look for it. But take it as you may, it is an addition of decided value to the list of your experiences."—*A. de Voto, Evanston News-Index.*

The New York Times Book Review says:

"'We' pictures a civilization, scientifically perfected. a thousand years from now. . . . All the arts were calculated scientifically to mathematical formulae. Sex life was thoroughly regulated. Standardization was complete. Government paternalism existed in its logical extremes. Zamiatin in his futuristic creation has loosened the imagination as fecund and lively as Jules Verne, supported by a vigorous and flexible intellect, that plays drolly upon the ideas of government and the social order. He has written a nightmare at which he sometimes laughs wistfully . . . the cream of the jest, perhaps, lies in the fact that it came out of Russia." $2.00

Reamer Lou

By LOUIS FORGIONE

A blindingly vivid and forcible description of the life of an Italian-American workman. It is the sort of picture most difficult to find, because it presents the conditions, the emotions of a class usually inarticulate and often feeling no need of expression. It shows life in a Slav boarding-house, in a shipyard, along the water front, among full-blooded, hot-tempered men, always ready to love or fight. $2.00

Val Sinestra

By MARTHA MORTON

A first novel of unusual calibre by a successful playwright who transfers to its pages vivid characterization, swift movement and an undercurrent of intrinsic nobility and interest. It traces in masterly fashion the conflicting heredity of three characters all struggling with the environment of New York, but shifting for its strange and brilliantly original climax to a secluded valley in the Swiss Alps. $2.00

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "Lone Wolf Returns," "Baroque," etc., has written in

The Road to En-Dor

a novel which goes so deep, is so rich in material, so vivid and moving in the manner of its telling that even those who have been most enthralled by his thrilling romances will be willing to admit that in this new book he has risen to heights of dramatic intensity such as he had never reached before $2.00

The Doom Window

By MAURICE DRAKE

An enjoyable book. The setting is fascinating, with the rich glowing colors of stained glass, the scene is novel, the people such as you would enjoy meeting; the plot has a thrill in it and the end is satisfying. $2.00

Tongues of Fire

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD
Author of "John Silence," etc.

Brilliant tales of imagination of strange places and strange people by the "master of mystery" whose stories take us into the Unknown as do those of no other writer. $2.50

Dreaming Spires

By DIANA PATRICK
Author of
"The Manuscript of Youth"

The story of a charming young adventuress, whose chase of the lovely things of life takes her through many tinsel towers before she dreams of beautiful spires. $2

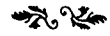
These books can be bought through any bookstore or direct from
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the May number of

The American Mercury

(*Ready April Twenty-fifth*)



THE PESTILENCE OF FANATICISM

by James A. Reed, United States Senator from Missouri

Of all men conspicuous in the public life of the United States, Mr. Reed is the most distinguished and effective advocate of the traditional liberties of the American people. In this article he makes a brilliant onslaught upon the quacks and bogus uplifters who seek to destroy them.

Other important articles in the same number:

MODERN CONQUISTADORES *by William McFee*

A characteristically colorful and charming piece of writing by the author of "Command" and "Captain Macedoine's Daughter."

CHIROPRACTIC *by Dr. Morris Fishbein*

Dr. Fishbein is Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the foremost American medical journal. His description of the chiropractic quackery is authoritative and devastating.

There will be a dozen other interesting articles in addition to the regular departments

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who could resist this priceless book!"

"PRICELESS because the genius of Shakespeare is priceless. To have *all* his marvelous works in this one convenient volume is indeed a rare opportunity. It really did not seem possible, but I have found it all and more than represented."

This is typical of the enthusiastic comments this remarkable volume has prompted. When the first copies were imported from England, a veritable sensation was created. Never before had such a book been seen. Scarcely an inch thick, it contains 1,352 pages—the complete works of Shakespeare.

In this one superb volume—the full glory of Shakespeare's immortal genius

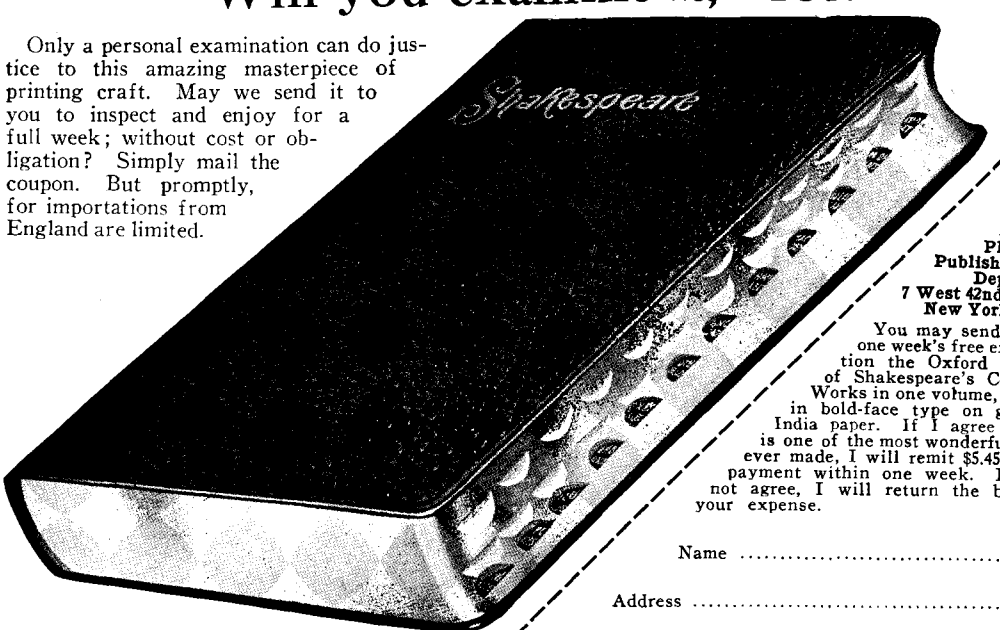
Every play, every poem, every sonnet is in this single volume—word for word as they appear in the authentic First Folio in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University. Printed in *large, clear type* on genuine Oxford India paper—the marvel of modern paper-making, so finely woven as to be almost without weight, yet far stronger than ordinary paper, white and opaque.

De Luxe binding; richly grained, limp, maroon covers, gold intaglio title on front cover and backstrap. Full gold edged pages with thumb index of titles. A volume of sumptuous beauty, the supreme achievement of the famous Oxford University Press—not to be confused with inferior imitations.

Yet the price is incredibly low for the complete works of Shakespeare in such luxurious, single-volume form.

Will you examine it, Free?

Only a personal examination can do justice to this amazing masterpiece of printing craft. May we send it to you to inspect and enjoy for a full week; without cost or obligation? Simply mail the coupon. But promptly, for importations from England are limited.



The Plymouth Publishing Co., Dept. 404, 7 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me for one week's free examination the Oxford Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works in one volume, printed in bold-face type on genuine India paper. If I agree that it is one of the most wonderful books ever made, I will remit $5.45 in full payment within one week. If I do not agree, I will return the book at your expense.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your book bound in beautiful Persian Morocco. Add $1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege.

THE PLYMOUTH PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 404
7 West 42nd Street, New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A whale of a tale! You've got the big seller of 1925," says one of the many booksellers who are boosting

BEAU GESTE

By PERCIVAL C. WREN

Author of "The Wages of Virtue," etc.

So when we say this mystery story of the French Foreign Legion fighting in Africa before the Great War is a corking good yarn (which people are reading not once, but two or three times!), we also say, "Don't take *our* word for it—ask your bookseller!" *6th Printing. $2.00.*

THE LOST SPEECH of Abraham Lincoln

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Author of "Benefits Forgot," "Still Jim," etc.

Lincoln lovers—and romance lovers—will relish this moving, beautiful love story in which Mr. Lincoln plays an important part. The romance is based on the incidents surrounding Lincoln's famous "Lost Speech," which out in Illinois in 1856 accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of welding quarreling factions into a unified Republican Party. *64 pages. $1.00.*

WATLING'S

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

Author of "The Quinneys," etc.

There is an undeniable fascination about a big modern department store. Here is a romance which centers in such a business in London, and whose owner—shrewd, energetic, wise—might be one of the merchant princes who have made American department stores famous. A splendid love story with plenty of humor and suspense. *$2.00.*

THE PRINCE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

By HARRY F. LISCOMB

The Boy Novelist

A gem of unconscious humor, of which *Louis Bromfield, author of "The Green Bay Tree," says:* "Thanks for two hours of great fun! Certainly the most entertaining book of its kind since 'The Young Visiters,' with a greater stamp of authenticity. As a compendium of contemporary slang it is priceless." *$1.00.*

PLAYING THE GAME

By STANLEY (BUCKY) HARRIS

Manager of the World's Champion Washington Senators

Bucky Harris, youngest manager of a major league team, tells the inspiring story of his rise to baseball fame, from the time when he toiled in a coal mine to the big day when President Coolidge presented him with a loving cup. Rousing reading for sport-lovers and for all who like to see American boys make good. *Illustrated. $1.50.*

THE SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

By LADY GREY of Fallodon

The quaint and memorable sayings of five lovable children as written down by their mother. "A beautiful piece of literature, and long after the book is read, its lovely phrases, its wistful thoughts and dreams, return to touch the heart and the imagination," says Honoré Willsie Morrow, author of "The Enchanted Canyon," etc. With blank pages for the mother-reader to record the sayings of her own children. *$1.50.*

CONFESSIONS OF A DEALER

By THOMAS ROHAN

A famous dealer in antiques tells all the fascinating details of his priceless "finds," countless anecdotes of famous people and the secrets of his success, in a volume of untold value to collectors and of absorbing interest to the general reader. *Illustrated. $3.50.*

By the author of
IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN
(6th Large Printing)

THE SOUL OF CHINA

By
LOUISE JORDAN MILN

Whose Stories of China Reach the Hearts of America

"The widening circle of readers that Mrs. Miln has won by her novels will find her imagination as robust, her fancy as sparkling, in these tales."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

3rd Large Printing. $2.00

443 Fourth Ave. **FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY** **New York**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CENTURY BOOKS — NEW

MARTHA

By Percy Marks

Yes, he has another book. A vastly better one, in a literary way, than "The Plastic Age"—and considerably more of a novel. The life story of a half-breed Indian girl in California. ($2.00.)

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH

By Donn Byrne

O'Malley married a Protestant nun—none the less "a bride of Christ"; a beautiful girl, made for life and love. The story of the man and his wife with her conviction of sin is characteristic Donn Byrne. (Ill., $1.25.)

HIS WIFE-IN-LAW

By Marie Conway Oemler

Not since "Slippy McGee" and "A Woman Named Smith" has Mrs. Oemler used her own most characteristic gifts so fully. It is romantic, gallant, humorous, touched with real beauty. ($2.00.)

SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

By Paul Linebarger

A book by an American long a resident in China, a supporter of the revolution, which was prepared with Dr. Sun's collaboration. (Ill., $4.00.)

SPANISH SUNSHINE

By Eleanor Elsner

A motor traveler—who had previously been several times a resident—writes a book filled with Spain's enchantment. (Ill., $4.00.)

TRADITION AND JAZZ

By Fred L. Pattee

Literary essays mostly on the contemporary mind, manners and literary productions by the author of "Sidelights on American Literature." ($2.00.)

ADVENTURES OF A SCHOLAR TRAMP

By Glenn F. Mullin

By a man who calls himself "an authentic citizen of hoboland and not a casual visitor." Both vivid and honest. ($2.00.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Order Little Blue Books Today at 5c

AFTER APRIL 30, PRICE GOES TO 10 CENTS

Impossible to Maintain Old Price of 5c. after April 30, owing to Heavy Manufacturing Costs—Public is Given Last Chance to take pick of Little Blue Books at Sensational Price of 5c. per Book—Act Now! 5c. price means loss which we cannot bear after April 30. Order Large Supply of Little Blue Books at the 5c. price before it is finally withdrawn. Buy Now before the Hike to 10 cents

ORDER BY NUMBER

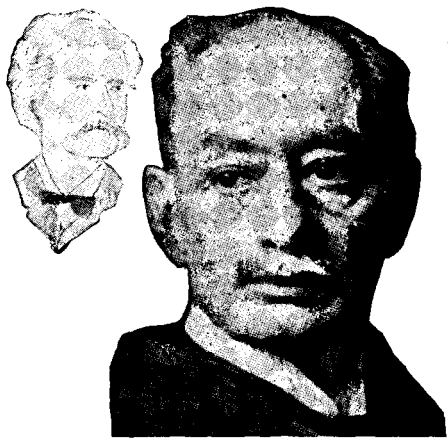
831 Cross Word Puzzle Book
830 Cross Word Puzzle Book for Children
192 Book of Synonyms
689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
653 What Every Boy Should Know. Fielding
654 What Every Young Man Should Know
655 What Every Young Woman Should Know
656 What Every Married Man Should Know
657 What Every Married Woman Should Know
681 Spelling Self-Taught
682 Grammar Self-Taught
683 Punctuation Self-Taught
712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
716 Mother Goose
717 Modern Sexual Morality. Wood
718 Great Women of Antiquity
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis. Wood
74 Physiology of Sex Life. Greer
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
231 Humorous Sketches. Twain
166 English as She Is Spoke. Twain
291 Jumping Frog. Mark Twain
14 What Every Girl Should Know. Sanger
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
217 Puzzle of Personality. Wm. J. Fielding
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior. Fielding
447 Auto-Suggestion—How It Works. Fielding
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself. Bonus
648 Rejuvenation—New Fountain of Youth. Fielding
650 K. K. K.—The Kreed of the Klansmen
58 Decameron. Boccaccio
672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
674 The Falcon. Boccaccio
344 Don Juan. Balzac
15 Balzac's Short Stories
6 Love, and Other Stories. De Maupassant
199 The Tallow Ball. De Maupassant
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
557 Is The Moon a Dead World? Shipley
559 Robinson Crusoe
560 Electra, Euripides
561 African Jungle Tales
562 Antigone, Sophocles
563 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures. Shipley
564 Volney's Ruins of Empires
570 Legend of Saint Julian. Flaubert
571 Kant's Philosophy
572 Beggar's Opera. Gay
573 Gist of Herbert Spencer
574 The Christian System. Schopenhauer
575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer
576 The Encheiridion or Manual. Epictetus
577 The Lifted Veil. Eliot
593 As a Man Thinketh. James Allen
598 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist. Fenton
617 Hamilcar: Great Man of Carthage. Flaubert
630 The Second Story Man. Upton Sinclair
660 My Brother Paul. Theodore Dreiser
676 Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters
680 Louis Pasteur: The Man and His Work
590-591-592 The Millennium. 3 vols. Sinclair
558 Great Pirates. Finger
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her. 2 vols Dorian
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
669 Josh Billing's Humorous Epigrams
663 Journalism in Tennessee. Twain
675 Philosophy of Love. Sarah Bernhardt
661 America and Sex Impulse. Theo. Dreiser
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
555 Structure of the Earth
556 Hints on Etiquette
567 Darwin As Naturalist
568 Darwin and Evolution
595 Happy Hypocrite. Beerbohm
596 History of Mexico
652 Is K K K Destructive? Debate. Imperial Wizard Evans and Zangwill
658 Walking Tours. Stevenson
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents. Twain
664 Oscar Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
665 Love Letters of Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou
668 Humorous Fables. Twain
583-584-585-586-587-588 Jungle. 6 vols. Sinclair
594 The Overman. Sinclair
659 The Lost Phoebe. Theodore Dreiser
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky
46 Salome. Oscar Wilde
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater. DeQuincey
189 Eugenics. Ellis
83 Marriage, Past and Present. Mrs. Besant
222 The Vamp re, etc. Kipling
98 How to Love
77 What Great Men Have Said About Women
304 What Great Women Have Said About Men
4 Age of Reason. Paine
42 Origin of the Human Race
322 Buddhist Philosophy
219 Human Tragedy. A. France
18 Idle Thoughts. Jerome
38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
25 Rhyming Dictionary
82 Common Faults in English
20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov
215 Miraculous Revenge Bernard Shaw
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
145 Great Ghost Stories
23 Great Sea Stories
161 Country of the Blind. Wells
165 Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells
130 Controversy on Christianity. Ingersoll and Gladstone
277 Man Without a Country
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
30 What Life Means to Me. Jack London
491 Psychology for Beginners
477 Theosophy in Outline
438-439 Secret Memoirs. 2 vols. Madame De Pompadour
105 7 Hanged. Andreyev
131 Redemption. Tolstoy
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
314 Short Stories. Daudet
324 Life of Lincoln. Bower
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
162 Rue Morgue. Poe
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
149 Historic Crimes. Finger
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
321 History of Evolution
209 Aspects of Birth Control
208 Debate on Birth Control. Mrs. Sanger and Russell
376 Woman of No Importance. Oscar Wilde
377 A Night in Luxembourg. Gourmont
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. Verne
437 Hints on Scenario
342 Hints on News Reporting
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
292 Fifi. De Maupassant
296 Lyric Love. Browning
381 Wisdom of Dickens
382 Humor of Lincoln
417 Nature of Dreams. Carrington
65 Meditation. Aurelius
295 Master Builder. Ibsen
232 Three Strangers. Hardy
21 Carmen. Merimee
289 Pepys' Diary
27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
205 Artemus Ward—His Book
336 Mark of the Beast. Kipling
16 Ghosts. Ibsen
151 Man Who Would B King. Kipling
198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France
150 Lost Civilizations. Finger
143 Time of Terror. Balzac
323 Life of Joan of Arc
124 Theory of Reincarnation
125 War Speeches of Wilson
12 Poe's Tales of Mystery
212 Life and Character. Goethe
61 What Is Religion? Tolstoy
44 Aesop's Fables
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
84 Love Letters of a Nun
172 Evolution of Love. Key
318 Christ in Flanders. Balzac
43 Marriage and Divorce. Greeley and Owen
123 Life of DuBarry
250 Romeo and Juliet
59 Epigrams of Wit
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
56 Wisdom of Ingersoll
93 How to Live 100 Yrs.
290 Poe's Gold Bug
158 Alice in Wonderland
41 Xmas Carol. Dickens
144 Was Poe Immoral?
322 Man Who Was. Kipling
87 Love. Montaigne
89 Love Letters of Genius
516 Book of Real Adventures
524 Death And Its Problems
532 Essays on Jesus. Harvey
533 Essays on Friends of Jesus
537 Life of Barnum. Finger
538 Robin Hood. Finger
540 Stories in Yellow, Black etc. De Gourmont
541 Stories in Green, Zinzolin etc. De Gourmont
554 Child's Garden of Verses
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
73 Whitman's Poems
311 Lodging for Night. Stevenson
133 Electricity Explained
510 Electric Energy: What It Does. Moritzen
32 Poe's Poems
327 Ice Age. Finger
202 Survival of Fittest
28 Toleration. Voltaire
184 Primitive Beliefs
275 Building of the Earth
230 Fleece of Gold. Gautier
204 Sun Worship. Tichenor
345 Clarimonde. Gautier
187 Whistler's Humor
76 Prince of Peace. Bryan
113 Proverbs of England
114 Proverbs of France
119 Proverbs of Ireland
168 Epigrams. Wilde
29 Dreams. Schreiner
180 Epigrams of Shaw
313 Decay of Lying. Wilde
148 Strength of the Strong. London
2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail
3 Essays. Voltaire
329-330 Dante's Inferno. 2 vols.
214 Speeches of Lincoln
126 History of Rome. Wood
69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots
308 She Stoops to Conquer
60 Emerson's Essays
157 Plato's Republic
216 Wit of Heine. Eliot
8 Lady Windermere's Fan
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
182 Daisy Miller. H. James
22 Tolstoy: His Life and Works
191 Evolution vs. Religion
129 Rome or Reason. Ingersoll
49 Evolution. Haeckel
62 Schopenhauer's Essays
280 Happy Prince. Wilde
522 Life of Tom Paine. Gunn
493 New Discoveries in Science
489 Yiddish Short Stories
488 Great Yiddish Poetry
471 Essence of Confucianism
469 The Egypt of Yesterday
465 Esperanto for Beginners
420 Great Spanish Short Stories
419 Life: Its Origin and Nature
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
397 Irish Fairy Tales

Order by number instead of titles. For instance, if you want "Carmen," simply write down "21." Remember the minimum quantity is 20 books—as many more as you like. Send money order, check (add 10c to personal checks for exchange), stamps or cash with all orders. If you want books shipped prepaid, enclose 10 per cent of the amount of order in addition. Otherwise books will be sent express collect. Canada and foreign price 7 cents per book.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, Dept. X-265, Girard, Kansas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Except for Mark Twain—



I didn't know anyone could be as American as Page!"

THIS from a noted Britisher who had been charmed yet astounded by Ambassador Walter H. Page's strikingly "United Statesy" personality. While the yellow press in this country raged and thundered against Page as "truckling to Great Britain," Page was impressing all London as the most decidedly American ambassador ever sent from Washington to the Court of St. James's. Once, when asked in what rôle Englishmen showed up best, Page flashed back: "As ancestors to Americans!" At a dinner party attended by many eminent people, the question was put to each guest: "If you could spend a second life-time, when and where would you choose to spend it?" Page instantly replied: "In the future, and in the U.S.A.!"

Fascinating as was Page's personality, marvellous as was his ability as a conversationalist and wit, he will be longest remembered as possibly the greatest letter writer of the Twentieth Century. The task of weaving all his letters into a connected story, placing them against a suitable background, and telling Walter H. Page's life story, was entrusted to Burton J. Hendrick, perhaps the most distinguished political commentator in America today. Understanding the man and his problems, Mr. Hendrick skilfully encased Mr. Page's letters in a brilliant setting that displays those literary gems at their best. The Pulitzer Prize for the best American biography of the year was awarded to Mr. Hendrick for this work. And thousands of booklovers voted "The Life and Letters" one of the ten greatest books of the present century.

Here is a chance to obtain the new 4-volume set, plus a full year's subscription to Page's own magazine, THE WORLD'S WORK, for no more than the first 2-volume set cost alone. But the books are going fast. You must act now!

Hitherto *Unpublished* Letters of PAGE to WOODROW WILSON included in this offer

In early issues of THE WORLD'S WORK, by special arrangement with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the Page Estate, Ambassador Walter H. Page's confidential letters to Woodrow Wilson will be published for the first time anywhere. They are sparkling, revelatory, intimate letters of the kind that made the American public pay $800,000 for the first published volumes of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." It is safe to say that no more important series of articles than this will appear in any American magazine during 1925.

THE LIFE and LETTERS of WALTER H. PAGE

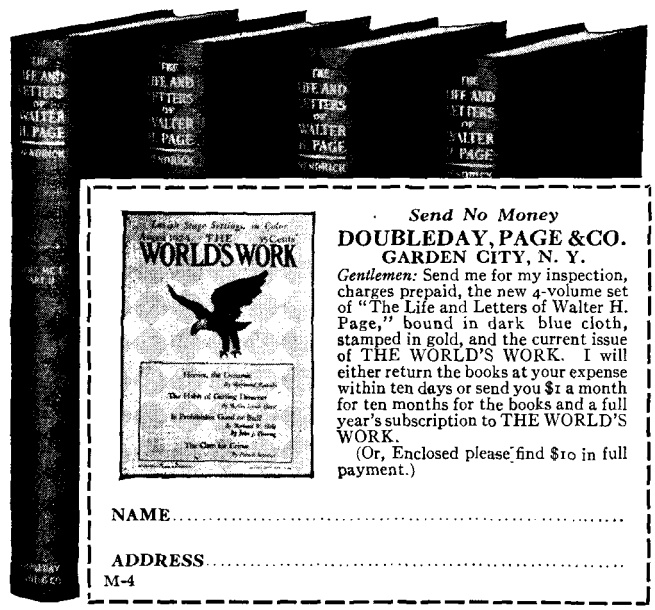
By BURTON J. HENDRICK

The New 4-Volume Set, together with Page's own famous magazine

The World's Work

—all for the price of the original 2-volume set alone

May we send you for your approval at our expense the new 4-volume set of the Page letters and the latest issue of THE WORLD'S WORK, the great current events magazine which Page founded and long edited? Only after ten days, when you have definitely decided that you want the books and magazine, does payment begin at the easy rate of $1.00 a month for ten months. Thus you can now buy the handsome new 4-volume set, plus a year's subscription to THE WORLD'S WORK, a regular $4.00-a-year magazine, for no more than you would formerly have paid for the original 2-volume set alone!



Send No Money

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me for my inspection, charges prepaid, the new 4-volume set of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," bound in dark blue cloth, stamped in gold, and the current issue of THE WORLD'S WORK. I will either return the books at your expense within ten days or send you $1 a month for ten months for the books and a full year's subscription to THE WORLD'S WORK.

(Or, Enclosed please find $10 in full payment.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

M-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE

By ROMAIN ROLLAND, author of "Jean Christophe"
Translated by BEN RAY REDMAN

The mighty story of a girl torn between idealism and a passionate nature as contrasted with her joyous sister, who lives each gay moment unfettered by spiritual aspirations. *Second very large printing.* $2.50

Autographed de luxe edition, limited to 500 copies, $7.50

THE TURN OF A DAY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT, author of "Wastralls," "The Headland," etc.

A beautiful and tragic story of the Cornish downs, exquisitely conceived and written. It is a brilliant *tour de force* with but three characters and in one day's time. $2.00

THE FARAWAY PRINCESS

By EDMOND ROSTAND
Translated by JOHN HEARD, JR.

A new and superb translation of the great French dramatist's most characteristic work. It is a flood of poetic glamor and color. $1.80

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

By OLIVER HEREFORD *and* KARL SCHMIDT

This delightful play is concerned with three subjects, abounding in contemporary interest, namely, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, PROHIBITION, and SPIRITUALISM. Beautifully bound, $2.50

HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

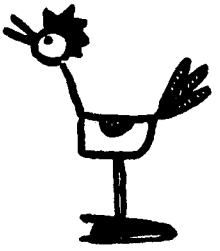
Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

Here is the much needed extension of the famous "Home Book of Verse." It is composed of entirely new material, the work of the younger generation of the present day poets. *Uniform with the "Home Book of Modern Verse."* $7.50

NURSERY RHYMES

By CLAUD LOVAT FRASER

Mr. Fraser's impish fancy caught in these droll little sketches illustrates our favorite nursery rhymes in the happiest possible manner. $1.75



STORIES OF OLD IRELAND AND MYSELF

By SIR WILLIAM ORPEN

An exhilarating and amusing book of the memories of the distinguished artist. Illustrated with 34 reproductions of his paintings and sketches. $3.50

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, *Publishers,* 19 West 44th St., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRASS—The Epic of a People's Fight for Life

By Merian C. Cooper

"In this book Cooper presents the migration of the Bakhtiari tribe across terrible mountains and ghastly rivers of Persia—and splendidly crystalizes the sights and sounds and smells and feels of this astounding drama."—*William Beebe.* Gorgeously illustrated.

Lives and Times

By Meade Minnigerode

Author of

"The Fabulous Forties"

"The entire book is beautifully alive, exquisitely written and packed with memories of an elder day—to be reread and digested and to close at last with a sigh for lost beauty and loveliness."—*Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.50

Women of the Caesars

By Guglielmo Ferrero

Here is a splendid and fascinating work by the greatest authority on the Roman Empire. A popular biography in the same series with "Marie Antoinette," and "The Life and Times of Cleopatra."

Irving Berlin

By Alexander Woollcott

The witty New York critic tells the story of one of Broadway's brightest lights, Irving Berlin. How a Bowery waiter became the world famous "King of Jazz."

Samuel Pepys

By J. Lucas-Dubreton

The rollicksome Samuel Pepys unhampered by any sense of propriety is presented with all the high spirit and flavor that characterized the unexpurgated diary.

The School for Ambassadors

By Jules Jusserand

The distinguished writer and diplomat turns his pen to the consideration of diplomacy and some of its greatest exponents. It is a suave and charming book.

Backfurrow

By G. D. Eaton

A novel of Michigan farm life. "Mr. Eaton has a frankness and virility that recalls the work of Eugene O'Neill."—*Laurence Stallings.* $2.00

At all book-sellers, or direct from the
Putnam Store
2 West 45th St.-*Just west of 5th Ave.* N.Y.
–where the books of all publishers may be bought at retail ---

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
Publishers
New York London

Rocking Moon

By Barrett Willoughby

The author, who has pioneered in the bleak Alaskan country, writes a vigorous tale akin to Jack London in spirit. $2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Artists—

WHETHER you paint or write for a profession or only for fun, you probably have some definite ideas about American life as a source of inspiration. THE NATION has asked a number of outstanding American artists to write their theories on whether an artist can exist and function freely in these United States. Mary Austin led the series with an article in the February book number in which she said that America furnishes a writer with richer material than any other country in the world, but that his work is not adequately criticized or appreciated. Contributors to the series include Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Floyd Dell, Zona Gale, Theodore Dreiser, and others.

THE NATION'S book department and special literary articles are always good reading. So are its "supernewspaper" news and comment. If you feel like trying Sinclair Lewis's other favorite magazine—one being, of course, the MERCURY—don't overlook the special combination offer below.

With THE NATION for a year:

Our Changing Morality. From *The Nation.*	$5.75	A Story Teller's Story. By Sherwood Anderson.	$6.00
These United States. Edited by Ernest Gruening. Either vol.	6.00	Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis.	5.50
Both vols., boxed	8.00	**The American Mercury for a year,**	**7.60**

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York:

Send me NATION and MERCURY for a year, beginning .....

Send THE NATION for a year and .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

$5 a year; Foreign, $6; Canadian, $5.50

AM-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minton, Balch Books for Spring

Leon Trotzky's

LENIN

Here are Trotzky's uncolored impressions of his co-worker from the time they met as obscure revolutionists through the most amazing political coup in history. You need to read it both for its vast historical importance and for its strikingly intimate revelations. $2.50

Elias Tobenkin's

GOD OF MIGHT

"Until 'God of Might' no author has had the courage or the will to pose the question of the typical American Jew in business in its irreducible outlines. In the course of a sincere and moving novel Mr. Tobenkin shows that a very real difficulty exists, neither easily solved nor lightly dismissed." —*New York Times.* $2.00

THE LAST CRUISE *of the* SHANGHAI

By F. De Witt Wells

The stirring account of the perilous voyage of a little teakwood boat over the Viking trail. Judge Wells followed the same route as the unfortunate Nutting, and his story is one of high adventure and almost incredible escapes. Illustrated by Philip Kappel. $2.50

THE DECLINE OF MAN

By Stanton A. Coblentz

Is man on the threshold of greater things or is he rapidly going the way of prehistoric animals? Mr. Coblentz has a startling theory well substantiated, indicating the need of immediate readjustment of present-day standards. $2.75

THE MULBERRY BUSH

By Sylvia Lynd

American readers familiar with Mrs. Lynd's poems will delight in this collection of her best prose work. Here are sketches of various phases of every day life which become eerie, amusing, pathetic or deliciously absurd under the author's magic touch. $2.50

MIDDLE YEARS *By V. R. Emanuel*

The engrossing story of a middle-aged man in his final desperate struggle for that which his matter-of-fact family fails to supply. An acute and sympathetic portrayal of idealism in conflict with suffocating influences. $2.00

VARIETY *By Richard Connell*

Here are thirteen of Mr. Connell's decidedly original and richly humorous stories, all widely differing in background and intention. $2.00

MINTON, BALCH AND COMPANY
11-17 East 45th Street ◆ ◆ New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt, Brace & Company
New York

Sinclair Lewis

Photo by Man Ray Paris

For all readers of the MERCURY

Sinclair Lewis'

ARROW-SMITH

By the author of
"Main Street" *and* "Babbitt"

"Sinclair Lewis is one of the major prophets of our time." —*William Allen White.* $2.00

Send for SINCLAIR LEWIS by Oliver Harrison *10 cents*

Announcing a new novel by the incomparable

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Mrs. Dalloway

By the author of

"Jacob's Room"

This novel does not belong to the multitude. The luminous words on the printed page run forward and backward into time, so that the past becomes as translucent as the present, as pregnant with meaning as the strokes of the great bell at Westminster which hourly carries its vibrant message to the understanding reader. $2.50

THE TRAVEL DIARY
of a Philosopher

By
COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

This great work has brought fame to its celebrated author through all Europe.
2 vols., $10.00

WILLIAM BLAKE
In this World

By
HAROLD BRUCE

Mr. Bruce weaves an illuminating critical commentary on Blake's work into this story of his career. $3.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME IV NUMBER 16

The American
MERCURY

April 1925

CREATING REPUTATIONS, LTD.

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAD intended to publish these proposals first as an advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* and the financial pages of the New York *Times*, but in deference to the wishes of the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY I hereby submit them for original publication. What I offer is no mere philanthropy but a sound business proposition, affected, as the phrase goes, with a profound public interest. It is, in brief, the creating, or the reorganizing, or the molding of public reputations after the demise of the owners of those reputations. As such it is a good money-making scheme. The whole financial plan has been examined and approved by the experts of no less than three New York financial houses, and the articles of incorporation, as well as the legal aspects of the securities to be issued, have been duly passed upon by Messrs. Guthie, Guthie, and Twig, of 14 Wall street, in connection with George Old, Inc., expert accountants, with offices in London, Chicago, Kansas City, and Montreal. The first preferred 7% stock of $500,000 is cumulative, but the voting power belongs to the common stock, of which $5,000,000 will be authorized but only $2,000,000 issued until the business develops, when the remainder will be offered from time to time to the stockholders as needed. In accordance with the best practice in company promotion a modest bond issue of only $500,000 will be provided for subscription —first to widows and orphans of public men with reputations in need of the services of the corporation. Thus clients will be enabled to acquire a stake in the corporation at the same time that the family tree is tarred, or cemented, or bolted and chained together, as the case may be.

The plan of operations is this: From time immemorial it has been the practice of both friends and enemies of men of eminence to entrust their reputation to that vague thing called the "truth of history" and to Father Time himself. Friends and enemies of a dead statesman who could never agree upon anything in his lifetime have always been certain that their cases could be left to the "historian of the future," who was to write after the passions of the hour had been cooled by the lapse of time, and archives and private letters had become available after the requisite number of years. The fact that both the elderly friends and elderly enemies were certain to die before the unborn historian could record his judgment doubtless added to this post-mortem harmony, since both sides could safely assert their confidence in a victory which neither would survive to see.

Obviously, this simple practice and this trustfulness in the future may have had their place in the Seventeenth and Eight-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eenth and Nineteenth Centuries, but they have none in the Twentieth Century, the century of up-to-date advertising, broadcasting, and propaganda upon a professional basis. We have been graduated too long from the gullible age to make it possible to offer a single adequate reason why anything as delicate and as sacred (to his family) as a public man's reputation should be left to the judgment of men who, while they may judge dispassionately, do so without any adequate understanding of the subject of their biographies or of his contemporaries, or of the currents of thought and feeling upon which he swam or drifted, or the political *milieu* in which fate placed him. Why trust to an anonymous history of the future when sound business reasons suggest and urge, yes, categorically demand, that a man's place in history be fixed by his family and his most devoted friends? The latter are drawn into the issue not only because of personal devotion to the deceased but because their own reputations are involved; they having fought and bled—themselves or others—with him. Why should they take the chance that fifty years from now history, that fickle jade, may render an altogether unfavorable verdict when the means are at hand to anticipate the future and to copper rivet a favorable decision so soundly that the work can never be offset or undone?

A realization of the folly of the old trustfulness in unknown scholars and students has now, for some years, begun to make itself felt. But this slight break with the past has usually been limited to the creation of a single "official" biography. The technique of that was simple enough. At first you merely offered to some college professor all the family's private archives, and then you advertised in the literary weeklies for the deceased's letters of which no copies had been kept. The professor, profoundly flattered, worked with and for you for the honor of it and knew usually which way to write. In a few unfortunate cases, however, the writer thus chosen ventured to let some divergent and critical views appear, to the chagrin of the family. In order to obviate this possibility the next step naturally followed: You placed the official biographer on your payroll by doubling his professional salary. Speedily there grew up a group of professional biographers, or writers of reminiscences, who sometimes signed their names to the latter and sometimes let the ostensible author have all the glory. Now, while this represents a decided advance in technique, I submit that it remains haphazard and unscientific—and that the time has come to put the matter upon a professional basis.

II

Creating Reputations, Ltd., will place at the disposal of relatives of the deceased great and near-great the services of the wisest propaganda, publicity, and advertising experts in the country at a minimum cost to the client. Laboring in connection with the ablest literary lights, college professors, historians, and professional biographers, all of whom are already under retainer, it will build up or develop reputations or reburnish tarnished ones or supply renown by the aid of a technique which has already been worked out to the smallest detail.

Nothing whatever will be left to chance or to "history." Every phase of the subject's life will be tenderly covered, not by one official biography but by a series dealing in an authoritative way with his every activity. Unfortunate happenings will be presented in the best possible light or explained away altogether after a series of consultations by the expert group—the greatest aggregation of literary and historical stars ever brought together for a similar undertaking. The publicity and propaganda experts will devote themselves to creating opportunities for magazine, weekly, and daily newspaper articles with exactly the same skill which they now devote to heralding the arrival of a distinguished foreign lecturer, or musician, or business man on flotation bent. A research

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bureau manned by experts giving all their time to Creating Reputations, Ltd., will be devoted to devising new ways and means of bettering the technique of the institution as a whole. So sound and so entirely practical and up-to-date is the scheme that the bankers who are underwriting the stock expect to see it sell at a premium the day after it is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, where application for listing has already been made. It is an issue which will appeal tremendously to great captains of industry like Elbert H. Gary and the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad because (beside being a sound business investment) the enterprise will appeal to every loyal 100% American, since the more the reputations of public men are salvaged and glorified the more content will be the masses and the more solid will be their faith in American institutions. For president of the new corporation a young man is in view with a name long, well and honorably known in Wall Street, now a junior in a banking house.

What lends even greater security to the whole undertaking is the fact that one successful experiment has already been made along these lines. I refer to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, of which Mr. Hermann Hagedorn is executive director. Creating Reputations, Ltd., gladly acknowledges its indebtedness to him, as to his associates, for much excellent pioneering in this field. Without in the slightest degree wishing to disparage his efforts on behalf of Theodore Roosevelt's memory, it is none the less but just to point out that no single man, even with such support as Mr. Hagedorn has had, can hope to accomplish as much as a group of scientific, highly trained men and women bringing to bear a group mind and the wisdom and experience garnered by years of labor. In union and organization there are power and strength. Mr. Hagedorn and his employers have, it is true, collected $2,072,423.48, but to date they have expended only a matter of some $325,000 odd. Their aims are to erect a monumental memorial in Washington, to enlarge the memorial park already established at Oyster Bay, and to perpetuate Roosevelt's ideals "by spreading the knowledge of his character and work." They have established a Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information which collects, classifies, and files every bit of printed matter relating to the dead hero. This bureau aims to bring out a new book a year on him—four have already appeared—and to issue an authorized (edited) and collected edition of all his works.

The Association has torn down the house which covered the site once covered by the house in which Mr. Roosevelt was born and has rebuilt it according to the best memories of former occupants, in the certain belief, I understand, that by 2054 everybody then living will believe this house to be the original—at least, if this is not Mr. Hagedorn's aim it would be that of Creating Reputations, Ltd., under similar circumstances. Improper criticisms of Colonel Roosevelt are, I suppose, under lock and key in the vaults of the house, or are perhaps on the shelves reserved for special circulation—but not, I trust, for the general public nor to historians working outside of the Roosevelt Association. Creating Reputations, Ltd., is entirely of the opinion that Mr. Hagedorn is on the right road, but it has at its disposal suggestions—not to be published here since they form an important part of the exclusive service it can offer to its clients—which it confidently believes will forever do away with the possibility of any unfavorable work ever appearing about Colonel Roosevelt, and insure the gradual obliteration from the tablets of human knowledge of any reference to the "two Roosevelts," or to his known inconsistencies, or to the frequent episodes in which somebody's veracity was brought into question.

III

What Mr. Hagedorn has so bravely and usefully done in his field, Creating Reputations, Ltd., will far exceed in other cases.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It notes with regret that the $800,000 raised for a memorial to President Warren G. Harding is almost entirely to be invested in a huge and costly mausoleum in which the late President and his wife will rest where the multitudes who motor by may stop to admire the recumbent effigies doubtless to be carved, after the best Marion, Ohio, manner, for the adoration of future generations. This, too, is all very well. And the provision of a large-salaried job as custodian and supervisor of the memorial for Brigadier General Sawyer, late physician in ordinary to President Harding, was a kindly thought, the fruition of which was rendered impossible by the sudden demise of the worthy Dr. Sawyer. But admirable as this was, I believe that these captains of industry who subscribed so rapidly and so generously to the Harding Memorial will fail in their duty to Ohio's greatest son if they do not devote a portion of the $800,000 to establishing the late President's reputation beyond cavil in the future by handing over at least $400,000 of their capital to Creating Reputations, Ltd., as a trust fund for its perpetual protection and steady enhancement.

In no other case could Creating Reputations, Ltd., find so perfect an opportunity. Certain vilifiers and traducers for partisan purposes began their task of beclouding the reputation of this great man as soon as his mortal remains were committed to Mother Earth. Let me not recall here those worse than unhappy proceedings. Let me merely point out that following in the footsteps of the illustrious Mr. Hagedorn and then passing him by and proceeding onward, Creating Reputations, Ltd., would guarantee within ten years entirely to revolutionize current opinion as to Mr. Harding and his associates in Washington and thus perform for his memory the double service of changing the contemporary view and of making it impossible for anyone in the future to look upon him as anything else than a Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*. Like the Roosevelt Association's "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," Creating Reputations, Ltd., would bring out a volume, preferably by Elbert H. Gary, on "Harding in the Bad Lands," in which this internationally known captain of industry would deal with the late President's career in the moral morasses in Washington and show clearly that his presence distinctly uplifted the capital of the nation, not only generally but in specific cases, as in the improvement of the morals of Mr. Edward B. McLean, who is reported to have had his eye upon the straight and narrow path ever since Senator Walsh took to following his trail.

"Roosevelt in the Kansas City *Star*" would naturally have as its companion piece "Harding in the Marion *Star*," by Colonel George Harvey. These would be followed in succession by "Harding and His Round Table"; "The Americanism of Harding"; "Harding from Eight to Eighteen"; "Harding in the College of Life"; "Harding as Husband"; "Harding as Typesetter"; "The Religion of Harding" and "Harding the Prohibitionist" (with special reference to the Volstead Act). These would, however, be merely preliminary studies. With $24,000 a year to carry on with we should guarantee to satisfy both present and future that it was Mr. Harding who asked Mr. Fall to withdraw from his Cabinet because of a psychological intuition that all was not well with him. We should undertake to prove and convince the public within twenty-five years, at $25,000 a year, that the sale of Teapot Dome was the wisest and most patriotic act ever undertaken by any administration and that the doubting of this and the newspaper lynching of Secretary Denby and Attorney General Daugherty were nothing else than a deliberate conspiracy engineered from Moscow through Messrs. La Follette, John W. Davis, Walsh, and Wheeler of Montana. We shall prove conclusively, by coöperation with the American Defense Society, the National Security League and S. Stanwood Menken, that each and every criticism of Mr. Harding and his Cabinet was a part of Trotsky's malign plot to overthrow the best, the greatest, the most

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honest, the most efficient and the richest government in the world.

As for Woodrow Wilson, there, too, we are aware that a good beginning has been made. A large sum of money has been collected, a huge array of public documents has carefully been withheld from the public archives and as carefully edited in a most skilful manner by Ray Stannard Baker, while the production of new lives of Mr. Wilson proceeds apace. But here, alas, the lack of coördination and control is painfully evident. It is shortsighted and unbusinesslike to permit William Allen White's biography to appear, blowing as it does both hot and cold. Instead of giving $25,000 to foreign "statesmen," the Wilson Foundation would do far better to arrange for a series of laudatory volumes in such rapid succession as to glut the market and leave no room for those small-minded Americans who would carp at the greatest of our modern Americans.

IV

Creating Reputations, Ltd., is the more certain that its technique—of which not a quarter is here revealed—will suffice to give absolute satisfaction to customers (or money refunded) because it recalls the ease with which in the crowded and strenuous, haphazard and necessarily unbusinesslike days of the World War it was possible to "sell" to the American public such slogans as "Make the World Safe for Democracy," "Give Till It Hurts," and "Kill the Hun and Save Your Home." If that could be done so readily under such circumstances, Creating Reputations, Ltd., is certain that, planning carefully in cold blood, it can achieve what might to many seem the impossible. At least it will hardly be denied that the vast machinery of propaganda which the war developed is not today being used in this particular field to anything like the extent it should be. Soldiers and aviators, scientists and chemists have made greater strides in developing the art of killing since the war than during it. The men behind Creating Reputations, Ltd., have also not been idle. It is only because their inventions have not been exposed in the press that the public is unaware of the strides that have been made in the noble art of whitewashing, of interpreting wisely the reputations of the great, of anticipating safely and sanely the verdict of history.

There can be no doubt that these securities we are about to issue are among the best ever offered to the American investor. Dividends of 20 per cent upon the common stock are already assured by the advance orders now booked. These issues will be duly advertised in the New York *Times* but only "for purposes of record." They will, we are assured, be oversubscribed seventeen times before the books are open an hour.

The above statements, while not guaranteed, are based upon information and advice which we believe accurate and reliable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES AMONG UNION MEN

BY G. FREDERIC PELHAM, JR.

During the winter of 1923 a builder in New York was erecting several houses. The houses were being lathed on the inside. On December 15 the lathers informed the owners that they would be unable to proceed with their work because the windows were not yet glazed and the house could not, therefore, be considered enclosed. December of that year was as mild as the average September. The men admitted that they were not uncomfortable. But they said that they would lose their union cards if they went on working, for their union rules forbade the application of lath in unenclosed buildings after December 15. It was impossible at that time to procure glaziers, and the job stood idle for weeks until the owner at last obtained them. When he did so, zero weather had set in and the lathers worked under far harder conditions than they would have faced had they proceeded without interruption. The delay resulted in the freezing and ruining of a good portion of the interior plaster, because by the time it was put on, the exterior stucco, due to the cold weather, could not be applied. This work, being delayed until more moderate weather, made it impossible to complete the houses by Spring. The Fall market, due to the elections, proved dead.

2

A few years ago, when steel casement sashes were new in this country, they were not included in the scope of any particular union. On one of the first jobs the carpenters refused to set them on the ground that they were not made of wood. But the steelworkers did not consider them in their line either, and the masons refused to handle them at all. The entire operation thus came to a standstill. The masons finally consented to do the work, but were at once stopped by the other trades. Each refused to let any other trade do it. Thousands of dollars were lost by the delay before the matter was finally decided.

3

Two gangs of about forty bricklayers each were employed last Spring upon a large and beautiful new apartment-house. The architecture was old English and a special brick had been imported to give the desired effect. The owner, during the course of construction, called upon the architect to inspect the work, to make sure that it was being done in the desired manner. Finding that it was not, the architect explained to the foreman the method he wished him to adopt. The foreman, addressing the group made up of the owner, the architect and several superintendents, informed them that in the event that they did not like the way in which it was being done they could all go to hell. The owner informed the man that, in the event he would not do as he was ordered, a foreman would be hired who would. "To hell with you and yer job," was his answer. "I got too much sugar in the bank to give a damn fer you, and what's more, if I quit, every man on the job quits with me. What'll yer do then? Huh? Where will yer git others?"

The expressions upon the faces of the men clearly showed that the foreman's threat was no idle one, and the owner, not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wishing the job held up, sought by soft words to woo the foreman. "You and yer damned superintendents and architect, git the hell offer this scaffold or I'll quit the job right now," was the reply. The men nodded appreciatively. "That's the stuff to give em," the nearest one commented. So the owner and his party departed. They reported the matter to the contractor, but he claimed that if he were to discharge the foreman he would lose every man on the job. He further said that even transferring him to another operation would result in the same thing. Nothing could be done.

4

A gang of bricklayers was working on a front wall near the roof of a building. The superintendent pointed out to the foreman that projecting brackets, which had not yet arrived on the ground, were to fit into the brickwork, and niches would have to be left for them. "The hell yer say," was the foreman's answer. "Is it my fault if they ain't here?" The superintendent suggested that, if the foreman did not wish to leave the niches, he could work on an adjoining interior wall until the brackets arrived. "Say, feller," he replied, "I'm running this gang, and if I take 'em off this wall, they won't come back. Either that or we do this one the way we please. Take yer choice." He finished the wall as he pleased. Next day the brackets arrived and the niches had to be cut into the brickwork at the cost of much time and money.

5

A cement-worker was ordered to do a small amount of cement work on a side wall. Although the job would not have taken him more than twenty minutes, he refused to do it on the ground that his union allowed him to do only work that was either on, or within six inches, of the floor. Hearing this, the owner sent up a plasterer but the cement-workers refused to let him do the job for the reason that the material was cement. Many hours were wasted before the two unions finally settled the matter. The outcome was that the plaster contractor had to hire a cement man with special permission to do the work. It took the builder over a week to get a twenty-minute job done.

6

A contractor, due to the blow-out of a tire, arrived fifteen minutes late with his payroll. His men refused to accept their money. They claimed that he owed them double time for the fifteen minutes that he had kept them waiting. (As a matter of fact, they were still changing their clothes when he arrived.) He refused to pay it. They finally took the money under protest, after arguing for an hour and a half.

7

There are still in New York City many steel erecting concerns that employ only non-union men. These companies, through their ability to underbid those that employ union men, have succeeded in obtaining most of the work. The union workers have appealed to their brothers in other trades to coöperate with them in forcing these "scab" concerns to the wall. This they have set about to accomplish by refusing to work upon any operation while the non-union steel-workers are still on the job. It is therefore necessary for these erectors to finish the entire steel structure before the other trades are called in. This is directly against the law, which quite properly demands that the concrete arches be poured as the steel progresses in order to strengthen it. Thus the owner encounters trouble no matter which path he pursues. The building inspectors place a stop order on the job if he attempts to proceed, and in the event that he breaks his contract and gives the work to union men it costs him thousands of dollars. Many of the biggest operations in the city are now held up on account of this state of affairs, some with the steel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work barely started, others with it almost completed. The cost of these delays is enormous. On other jobs, strikes have been settled only by the builders employing union men to tear down and then reërect the steel work.

8

On an alteration, done under a time contract, the architect was called upon to suggest means to facilitate the work. In going through the building he found two carpenters comfortably seated before an open fireplace, puffing cigars. They refused to go to work when he ordered them to do so, and he ordered them to leave the job. They stepped into the hall and, calling together the other men, informed them that they had been fired. "Come on, boys," said one, "we'll all quit. There's plenty of work up the block. Let's show this guy where to get off at."

The sub-contractors now came rushing up and by promising the men that no such assault upon their rights would ever be made again, succeeded in getting them back to their tasks. The next day the architect found the same two carpenters in the same place. The building was not finished on time.

9

On a large apartment, recently erected in the West Fifties, a gang of plumbers was employed. One day two of them returned after lunch intoxicated. They roamed about the building, cursing the bosses and owners in general, and so amusing did their antics appear to their fellow workers that all left their jobs to watch them. The owner went to the plumbing contractor and demanded the dismissal of the two men, but when the contractor sought to discharge them the entire gang threatened to quit. The owner was insistent and some thirty plumbers walked off. It was three weeks before the owner succeeded in getting together another gang.

10

The painting unions forbid their members to work on Saturday. Even on the payment of double time, *i. e.*, twenty-one dollars a day, they will not work on Saturday. Tenants moving into a recently completed building on a Saturday afternoon were obliged to move into the halls the following Monday while a final coat of paint was applied to the ceilings.

11

On nearly every operation of any size in Manhattan graft has to be paid. The amounts run from two to twenty thousand dollars. The method is simple. Seeing that an owner is hurrying to complete his building in time for the renting season, the union officials discover some grievance, real or imaginary, and announce that on such and such a date a general strike will be called. They know that a delay will cost the owner half of his yearly rent roll and they figure that he will pay any amount up to that to complete the building on time. The owner is thus forced into a conference with the unions, and finds that, for a consideration, the strike can be avoided. This consideration must be great enough to take care of the officials all the way down the line. Needless to say, the builder usually pays. The workers are then informed that the time is not ripe for a strike and the row is smoothed over. Thus the cost of building in New York is increased tremendously. The builders now treat this expense as one of the items to be reckoned in with the building's cost. In the end the tenant pays it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

CHARACTERS

MR. WADE, *Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners*

MR. LERCH, *Superintendent of the County Almshouse*

MR. MUKENS, *Janitor at the County Almshouse*

MR. YOST, *a Resident at the County Almshouse*

The scene is the office of the County Commissioners, Room No. 1, Courthouse. It is morning. Messrs. Lerch, Mukens, and Yost have been sitting in silence around the table of the County Commissioners, and Mr. Wade, through a door marked "Private," has just come into the room.

MR. WADE—I reckon you gentlemen know what I called this little meeting for. You all seen them pieces in the papers where people are getting burned up down to the almshouse, and I got to lay the matter before the commissioners, account of them people down in the lower end of the county raising so much hell about it. So I thought the thing to do was for us to kinda get together, and listen to this man here that done all the talking; and see what he's got to say for hisself.

MR. LERCH—All I got to say, Mr. Wade, is this here stuff in the papers is a pack of lies from start to finish and that's all there is to it. What gets me is this here man here, and the county's been feeding him three year now, and he goes and tells them paper men a pack of lies like this here.

MR. MUKENS—Four year.

MR. LERCH—Four year, and that's all the gratitude he's got!

MR. YOST—I hope Christ may kill me if I knowed they was paper men. Then I never told them all that stuff they put in. They made up a whole lot theirself.

MR. WADE—I don't want you to think it's what you call a reflection on you, Mr. Lerch, because I know how fine you been running things out at the almshouse and all like of that. But it's them people down in the lower end of the county. You know how they are.

MR. LERCH—Don't tell me nothing about them people down in the lower end of the county, Mr. Wade. I know 'em.

MR. MUKENS—Half of 'em's already in the almshouse and half of 'em got relations that's in.

MR. WADE—Of course now, I believe in Christian burial.

MR. LERCH—Mr. Wade, every decent man believes in a Christian burial. I don't see how them paper men can look theirself in the face to print all that stuff, just on this man's say-so.

MR. YOST—I hope Christ may kill me if I told 'em all that stuff they put in. They done made a whole lot of it up.

MR. WADE—And the county feeding you four year! It's just like Mr. Lerch says, you had ought to be ashamed of yourself.

MR. LERCH—And there ain't nobody down there been treated no better than he is. Same as if he was in his own house, only better.

MR. YOST—I never knowed they was paper men. They come up to me and made out like they was just looking around.

MR. WADE—Well, what did you tell 'em?

MR. YOST—I didn't tell 'em nothing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarcely, excepting what I hear tell, one thing another. Nothing excepting what a whole lot of them was talking around.

MR. MUKENS—What about that there jawbone?

MR. WADE—Yes, how about that there jawbone? How did they put it in about that there jawbone if you didn't show them no jawbone?

MR. LERCH—Mr. Wade, you hit it right on the head. That there is just what I want to know. How did they put it in about that there jawbone if he didn't show them no jawbone?

MR. YOST—I ain't saying I didn't tell them nothing about no jawbone. What I say is they done made up a whole lot of lies and put it in.

MR. LERCH—You ain't no more seen a jawbone down there than you seen a whale. How come you to tell them men any such lie as that?

MR. YOST—I hope Christ may kill me if I didn't find a jawbone down there. I got that jawbone, right here in my coat pocket.

He fumbles in his pocket and produces what is unquestionably a human mandible, the teeth still sticking in it.

MR. LERCH—That there just goes to show what kind of a man he is, Mr. Wade. He done showed them paper men that jawbone, just like they said he done.

MR. MUKENS—A fellow could of told he was lying, all along.

MR. WADE—Where did you get that jawbone?

MR. YOST—Found it in the ashes when I was hauling 'em away from the furnace. I pulled it right out of the bucket. Thought it was a clinker, first off, and pulled it right out of the bucket.

MR. LERCH—Who told you to pick the clinkers out of the bucket? You was to haul the ashes away from the furnace, and not pay no attention to them clinkers.

MR. MUKENS—And the county has been feeding him four year! Seems like the court had ought to take back the commitment of a fellow like that.

MR. YOST—Them men never said they was paper men. They just made out like they was looking around, one thing another, and then all them pieces come out in the paper.

MR. WADE—How do you know that there is a jawbone?

MR. YOST—Them men said it was a jawbone. It looks like a jawbone.

MR. MUKENS—That there might be a dog's jawbone.

MR. WADE—What else did you tell them paper men?

MR. YOST—I didn't tell them nothing. I didn't tell them ary other thing. They done made up all the rest of them things they put in.

MR. WADE—How about this here piece about you seeing Mr. Lerch and Mr. Mukens throwing a stiff in the furnace?

MR. LERCH—Mr. Wade, you hit it. That there is just what I want to know. I just been waiting for you to ask him.

MR. MUKENS—Me too. I just been waiting.

MR. YOST—I don't remember saying nothing about that. I don't remember good what I did tell them, account of them not saying they was paper men, one thing another. We just kind of talked along, like of that.

MR. WADE—Then that there was another lie, wasn't it? You didn't see no stiff throwed on the furnace no more than I did, did you?

MR. YOST—I hope Christ may kill me if I didn't see Mr. Lerch and Mr. Mukens throw a stiff right in the furnace.

MR. WADE—Then you *did* tell the paper men all this here stuff they put in, didn't you?

MR. YOST—I don't just recollect. But they done made a whole lot of it up.

MR. LERCH—How do you know it was a stiff?

MR. YOST—I knowed it was a stiff by the smell. I smell it soon as the fire hit it. Didn't smell like no other meat. Had a kind of funny smell to it.

MR. MUKENS—I never heerd the beat of that.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. LERCH—That there just goes to show how much truth there is in all this stuff you read in the papers.

MR. WADE—How come you to see all this here?

MR. YOST—I hid out on them. I heerd a lot of talk, one thing another, and then one day I heerd a fellow died in there, and I hid out on them, right down in the cellar.

MR. WADE—And the county has been feeding you four year!

MR. YOST—I hope Christ may kill me if I didn't see them throw a stiff right in the furnace. I hid out on them, and first thing you know, I hear the door upstairs open easy like, and here come Mr. Lerch and Mr. Mukens, carrying a stiff on a stretcher, one to his head and one to his feet. Then, when they got to the furnace, Mr. Mukens throwed the door open, he did, and then him and Mr. Lerch shoved him in on the fire.

MR. WADE—And then you hollered for the paper men?

MR. YOST—I didn't holler for no paper men, no sir! I run, I did, after Mr. Lerch and Mr. Mukens went away. And I never knowed they was paper men. They made out like they was just looking around.

MR. WADE—What else did you tell the paper men?

MR. YOST—I never told them nothing else. That there is all I told them, only they made up a whole lot theirself and put it in.

MR. WADE—So that there is all you seen, or think you seen?

MR. YOST—That there is all I seen, but I heerd a plenty of talk going around.

MR. WADE—We don't want to know what you heerd. We want to know what you seen.

MR. YOST—That there is all I seen, but I heerd a plenty.

MR. LERCH—Don't that beat all, Mr. Wade? Here this fellow finds a jawbone somewheres around, maybe he digs it up out of the graveyard, and thinks he seen a stiff throwed in the furnace, and that's all there is to this talk and stuff you see in the newspapers.

MR. MUKENS—And come to find out he don't know if it was a stiff or not.

MR. WADE—Seems to me them fellows would get tired of printing all the lies they print. They could of come to me or you and none of this stuff woulda come out. Now we got the people down in the lower end of the county all stirred up and the commissioners is got to act on it. You know how them people in the lower end of the county is.

MR. LERCH—Don't tell *me!* I know them.

MR. MUKENS—My wife's people lives down there, and I never seen the beat. Ain't nothing ever suits them.

MR. WADE—If them fellows would only print the truth I wouldn't mind. It's them lies that gets me.

MR. LERCH—Of course now, I ain't saying we ain't burned some of them people up—cremating them, I call it, regular cremation. But all this stuff about not having no Christian praying for them, why there ain't nothing to that. I'm for Christian praying same as anybody else. I been a church member for twenty-five year now, and from what them fellows has put in the paper you would think I was brother-in-law to the devil.

MR. MUKENS—And me his stepchild.

MR. LERCH—Why, Mr. Wade, the grand jury would be after me in a minute if I tried to bury all them people. I'm under a bond, I am.

MR. WADE—Them is the things people never understand.

MR. LERCH [*to Mr. Yost*]—How come you to tell all them lies on me, when you knowed them people gets put away as good as anybody could ask for?

MR. YOST—I never knowed they was paper men. If I hada knowed they was paper men I wouldn't never told them nothing.

MR. LERCH—Why, Mr. Wade, me and Mr. Mukens figured it up one night, and you ain't got a idea what it would cost to bury all them people.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. WADE—I ain't got no doubt of it.

MR. MUKENS—Something tremenjous. Nobody wouldn't never believe it.

MR. LERCH—First off, Mr. Wade, the county would have to buy more land. That graveyard is all filled up down there. County would have to buy another graveyard. Then we would have to hire two extra men regular, just digging graves. It takes two men a whole morning to dig a grave, and a whole day in Winter time, when the ground is froze.

MR. WADE—Them is the things that runs into money.

MR. LERCH—Then you got to have a box. And I tell you, it ain't like it used to be, when you could knock a dry goods box apart and nail it together again and have as good a box as anybody could want.

MR. MUKENS—Them fellows is asking money for boxes, too. A dollar apiece for them, some of them gets.

MR. LERCH—What with the high price of lumber and carpenters' wages, I tell you a box costs money.

MR. WADE—Lumber and wages is out of sight. I just finished building a storm door on my porch, not no fancy storm door, just a regular storm door, and it cost me seventy-five dollars time I was done with it.

MR. LERCH—It's a shame what them fellows asks for a day's work. There ain't none of them will touch a job for less than ten dollars a day.

MR. WADE—And what's more, they get it.

MR. MUKENS—They ask railroad fare to come down our way.

MR. LERCH—Time you figure it all up, like me and Mr. Mukens done one night, I expect it would cost twenty-five dollars a head to bury them people.

MR. WADE—I don't doubt it.

MR. MUKENS—Every cent of it.

MR. LERCH—Then people don't stop to think how many of them people dies on us down there. We had a hundred and sixty-two die last year, and that's a average of more than three a week. Winter time is the worst, account of so many of them bums getting committed.

MR. WADE—They ought to send them bums to the county jail.

MR. MUKENS—Jail is the place for them. I always did say so.

MR. LERCH—Time you figure it all up, Mr. Wade, it would cost the county ten thousand dollars a year just to bury them people.

MR. MUKENS—And them nothing but paupers!

MR. LERCH—I tell you, Mr. Wade, I would be afraid for the grand jury to come down there if I had to tell them I was spending ten thousand dollars of the county's money every year just to bury them people.

MR. WADE—Seems to me like them people's relations ought to bury some of them.

MR. YOST—Them people's relations that got burned up ain't never heerd tell of them after they died. Don't even know they're dead.

MR. LERCH—Who asked you to get into it? Mr. Wade is the chairman of the county commissioners, and I would think a fellow that was in the county almshouse would have enough respect for him to shut up until somebody asked him to speak up.

MR. YOST—I didn't mean nothing, only I hear tell a lot of them people's relations was looking for them.

MR. WADE—You hear tell a plenty.

MR. LERCH—Well, I tell you how it is, Mr. Wade. It would seem like them people's relations had ought to bury some of them, but I found out it don't hardly pay to look them up. Half of them ain't got money enough to have a funeral anyhow, and the other half you can't find them.

MR. WADE—I reckon that's right.

MR. LERCH—Then it makes it bad in Summer, if you try to keep them people while you're looking up their relations. You got to ice them, and that costs money.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. MUKENS—They won't keep long in Summer.

MR. WADE—The whole trouble is them people down in the lower end of the county. Seems like them people won't ever listen to reason.

MR. LERCH—Yes, it's them people down in the lower end of the county that makes it bad. They got a couple of preachers down there that want to be called in all the time, and then when they don't get no business they put up a holler.

MR. YOST—Then another thing I hear a lot of talk about, how they don't never have no preacher called in. People dying all the time and they don't never have no preacher.

MR. LERCH—Don't that beat all, Mr. Wade? Say, how can you say them things to Mr. Wade, when you know Mr. Mukens is a preacher and you been hearing him preach every Sunday since you been down there?

MR. YOST—Them people want a regular preacher.

MR. LERCH—And you know Mr. Mukens is a regular preacher, Baptist I think it is, a regular preacher with a license. Don't you know that?

MR. YOST—I never heerd tell of it before.

MR. WADE—Are you a reverend, Mr. Mukens? I declare, I never knowed that.

MR. MUKENS—Not Baptist. Disciples of Christ.

MR. LERCH—Now that there just goes to show, Mr. Wade, how much of a kick these preachers is really got.

MR. WADE—Of course, now, I'm for Christian burial.

MR. LERCH—Why, certainly, Mr. Wade, everybody is for Christian burial. What I mean is, everybody is for putting them away Christian. Me, I don't see no difference between burying them and cremating them, just so they get put away Christian. When I go, it don't make no difference to me what they do with me, just so they say a Christian prayer over me, like of that.

MR. WADE—Me neither.

MR. MUKENS—Me neither.

MR. LERCH [*to Mr. Yost*]—When *you* go, which it wouldn't hurt the county none if you went pretty quick, what difference does it make to you whether you get buried or what you call cremated?

MR. YOST—I hear a lot of them say they they don't want to get burnt up.

MR. LERCH—Why? Just tell me that once.

MR. YOST—Some of them is Seven Day Adventists.

MR. WADE—How many of them is Seven Day Adventists?

MR. YOST—There's a whole lot of them Seven Day Adventists. I'm a Seven Day Adventist.

MR. WADE [*to Mr. Lerch*]—Is that right?

MR. LERCH—Well, it's according as according. Sometimes more of them gets committed than other times.

MR. WADE—That kinda makes it bad.

MR. LERCH—Yes, that's a fact, Mr. Wade, I've kinda thought of that myself, that makes it bad. But I say just because them people thinks they're going to step out of the grave in a couple of years, that ain't hardly no reason for the county to spend ten thousand dollars a year burying 'em. Maybe they're going to step out of the grave and maybe they ain't.

MR. MUKENS—That there is something nobody can tell.

MR. YOST—And then I hear a lot of talk going around them people ain't going to have no white gown.

MR. LERCH—There ain't nothing to that, Mr. Wade. All them people gets a white gown. Ain't no fancy gown, but we don't put them away without no clothes on.

MR. YOST—But the gown it gets burned up in that there furnace just like this here jawbone.

MR. LERCH—That jawbone didn't get burned up. You got it in your hand.

MR. YOST—I ain't got the rest of that stiff in my hand. That I ain't.

MR. WADE—Is them preachers Seven Day Adventists?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. LERCH—I believe they are, Mr. Wade.

MR. YOST—Them preachers is raising hell, too.

MR. LERCH—You been talking to them preachers, too, have you? First you talk to the paper men, then you talk to the preachers.

MR. YOST—I never knowed they was paper men.

MR. WADE—Them Seven Day Adventists makes it bad. Course, it don't make no difference to me. I say if they get put away Christian that's all anybody could ask.

MR. LERCH—That's all anybody could ask, Mr. Wade. And them people gets put away as Christian as I ever hope to get put away. Mr. Mukens prays over every one, and Mr. Mukens can put up as good a prayer as the next one, if you ask me. Even this man can tell you Mr. Mukens can put up a good prayer.

MR. YOST—He prays pretty good, but he ain't no regular preacher. Not what them people wants for a regular preacher. I hear a lot of talk going on about it.

MR. WADE—What I'm figuring on is what to tell the county commissioners. Them papers has stirred up such a fuss we got to take action on it.

MR. LERCH—Well, I tell you how it is, Mr. Wade, it don't make no difference to me, one way or the other. Fact of the matter is, it'll save me and Mr. Mukens a whole lot of work. It ain't no light job, carrying them stiffs downstairs like we have to do. But what I say is, if the commissioners think them Seven Day Adventists had ought to be buried regular, why, just let the commissioners give me the money and I'll bury them regular, and put them other people away the way we been doing.

MR. MUKENS—That seems to be perfectly fair and reasonable.

MR. WADE—That there would certainly satisfy them people down in the lower end of the county. Them people is all Seven Day Adventists. What I'm thinking about is the other sections of the county. Maybe we'll get 'em all stirred up.

MR. LERCH—I don't think you would, Mr. Wade. When you come to these other people that gets committed, why nobody don't know what their religion is. They don't know theirself.

MR. WADE—Well, I guess we better do it that way then. I'll call the commissioners in special meeting, and then we can stop all this fuss in the papers. Will you take this man back with you?

MR. LERCH—That I will, Mr. Wade. And thank you for the way you treated me in this here matter. I sure do appreciate it. Because what I say, when a man has done his duty like I have ever since I been down there, why he kind of hates to see somebody come out and say he ain't no account and ought to be run out, like of that. I sure do appreciate the way you done, Mr. Wade.

MR. MUKENS—Mr. Wade, I just want to say that you treated me and Mr. Lerch white about this, and if there's ever a time I can return the favor, why just let me know.

MR. YOST—Thank you sir, Mr. Wade, thank you sir. And I never knowed them was paper men, Mr. Wade, I hope Christ may kill me if I did.

MR. WADE—Good day, gentlemen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK OF THE SALONS

BY JAMES L. FORD

THE history of the so-called salons of New York goes back to the sterile soil of New England and to the little Connecticut village of Windham. There, in the early half of the Nineteenth Century, Anne Lynch enjoyed local fame as a poetess. She must have been a reader of history as well, for the salon idea took possession of her, and she brought it with her to New York, where, as the wife of Professor Vincenzo Botta, she created the earliest of New York's salons. It must be said of Mrs. Botta that her salon did not resemble in any way that of Madame de Staël, whose political power became so great as to rouse the enmity of Napoleon and cause her banishment from France. Mrs. Botta's was rather in the spirit of New York. It was frequented by a variety of celebrities, but her long suit was distinguished foreigners, such as Fechter and the Italian musicians. She had literary followers also and a few journalists, such as Greeley and Whitelaw Reid. Her drawing-room was in full blast when Bret Harte came East and was taken up in Boston because of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," then regarded as delightfully daring. About this time, also, John Hay turned up with his "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," and Mrs. Botta seized upon him and is said to have played him against Boston and Harte.

It must be remembered that in the late sixties and early seventies, and even into the early eighties, New York society paid but scant heed to celebrities and looked askance at the hostess who received—and the word then meant more than now—professional singers and players. But interest in the stage was nevertheless strong and the desire to meet men and women of the theatre was secretly cherished by many a woman who, less courageous than the Connecticut poetess, was afraid to entertain them. To Mrs. Botta belongs the credit for breaking down some of the social restrictions of her day. She also deserves praise for her defiance of the Sabbatarian tyranny which frowned on those hostesses who desired to entertain their friends on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Botta's assemblies were on those nights, and her example was followed by Alice and Phoebe Cary, two Cincinnati poetesses whose house in Twentieth street attracted many literary and other celebrities during the sixties. The two wrote what was then considered good poetry, and indeed much of it had distinct merit. Catholic in their social tastes and much impressed by New York's celebrities, they entertained all sorts and conditions of men and women. Horace Greeley was a regular frequenter of their drawing-room, P. T. Barnum was their intimate friend, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was another, and there were even certain eminent clergymen brave enough to defy the Sunday ordinance.

The two salons to which I have referred were at least genuine, though I doubt if they exercised any power save in the matter of more liberal Sunday observance. They were followed during the seventies and eighties by a number of abortive attempts on the part of ambitious women to make their drawing-rooms gathering places for men and women of greater or less renown. Several of these women were editors of magazines and therefore in a position to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demand the attendance of manuscript vendors, and these were conspicuous figures at all their gatherings. There were also usually in attendance the writers who furnished the out-of-town papers with correspondence—it then dealt largely with social gossip—and these repaid their hostesses by carrying their fame to distant parts of the land. This was the day of women writers of the Chatty School, with such alliterative pseudonyms as Grace Greenwood, Jennie June, Sophy Sparkle and Fanny Fern.

The annals of the salons that succeeded the Botta and Cary era run parallel with those of another form of entertainment of a much humbler nature and infinitely wider appeal, which also had its genesis in Connecticut, the birthplace of P. T. Barnum. When the supply of genuine freaks became exhausted and imitations were introduced, the dime museums entered upon a decline in popular favor. The salons began with real celebrities, but in the course of time they drifted away, and when hostesses sought to attract them as bait for guests of greater social though less artistic distinction, they showed a disinclination to perform. The singer would make his appearance with a doctor's certificate in his pocket and the pianist would have a bandage on one finger. It is true that the hostess could extol the merits of her inferior lions in introducing them to the company, just as the dime museum lecturer could give added value to the sensational merits of the Tattooed Lady or the Dog-Faced Boy by an oration of compelling interest, but both salons and dime museums lost their vogue for the same reason, the inferior quality of the attractions exhibited.

One of the most conspicuous salons of this period was that maintained by Mrs. Frank Leslie, than whom no New York woman ever assembled more queer aliens under a single roof. Mrs. Leslie had been so widely exploited as a woman of greater wealth than she actually possessed that more than one impoverished foreigner made the journey to New York with the avowed intention of marrying her. One of these suitors was Prince Eristoff, who was said to have less money at his command than any noble exile who ever made New York his home—and that is saying a good deal. It was he who selected from the stock of a well-known furrier a costly fur overcoat of the sort Russian princes might be supposed to wear, and was haughtily indignant when the merchant declined to receive in exchange a check drawn on a bank in the heart of the Balkan mountains. The prince firmly expected to carry his matrimonial enterprise to a successful issue before the check could make the journey there and back. Eristoff formed the acquaintance of a credulous American who, greatly elated at having a real prince on his list, invited him to dinner. There, to his disgust, instead of a company of wealthy Americans whom he might pluck at his leisure, the exile found half a dozen impoverished titled expatriates, of whom Count Bernstorff, brother of the late German Ambassador, was the most affluent. As the party broke up the host called Bernstorff aside and whispered to him: "Have you change in your pocket? If not here is a quarter, for the Prince hasn't a cent and you must pay his carfare."

The two noblemen left the house together and found a rain falling. The Prince was for summoning a cab, but the mere mention of cab-fare caused the other to shrink in terror and cry: "This is not rain; it is merely a heavy dew that falls in this part of the city." Then he hurried his companion along to Sixth avenue, pushed him aboard a car, handed the conductor a nickel, and vanished into the darkness.

A personage even more remarkable than Eristoff and like him one of Mrs. Leslie's supposed suitors, was a corseted cockney of fearsome aspect who called himself the Marquis de Leuville. He had obtained money by marrying into the family of Madame Tussaud of wax-work fame, and had purchased his title in some country where such articles have a low market value. He used a hair dye of a rich purple

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hue and wore a frock coat which accentuated his corseted and tightly compressed waist. I believe that no more dreadful native of the immediate vicinity of Bow Bells ever visited America. That he was taken quite seriously by members of Mrs. Leslie's entourage was proved when a poem was written in his honor by a young poetess from the West, who recited her verses to the applause of an extensive gathering.

The author of these verses possessed rather unusual but undeveloped talent and it was her misfortune to become affiliated from the first with a salon in which the highest poetic ideals did not flourish. I recall her advent in the metropolis and heard regret expressed by more than one person qualified to speak that she had not fallen under better literary influences. However, she gained popularity as Ella Wheeler, and wider fame when she added her husband's name, Wilcox, to her own. This young bard imparted a new lustre to the Leslie salon and was much sought after by the hostesses of rival establishments. Many such salons were born and died during the eighties, leaving bright memories behind them, even when they lasted but a single night.

II

Poetic talent was to the fore at nearly all of these gatherings, for the musicians had long since ceased to perform for nothing. One woman whose name I do not recall invited all the bards loose in the town to come to the first of her Sunday evenings. Unfortunately for the success of her enterprise, she had hazy ideas in regard to the poetic appetite and believed that the authors of tender sentimental verse would do no more than peck at their victuals. It was with this notion in her head that she placed a single cold roast duck on her dining-table and surrounded it with plates of bread and cake cut so thin that each piece might have been used in place of smoked glass to view a total eclipse of the sun. Among her guests was a poet famous rather for his voracity than for his rhyme and metre, and some time before the doors of the place of refreshment were thrown open he silently effaced himself from the scene. At last the folding doors were drawn back and the guests marched in a solid body into the dining-room, there to find the voracious one polishing off the last bone of the duck. There were no further Sunday evenings at that house, which remained for a time one of the literary landmarks of the city—the place where Steve Masset ate the whole roast duck.

A salon contemporary with the one to which I have just alluded was presided over by a most excellent but confiding lady who edited a woman's magazine and was therefore in a position to command the attendance of contributors, artistic and literary. I heard of this establishment from a lady of my acquaintance, an Austrian by birth, who had recently married into a good New York family. She attended one of the editorial assemblies and I give her account of it in her own words.

"Since I am in your country," said this artless creature, with an accent that did not lessen the charm of her narrative, "I have seen much of your high society, for my husband's family are of the monde and go everywhere. But once I attended a reception at a home of a quite famous literary woman, I believe an editor of a great magazine, and there I had a most interesting evening. Her parlors were filled with persons of real talent and note. Artists, who brought their portfolios and displayed their pictures, and poets who recited their verses. There were even present certain foreign noblemen whose appearance was most distinguished, although their titles were quite new to me. On the whole, that evening was one of the most enjoyable that I have spent in New York and I always wished to go again, but my brother-in-law who took me would not repeat the visit and I could not go alone—*les convenances*, you know—so I was unable to improve my acquaintance with that most charming hostess and her most talented friends."

"But why did your brother-in-law refuse

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to take you there again?" I inquired. "Has he no taste for art or literature?"

"*Mais oui*," she exclaimed. "Literature is his passion. Indeed, I might almost say that for that and his artistic ideals he actually lives. But unfortunately he lost his new eighty-dollar overcoat in the dressing room and he would never go again!"

Early in the eighties the salon idea spread to Newark, whose soil was as little adapted to art and letters as to figs and bananas. It possessed, however, a social structure that was solid, for it was founded on the manufacturing industries of the town. What were called the "first hands" in these industries, meaning the men who dealt in such raw products as iron and copper, stood highest on the social list. Below them were the manufacturers of goods made of these materials, such as harness trimmings, shoe-buckles and coffin-plates. Thus one constantly heard allusions to charming celluloid girls or conservative pig-iron families. In the midst of this network of society and mechanical industry the seed of the salon bore fruit in the form of a magazine called *Thoughts and Events*, which the founder hoped would prove a magnet whereby literary New York could be lured to his fireside. One night in each month was set aside for his receptions and on those occasions the Jersey ferry-boat bore his contributors and would-be contributors to his home in the great manufacturing centre. These gatherings attracted not only minor literary celebrities but also a few of the "first hands" in steel and iron, and it is even said that ultra-refined thread folks did not disdain them. In short, that salon was a distinct Newark success, though there was some grumbling among the bards and essayists as they boarded the chill ferry-boat for their monthly carouse, carrying samples of their wares with them. It should be remembered that the literary market in those days was not as extensive as it is today, and that those who lived by it were not opulent.

A salon that left agreeable memories behind it, although it lasted but a very few Sunday evenings, was that of a sensational newspaper writer who signed herself Nellie Bly and made herself famous by a trip around the world, undertaken in rivalry of Jules Verne's hero. Miss Bly had married and retired two or three years before she conceived the idea of a salon designed especially for actors and reporters, the two classes she favored above all others. Her Sunday evenings were different from the generality of the others because of the liberal equipment of her dining-table and her expectation, seldom unfulfilled, that her guests would bring thirst and appetite with them. Huge roasts of beef and many bottles bearing labels that commanded their respect and confidence were placed before them at four in the afternoon, and the dishes were replenished as fast as emptied until the departure of the last actor or reporter at a late hour.

A conspicuous figure at these memorable assemblies was Loie Fuller, to my mind a really remarkable woman, who had been joyously acclaimed in Paris after attracting comparatively small attention in New York. She had developed a new form of dancing from an equipment of two sticks and voluminous skirts to the most elaborate arrangement of colored electric lights and draperies. Almost as conspicuous as Miss Fuller at these revels was Miss Bly's husband, a white-bearded, respectable gentleman who had amassed a large fortune in the manufacture of garbage cans. He always sat in a corner of the room, as silent as a graven image, gazing wide-eyed at the feats of knife, fork and glass performed by the guests, and seldom speaking to anyone save Marshall P. Wilder, who hovered about his knees. As the weeks wore on the attendance at these receptions gained in volume and there was widespread regret when they suddenly ceased, leaving behind them kindly memories of the most generous of hostesses.

As the sparks fly upward so do ideas ascend through the flues of New York's vast and complex social structure, and thus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it came to pass that in comparatively recent times the salon idea reached the idle rich and caused spasmodic attempts to recreate the drawing-room of Madame de Staël and of Madame Recamier. But these salons seldom lasted more than a single night and they owed their existence to some sudden ambition, born perhaps of a growing distaste for the monotony of fashionable society. Mrs. Goldrocks, let us say, would determine to break away from her customary environment and invite literary and artistic folk to her board, usually favoring the poets. Having made a list of those of whom she had heard, she would entrust the task of invitation to her butler and then turn her attention to other avocations. The menial would do his best to assemble as many bards as possible, even going to the extent of trying to locate Mr. Keats in the telephone book. He would call up the Knickerbocker Club, whose doorman was a particular friend of his, and inquire if there were any poets "'anging about." On one occasion such a butler gained the ear, by telephone, of a solemn bank president whose name happened to be identical with that of one of the poets on his list. The financier, who lived in Brooklyn and had but meagre social connections, was amazed to learn that the wife of one of his bank's heaviest depositors anxiously desired his presence on a not distant Sunday evening. He was still more amazed when he arrived and found himself in the society of persons who looked as if they had never traded in more than a hundred shares at a time.

The truth is that the soil of New York is not adapted to the germinating of the salon seed. The town has never had a salon that could be said to exert any influence whatever, though more than one of them has proved, like that of Miss Bly, an agreeable place of assembly. Curiously enough, the ladies referred to in the press as "political leaders" have not, so far as my knowledge goes, endeavored to make their drawing-rooms fields for the furthering of their ambitions. In the work that is still new to their sex they pin their faith on committees rather than on social gatherings, and not one of them has yet awakened the enmity of a Murphy or even of a district leader as the great Frenchwoman did that of the Emperor Napoleon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN

BY ALICE MARY KIMBALL

OH, Lord, I always said it wasn't needful
For men to carry on the way they do:
Sneaking to lodge conventions where their wives
Can't watch to see what devilment they're up to,
Or buying jewelry and handsome furs
For painted Jezebels, when their own daughters
Need decent-looking shoes and hats
To get themselves good husbands and providers.
They are black liars, men are, when they say
They have to sow wild oats and misbehave.

Old Pardon Janes that passed away last night
Alone, in a dark farm-house, in a blizzard,
Has proved to all the world a man may be
As good as any pure, God-fearing woman
If he can find the gimp to conquer sin
Instead of chasing after it, hotfoot.

There is a smile across his worn-out face,
The kind of smile the Christian martyrs wore
As flames run up their limbs or lions et 'em.
In the spare-room he lies, banked up with flowers,
Geraniums, begonias, and callas,
The Ladies of the Aid Society
Snipped off their houseplants. The remains
Look nice, if I say so that hadn't ought to.
There hasn't been a neater laid-out corpse
In Grandview county since I can remember.

His fingers twine
Around the pitchfork that he used to carry
To pick up things with and to open doors with
Because, when he was young, he swore an oath
Solemn, upon the scripture of St. Paul,
Never, so help him, would he ever touch
A woman, or a thing a woman touched.

Seems kind of queer
I should have been the one to close his eyes
And wash his body for the burial,
I, that once had a wedding veil
Laid out across the bed to marry him,
I, that was the last woman
He ever spoke to.

I s'pose good old Mis' Janes that's gone to Heaven
Was satisfied to see the way he died.
It done high credit to her influence.

II

The Janes men was the kind that live in cities
Because their acts won't stand their neighbors' eyes.
They sprung from Jethro Janes,
An early settler of Grandview county,
A carpenter whose houses are still standing,
Smart, but a fiddler and an infidel
That read Tom Paine to his sick, nervous wife;
And Pardon's father was a chip of Jethro,
A doctor who'd been known to give
Pamphlets by Ingersoll instead of pills.

There was a nurse he took out on his cases,
No better than she'd ought to be, I guess,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And poor Mis' Janes, a meek-faced, noble woman,
But doleful as a hearse with all her troubles,
Cried day and night. She shed tears in the cooking,
They sizzled on the flats when she was ironing.
She held her head once in the water-tub
('Twas zero weather, too, in February)
And he stood by, laughing, as hard as nails.
When she saw 'twould only give him pleasure
If she should drown and leave him to his wallow
She popped it out. She named her baby Pardon.
"O, God, have mercy on the sin-soaked souls
Of all the black-sheep, woman-chasing Janeses,"
She used to pray so loud that we could hear her
On nice June days we went meandering
Up Peaked Hill to pick wild strawberries;
And then would come a roaring and a cursing
Of old Tom Janes a-jawing back at her.

Alone and single-handed, Mis' Janes blocked
The flowing of bad blood. Her son grew up
The first of all the tribe bearing his name
Fit for a sweet young girl to be alone with.
The present corpse and I kept company
Five years or more after his folks died off.
"You are a sensible, good woman, Susan,
So will you be my wife?" says he, at last.
'Twas not to be. 'Twas not God's will, it seems.

Our wedding day was set.
The month of May it was, with orchards white,
And a real pretty moon.
The night before
Came a loud shout and knocking at the door.
"That's an unheard of thing," says I,
Waking. The clock struck twelve.
Again that rattling and hollering.
I kicked into my slippers, scratched a light,
Covered my nightgown with a crazy-quilt,
And hurried out. A voice was saying:
"There'll never be a wedding
That I'll be groom to."

I stood within the door, the oil lamp flaring.
"I must be walking in my sleep," thinks I.
But there he was—
As solid as the pillars on the porch,
Real as a hen-coop or a cellar-door,
A tall, clean-favored man, hawk-faced and proud,
With that high forehead that his father had,
The bit-in lips he took from his sad mother,
And great black eyes, lit up and fiery.

"I've had a warning vision in the night,
An angel led me down to hell," he says.
"We've been mistaken," says he, "about Satan."
"You've et too much and had a dream;
Mince-pie, perhaps," says I, quietingly.

"The devil is a comely, naked woman,
These eyes have seen her," says he, covering them.
"She looks like pictures in French magazines
My father used to read behind the barn.
She sits in hell,
Directing its infernal, brimstone blazes
With perks and flickings of her fan," he says.
"She hasn't tail nor hoofs, but small, slim feet
In shameless stockings and high-heeled red shoes.
She has the way that women have
Of knowing just what they're about," he says.
"And when she simpers, little devil-girls
Without a stitch of proper clothing on
Prance and cavort 'round the dark lake of fire
Where lost, tormented souls swim evermore.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so," he says, "you see, I've found you out."

"You've found out what?" I gasped, blushing and flustered.

"You're just like any woman," he says, knowing,
"An emanation of old Nick, herself.
The cussedness of this world and the next
Is all brewed by you petticoated shadows.
You have deceived me, slick, but now that's over.
At last I know you, Susan," he said, shrewdly,
"You give me carnal feelings as you stand there!"

"I don't know what a carnal feeling is!"
I drew the crazy-quilt up tight
Around my neck and arms. To save my life
I couldn't keep from crying like a baby.
I was afraid and trembling; and I saw
The blackness of a Bible in his hand,
The whitewash of the moonlight on his face,
And heard his stern young voice taking a vow.

He swore, God helping him, to make atonement
For all his bad-behaving ancestors.
"I'll never marry any female fiend,
I'll never eat a morsel cooked by woman,
I'll never wear a rag a woman sews
Nor put upon my back shirts washed by woman,
Nor touch a thing a woman's hands have touched,
Not so much as a doorlatch!" So he swore.

The truth was too outlandish to be told.
I kept a cheery smile and shut my mouth
And tried to look at the bright side of things.
"He jilted you for what he thought was right,
Not for a feather-headed, flippety jade,"
I told myself—and there was comfort in it.

After he left me sobbing on the porch
He never spoke to womankind again.
He got as starved and skinny as a beanpole,
His lips thinned down and soon was lost to sight.
He scared pack-peddler women half to death
And screamed at little girls that climbed his fences.
Why, he'd have left his head behind
Sooner than he'd forget to take his hayfork.
He lifted latches with it, histed parcels
That women clerks had tied, to bother him.
"That is old Pitchfork Janes, and he is love-cracked,
His girl gave him the mitten years ago."
So he was pointed out to Summer boarders.
But still folks hereabouts respected him,
Knowing that if he was a mite peculiar
He still had character and could be trusted.
He wasn't anybody's fool—not he.
He made a living from his Jersey cows
And paid his debts and went to church a Sunday.
He took along a chair he'd made himself
So'st not to have to use the pews
Women had vilified by sitting in.
He had the Janeses' gift for gab and writing.
Twice he was sent to represent the town:
Once, when the porcupines was chewing corn-cribs
His work put through the hedgehog bounty law.
Again, he fought a bill for woman suffrage.
That was a joke, the men-folks thought, on us.

III

The remains was found
At ten o'clock last night. I'd put out the cat
And had a hot brick all het up for bed
When in burst Joel Fiddock through the door—
"Mis' Binney," says he, shaking,
"Old Pitchfork Janes is dead and maybe murdered!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I called up Asenath Chase that's coroner
And horse doctor and undertaker, too,
Down to the village. "Sue Binney," says he, snappish,
"I wouldn't go out on a night like this,
Not if a senator or governor
Had kicked the bucket. The northeast wind, Mis' Binney,
Is sharpened like a knife for sticking pigs,
And there's saw-filings in the blowing snow,
And it will be thirty below, come midnight."

"Asenath," says I, stern,
"Where is your duty to the dead?" I says.

"I'll do my duty when I get around to't."
I could almost sniff the taint
Of liquor on his breath over the wire.
"Maybe it is a murder, maybe not,
But, anyway, 'twill be there in the morning—
This nipping cold will keep the corpse all right."

"You'll leave him be
Just as you'd leave the body of an animal?
The Ladies of the Aid
Will give you your come-uppance, I can tell you!"

"You tell the Aid
To keep their shirts on," growled back Asenath.
"You've routed me out of my sleep, Mis' Binney."
He rung off. Central tried
For twenty minutes of hard, steady ringing
To get him back. She was as mad as I was.

"Central," I says, "I'm going to shovel through
To Pardon's house and see what's happened there.
I wish you'd flax around and try to get
The Ladies of the Aid out of their beds."

Well, Joel Fiddock, man-like, when the pinch came,
Lit out for home, saying he couldn't stand it.

The old Janes place a-top of Peaked Hill,
Built by old Jethro Janes in 1810,
As big and bleak as a hotel for spooks,
Full of tall, empty rooms, with doors a-slamming,
Warn't a great sight too cheerful, I can tell you,
With that corpse in it.
There was the old man lying on the floor
Face down. His bed, in Winter time,
Was in the kitchen where the fire was,
And he'd jumped out of it, 'twas plain to see,
To jab at something. His pitchfork
Was clutched in his right hand.
His neck was kind of twisted, so I saw
His bird-beak nose and eyes a-bunging out,
Scairt, but determined, with that scornful smile
That told of evil spurned, we found out later.
The storm had broke a window. The snow,
A-roaring in, had drifted over him
As if to draw a lamb's wool coverlet
Over the half-froze, goose-fleshed arms and limbs
That stuck out from his cotton flannel nightgown.
'Twas like a nightmare I had once
About a dreadful toadstool in the woods
That changed into a man and followed me.

If folks hereabouts
Didn't depend on me to take the lead
I might have run; but, looking out the window,
A-bobbing through the night like lightning bugs,
I saw the lanterns of the Aid a-coming.
First, Sarah Fiddock bust in, red and winded,
And, by and bye, Kate Crabtree and her husband,
And Chet and Laura Tebbetts, Mis' Jane Ball,
And Uncle Hannibal and Mis' Behorner,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stomping off snow, pounding their benumbed ears,
Blowing their finger-tips with steaming breath,
Saying we'd better 'phone around
Come morning, and get bloodhounds.
There ain't been such a to-do in the Aid
Since that March night we all turned out because
The teacher had a baby unexpected.

"The first thing is to solve the mystery,"
Says Lonnie Crabtree, looking all about.
"There ain't a black and blue spot on his body,
Nor any sign of crime—but still it's queer—
The way he lays—that fearful, loony stare—"
And I says back: "In a world made of menfolks
Carts would be hitched in front of horses' noses
Habitual. A pile of kindling
Is what is needed at the present moment.
The first thing is to feed the stoves red-hot
And pump some water into the brass kittles,
So'st we can have the wherewithal
To fall to work."
We soon was busy as a dam of beavers.

I've always felt
For all my marrying of Rufus Binney,
Who proved by his low life and drunkard's death
He was no husband in the sight of God,
That in the spirit, Pardon Janes was mine.
The Ladies of the Aid sensed how I felt
And so withdrew and left me with the dead.

"There hasn't been a female in this house
For thirty years!" 'Twas Sarah Fiddock's voice
That boomed out from the chamber overhead
Where she was rummaging in bureau drawers
To see if he had laid his grave-clothes by.
"If there ain't been,
This house is pizen-neat," says Mis' Behorner.
"He must have spent his days and nights a-scrubbing.
The floors are clean enough to eat a meal from.
It's elbow-grease and soap
That bleaches boards like this."

"He must a-used strong lye to wash that woodwork;
The paint is et away," says Laura Tebbetts.
"Shelves all in order, closets apple pie,"
Reported Kate. "The linen's spick and span;
There ain't a grain of dust. I've dragged
My handkerchief over the furniture."

"He didn't know good victuals
From buckwheat chaff," pipes up Mis' Jane Ball, waspish,
"I've been a-looking into crocks and cupboards.
There ain't a scrap fit for a cat to gnaw on—
A bag of nuts, a peck of small, hard apples.
And graham crackers that would chop your tongue off.
We've got to hustle 'round and bake a sparerib,
And kill a turkey and bring in mince pies
If there's to be good eating for the mourners."

IV

"Well, all is ended," thinks I, solemnly,
Down in the kitchen, doing the last things
I could do for him, ever.
The granther's clock ticked and the fire sang,
The blown snow piled above the window sashes,
And I worked on until I heard a cackling,
A loud, excited pow-wow of the Aid.
They'd reached the attic, peeking everywhere,
Going through chests and trunks and locked-up boxes

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Along their route, to see how he'd kep' house.
Now, they'd found something, it was plain to hear.
They called for Chet and Lon to come and boost,
Thump, thump, it was a-whacking down the stairs,
A long, black coffin that he had all ready.
His burial suit was in it, folded spruce,
Shirt and a necktie, shoes, and neat-darned socks,
Packed painstaking in cedar twigs and moth-balls.
We dug them out to dress up the deceased
And out fell a thick book. The poor remains
Had kept a diary through all the years!

After we'd finished up, we set around
And et some ham and eggs that Sarah Fiddock
Had brought along with her, foresightedly,
And read aloud the tale of what had passed.
The morning light was grey as dish-water,
But every page was wrote as plain as print.

"June, the 23d of 1890—
Kit Curleen rode her pony through a meadow
Where I was raking and she tempted me.
First I knew I was a-kissing of her
Among the haycocks. But I come to.
I grabbed a pitchfork and I threatened her,
Saying: 'Foul harpy, go! You make tracks, quick!'
And she lit out, direct," he finished up.
"I'll keep the pitchfork handy by, hereafter."

Well, we was shocked! Kit Curleen
Was now Kate Crabtree, member of the Aid!
We'd clean forgot her folks was low-down Irish
That hadn't nothing and moved in from Nowhere,
And how she used to ride over the hills,
Her yellow curls a-boiling from her bonnet
A-singing out to men-folks as she passed,
And no good woman ever looked at her
Till she was married safe and settled down
To cooking meals and washing diapers.

"August, the 1st," I read out. "Cloudy weather.
The Bemis heifer had a calf. Mis' Ball
Went after blueberries in my pasture lot
Dressed up so thin I couldn't help but see
Right through her, as she passed behind the house.
I'll turn the cross bull in the berry lot
Tomorrow. That settles *her*, I guess!"

"You'd better skip it where it's personal,"
Says Laura Tebbetts, and we all agreed.

We come to 1922, March 1: "Showery. A thaw.
Papered the kitchen with old newspapers."

"Tuesday. Didn't notice
The papers was chock-full of women's pictures
Till they was grinning at me from the walls:
A Spanish female on a cigarette ad,
And spindly girls 'twas hoped would draw attention
To ads for hosiery and silverware,
And Sunday papers full of actresses
And social belles. Ha! Ha! I've fixed them.
I pasted big, white sheets of writing paper
Over their giggling faces."

"Wednesday. The devil has laid siege.
I woke up in the night. There was a crackling,
Swishing of skirts, tapping of slipper-heels.
The squares of writing paper on the walls
Were growing big and opening like doors.
The women they were meant to cover up
Stepped from them big as life.
They minced and preened.
The Spanish strumpet clicked her castanets.
The trollop from the ad for silverware
Beckoned and winked and showed off reprehensible.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The baking-powder woman in her apron,
A long-haired dancing woman dressed in beads,
And her immodest skin and not much else,
A toothpaste minx with flashy teeth a-showing,
And Aunt Jemima of the pancake ads,
All formed a line just as the show-girls do.
They jiggled round the table and the what-not,
And straight toward me.
I grabbed the pitchfork. 'Demons!' I yelled.
They went back where they came from, helter-skelter,
The doors shut after them. There was the wall
Just as it had been."

"Thursday. Twice last night.
They didn't shoo so easy as before."

And this year he was writing: "I need sleep.
But they keep coming. New paper didn't help.
I'll fight the good fight till I drop
Dead in my tracks."

V

The puzzle of his death was now cleared up.
There was a prayerful silence in the Aid.
How few men-folks that we'd known intimate
Would have held out as poor old Pardon did!
They was dream-hussies that he wrote about
But they was real to him, and that's the point,
And he went down to death, contending with them.
He was a hero, if there ever was one!

"But he was crazy as a loon," said Lonnie.

"Then let there be
More craziness like his," says I, emphatic.
Against the wall, there by the kitchen range,
His pitchfork stood. I picked it up
And took it to the spare-room where he lay.
I put it by him. He'll be buried with it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF BUSINESS

BY CARL DREHER

BUSINESS, while conducted, as everyone knows, primarily for profit, also provides, especially in large corporate organizations, for the agreeable inflation of the ego. The mouths of the hungry must be filled, the baby must have his shoes; but the vanity of the directors, executives, heads of departments, all the functionaries and *mâcheurs* on their various levels, must be gratified at the same time. In spite of competition, lying in wait with sharpened axes for those who forget the realities, this vainglory expresses itself in many and various ways. Mahogany furniture is ordered where oak would be better and cheaper. Offices are laid out to look like Greek temples. Innumerable esoteric conferences end in one man doing the work. Officials are endlessly photographed, sitting at their twelve-foot-square desks, glaring importantly at requisitions for six ink erasers and a bottle of mucilage.

From such relatively harmless frivolities there is a gradual ascent in the scale to more sinister forms of diversion, based, in great part, on Ferenczi's "craving for relative omnipotence." Long before the Nietzschean, Freudian, and Adlerian revelations, this craving was described by Thucydides in these words:

> Of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can.

"Wherever they can." Not merely where they are qualified to rule, or where the situation calls for a ruler, not within the bounds of equity and reason, but wherever no superior opposing force intervenes . . . to rule on its own account. That is the law of industry, as of politics and war.

In the theory of executive control, responsibility for a given division of the work is placed on one man, with authority, in proportionate degree, to accompany his responsibility. In this way the unwieldy mass of a large modern business enterprise is broken up into more conveniently handled units, each with its more or less independent internal administration, and so the gentlemen with the money are equipped with an effective means of transmitting their desires and impulses down the line. At the same time, through the responsibility of the heads of departments to the management, unity is preserved.

This system works. In its numerous variants it functions, not only in business, but in armies, navies, churches, colleges, and soviet republics. Under liberal and capable administrators, while it may not be fit for Paradise, it is certainly good enough for this earth. It is orderly, flexible, and natural. Its weaknesses are mainly the weaknesses of *Homo sapiens*.

The department heads are the chief vertebrae of the skeleton. In his division everything depends on the department head. He is expected to use his superior knowledge and experience for the effective conduct of his section. He must guide and inspire his subordinates, entrust each man with authority commensurate with his ability, adjust salaries equitably, and encourage his assistants to the fullest possible development of their faculties. The operations of his division must be coördinated with those of other divisions, and the ideal department head, in his relations with his compeers, knows the precise difference between help-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and meddling. Finally, the entrepreneurs depend on him for counsel and support.

Department heads built to the above specifications exist, alas, almost exclusively in the syllabuses of business universities. They are occasionally, of course, to be found in the flesh. A large corporation is likely to contain one of them. In some enterprises they are even encouraged, and their numbers multiply, although not to any alarming extent. Such aseptic figures in a milieu of competitive industry remind one of a cover illustration of *Collier's* some Winters ago. It was intended to represent a lineman, working on an electric light pole, in climbers, safety belt, and rubber gauntlets. On his head he wore a red hockey cap—apparently he was a Harvard lineman. He exhibited smooth, rosy cheeks; an ethereal little mustache set off the cultivated lines of his mouth. He was neat, clean, and trim. His expression assured the world that he was a young man who went to church on Sunday, gloved and shiny, and never used inelegant words. But it is not such manikins who freeze on sleet-covered cross-arms during bitter Winter gales, and flirt daily with 22,000-volt circuits! It is not Chevalier Bayards who run industry, any more than the Fascist bravos rule Italy by disseminating sweetness and light. They do it by being ready to cut throats.

Fear and ambition rage in business, as in the professions and in the groves of scholarship. Hear a recognized authority, Judge Elbert H. Gary, as to the former. In an interview printed by the New York *Times* on January 9, 1921, he was quoted as follows:

> Fear of losing his job is making the man in the shop toe the line. At first glance the average individual will say that there is something very ugly and inhuman in that statement. It isn't ugly and it isn't inhuman. It is the sane and reasonable answer to the industrial tangle. It is its only solution. Fear is the word I used. I might, with equal truth, have said competition. They mean the same in industry.
>
> The thing that makes one producer in industry, one employer of labor, more successful than another is the same thing. You may call it fear. You may call it competition. . . .

The good steelmaster did not intend to say that the greatest poltroon is the best producer; he would, no doubt, be willing to recognize other factors in the situation. But he plainly considers fear, an essentially morbid social emotion, as a necessary driving force in business, as a "sane and reasonable answer." This is a common attitude among business men. Fear is very useful to them. They generate it, in fact, on occasion, and use it in gas warfare with the help. It was done wholesale in the last presidentiad, and it worked, didn't it? Leaving aside the question of how much of this fomentation is natural and how much artificial, it is a fact that every other man in the hordes of employés is afraid of someone beneath him who aspires to his job, and looks longingly at some better job ahead of him. "Every other" is a conservative estimate. Through the play of these forces there arise occasionally important and lamentable divergences from the ethical concepts that generally prevail in business enterprise. Fear, in other words, is a useful servant, but now and then it spills the beans.

II

In theory every person charged with authority should give his subordinates the maximum possible freedom, for it is conceded that men do not work their best when confined in strait-jackets. Some executives carry this theory into practice, usually with notable success. They lay out the work they want done, state their objectives succinctly, bid their subordinates go to it, and abide the outcome. If the results are unsatisfactory, and it appears that the fault is one of personnel, they fire the individuals responsible. Successful or unsuccessful, they treat their men as adult males.

In the modest range of my own practice, I am bound to say that I have not found executives of this type to be much moved by or concerned about fear. They appeared to be men of very exuberant metabolism, strong adrenals, and no obvious glandular

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imbalances. If they are ever scared, they put up an admirable front; a battalion of psychoanalysts could not discover any of the stigmata of fear in them. Possibly the psychologizing industrialists have put too much money on their bogey. Maybe it is not good at the long distances, and should be reserved for the spurt races, such as elections. I throw this out as a suggestion. Does it not stand to reason that a man who is confident of sustaining himself is less likely to hit below the belt in a fight? He can afford to be fair and to abide by civilized rules. He can afford to give his subordinates free rein. He can admit, on occasion, that he is wrong and they are right. And for that he will be better liked and better served by those under him.

But the more timid and psychopathic administrators are incapable of letting the machinery thus run freely. With exceptional opportunities to take unto themselves the ideas and achievements of their assistants, such Yahoos get away with all they safely can, which is generally a great deal. They constantly nag, question, and persecute their subjects. A number of more of less unconscious objectives are attained through these manœuvers. The boss nervously reassures himself of his possession of authority by constantly brandishing it. Secondly, he derives comfort from the contemplation of his own zeal, his familiarity with details, and his firm administrative control; he feels important and seaworthy. Thirdly, he hamstrings the subordinates whose rivalry he secretly dreads.

Wherever such neurotics of industry hold sway, hefty sums of money, I believe, are lost—far more, probably, than can be retrieved by all the mechanical efficiency experts practicing in the forty-eight States. Aggravated cases cure themselves through the resulting malfunctioning of the department, or through a major revolt of the underlings; in one way or another, after prodigious snorting, bucking, and flinging of hoofs to the sky, the boss is unseated, discredited in the eyes of his superiors. But when the despot himself is the only party having access to the management, many such clinics are not terminated for years. Moderately severe chronic cases, in which efficiency is merely somewhat reduced, and scrapping, petty hatreds and labor-turnover increased, usually maintain themselves indefinitely. The existing order of business offers little protection against them, and even the higher executives are usually too obfuscated and astrological in their conception of human motivation—witness the ease with which they are made to fall for quack vocational guidance schemes—to comprehend what is happening. Where their understanding is sufficiently acute, they are likely to be so preoccupied and remote from the scene of combat that no good results. Some of them, like Judge Gary, see wherein fear is useful to them, but they do not look at the obverse of the medal, showing the numerous ways in which fear, envy, and constraint entangle the lines of production.

I do not think that any business man with any respect for and interest in realities, as distinguished from the mountebanks of industry who juggle slogans and dizzy themselves with the phraseology of optimism, will consider this picture overdrawn. Every competent observer is familiar with it, and could supply a number of case histories. The one which I shall cite ran its course in the laboratory of a cable manufacturing concern. The department head was a chemist of ability and mature experience, Mr. Z. The facilities of the place were excellent. Mr. Z had a staff of competent investigators, reasonably well paid and in general decently used by the company. Through my father, I was frequently a guest at the home of the chief. At the same time I knew most of his subordinates, men of my own age, and became aware of an "underground" of recrimination and bitterness in the division.

The chief made a practice of raising hell as a disciplinary device. When mistakes were made, after placing the blame to his own satisfaction, he would invariably denounce the culprit in violent and threat-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ening terms. Any answer was met with the phrase, "If you don't like it here, you can get out!" He had other pet formulas: "What's the story, hey? Out with it!" . . . "If that happens again, I'll fire the whole staff!" . . . "Don't tell me!" . . . "You're one hundred percent wrong." He declared that the hard-boiled executive was the only type worth his salt. When the mistake was clearly his, he would take refuge in a dignified silence.

His ideas of business honor were elastic and convenient. One day he opened a letter addressed to one of his subordinates, from a competing electrical concern. It was marked "Personal" and turned out to be in answer to an application for employment. "Opened by mistake," Mr. Z wrote on it, chuckling sardonically, and removed the traitor from his payroll.

He had also the habit of seizing credit, whenever possible, for the inventions and process improvements originated by the laboratory technicians. He insisted on knowing everything going on, and, as soon as an idea appeared, he would file a patent application in his own name. The invention was in any case assigned to the company, but promotion and increased pay were largely contingent on such developments. Usually when a young man entered the employ of the laboratory, the chief could safely grab two or three ideas before the newcomer got up sufficient gumption to insist on his rights.

His men generally referred to Mr. Z as of canine lineage on the maternal side, in a robust masculine phrase which I hesitate to set down in an article written for a great family journal. They left him as soon as they could get as much money elsewhere; often they took other jobs at less pay in order to get away from him. Yet the man was a tolerably good husband and father, a competent technician, morbidly conscientious and diligent in devotion to routine. His department ran, but it could have run better. He was always seeking out ratholes which might allow the escape of money, but he did not see the more considerable losses resulting from the desertion of experienced men and the poor morale of those who remained. On one occasion he bewailed the fact that his subordinates disliked him, but he ascribed it to some obscure cussedness of mankind, which resented order, decorum, and expert direction.

III

During my own career in the field of communications I have not observed this trait to amount to a row of tin insulators. Men are willing to defer to superior knowledge and competence in business—too ready, frequently. At the same time, they are warmed to the marrow by the experience of seeing the man in charge admit his own errors as freely as he points out the blunders of others. It gives them a sense of solidarity and fellowship. They do not respect the captain less because he has turned out to be human; they conclude that he must be a very emergent individual to be able to acknowledge his deficiencies so nonchalantly. Confident of receiving just treatment, they concede their own shortcomings freely and blame themselves for avoidable mishaps before anyone else can do so. I have seen stations and offices in which a general court martial was necessary to determine the cause of a breakdown, with all hands passing the buck and fighting madly to clear themselves; in others the circuit-breakers had no sooner been thrown in again than the transgressor began kicking himself and making public proclamation that he was an idiot. The thing goes both ways. Subordinates work harder and better for a man who treats himself as he treats them. Superiors, next to getting the information they want, like best a blunt "I don't know." They like a frank avowal of deficiency.

What holds for intra-departmental affairs is also true of inter-departmental relations. Conflicts between heads of departments are generally the result of rivalry and thirst for individual grandeur. One is often reminded in such instances of what

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Hamilton wrote in discussing the executive power under the Constitution:

> Men often oppose a thing merely because they have had no agency in planning it, or because it may have been planned by those whom they dislike. But if they have been consulted and have happened to disapprove, opposition then becomes, in their estimation, an indispensable duty of self-love. They seem to think themselves bound in honor, and by all the motives of personal infallibility, to defeat the success of what has been resolved upon contrary to their sentiments. Men of upright, benevolent tempers have too many opportunities of remarking with horror to what desperate lengths this disposition is sometimes carried, and how often . . . great interests . . . are sacrificed to the vanity, to the conceit, and to the obstinacy of individuals. . . .

Theodore Schroeder, in an important and unfortunately little-read essay, "Conservatisms, Liberalisms, and Radicalisms," has reviewed the same subject in technical terms, showing how the will to dominate, and the assumption of aristocratic superiority, often based on pure phantasy, may determine political opinions and actions. Dr. Harry E. Barnes has done some first-class work in applying the new psychology to historical characters, as in his "Reflections on the Possible Service of Analytical Psychology to History," and more recently in his paper on Woodrow Wilson. The same mechanisms are on view in the business world. Men seek to rise, not by inherent merit, but by clawing down someone else, keeping him down, and vaunting themselves on their ascendancy. It is my sober belief that these dominative complexes cause more trouble in business than thieving and laziness, for they are more common, better rationalized, and unrecognized as to their anti-social character by the great mass of men.

Not, of course, that such canine motives would ever be acknowledged by the embattled managers. The medical terms descriptive of their conduct, which they could comprehend but imperfectly, would probably please them as a tribute to their virility; stated in plain English, they would resent the indictment bitterly. They are always actuated by zeal for high principles, and a trembling solicitude for the welfare of the business. A scrap over who shall have the honor of writing his O.K. on a bill for one gross of flat-head machine screws readily takes on the aspect of a crusade for God and country. None of the combatants is ever troubled by doubts of his own sanity and rectitude. Such qualms might tend to cool his ardor, even to induce unbusinesslike quiverings of the great splanchnic ganglia. Right or wrong, one must always be sure of oneself. A great asset in most business circles is to be able to convince oneself, as soon as one has adopted a policy from considerations of real or fancied self-interest, that one is right from an ethical, moral, and patriotic viewpoint. Then it is easy to assume the football face and to grasp the knout.

However, clashes of interest are not at the bottom of all the major and minor squabbles which leave shell-holes in the terrain of industry. Some of them spring from pure juvenile aggressive tendencies, similar to those manifested in college hazing, lodge initiations, and other clowneries. Men fight, often, for no ascertainable reason save that they get a kick out of it. They love to exert themselves, to coerce someone, to feel two-fisted, masculine. Relatively few ordinary business men outgrow this urge until they reach middle age. Some still retain it at three-score-and-ten. They fight, more or less destructively, whenever there is nothing to stop them. There is opportunity for friction, especially, where two groups of men are assigned to work in concert. It is seldom that the opportunity passes unused. The inevitable difficulties of operation and management are magnified and blamed in toto on the personnel of the other division. Each group is likely to exhibit a morbid sensitiveness to criticism from the other. Nor is personal contact necessary. Some of the most violent wrangles of this class arise between telegraph operators, hundreds of miles apart, who have never seen each other. Yet the same men will eagerly raise money for an enemy on the wire who has suffered some misfortune.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best that can be expected, in the way of battalion and company commanders in business, are individuals without profoundly neurotic traits, who will not "ride" other workers in order to assuage some inner uncertainty, or to vent their spleen, nor indulge in bullying, dog-fighting, and recreational phlebotomy. At the same time they must be ready to execute the orders of the directors, as humanely as possible, but without sentimentality. Inefficient employés must be given the bums' rush. Salaries must be kept at about the market level. These measures are incumbent on an enlightened, benevolent executive on the middle levels of the industrial hierarchy. This is the moderate course, based on unheroic cogitation rather than splendid emotional urges. Let it be noted that I treat only of the majors and captains and suchlike. With the problems of the high command I have no first-hand contact; therefore I shall not write about them.

IV

Many business men, realizing the value of good fellowship and coöperation, yelp for them incessantly. Out of a mixture of self-interest and an honest, often pathetic longing for fraternity, they take steps to get them, even when their own underlying morbidity renders it as impossible as making war humane by supplying Christian chaplains to the armies. A plaster of back-slapping, get-together conventions and outings, "smokes," "inspirational" talks, hired promoters of sociability, and printed smiles, is duly applied to the carcinoma. A volume could be written about these pathetic futilities. Here there is space only for mention of the house organs and employés' magazines. Like university alumni publications, which never print anything ill-natured about a graduate, unless he happens to be a Bolshevik, these media are uniformly sweet, emollient, and tranquillizing. They are equally insipid. Braying in concert the syllogisms of the kindergarten, they throw down scented wreaths of patriotism and conformity, their bewhiskered convictions raise hands that bless, while beneath them the clawing and ululating go merrily on. It never seems to occur to anyone that there would be less need for pious ministrations from above if decency and liberal dealing were the rule below.

As an insider, a keeper in the zoo, I do not wish to traduce the animals. The blather about Service has reached such proportions that most discerning people will be surprised to hear that the thing actually exists. It really does; I have seen it. An enormous corporation will, on occasion, write a 500-word letter, packed with detailed directions and engineering counsel, recommending the use of three of its C-81 Dwg 49336 induction coils (costing 60 cents apiece), simply because the employé to whom the matter was referred has been trained to make a good job of it, and actually takes pride in his ridiculous conglomerations of iron and copper wire. If most men did not take their piddling tasks seriously, there would be no public utilities, no Pullman fliers for philosophers and superior men to ride around in; there would exist none of those expedient services which, one and all, rest on the shoulders of moujiks and Babbitts. And if the business atmosphere is frequently vitiated by tyranny and snarling, cannot the same be said of county medical societies, faculties of colleges, Methodist conferences, and legislative assemblies? All the mangy and degrading monkey-shines of commercial life, the panicky scurrying to cover when the big fellows get sore, the fearful stilted formality of business correspondence, the bootless quarrels, the insane competitions, the lack of a sense of humor, proportion, and fair play—all can be duplicated in other, more pretentious fields. This the business man knows. Very likely that is one consideration which impels him, when inquiry is made as to what is the matter with him, to asseverate with stentorian assurance that he's All Right.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

DIDACTIC stanza by Obediah Harold Martin, a favorite poet of Little Rock:

Presentable clothes make considerable effect,
But a poor man's partaking of the foolish habit
Of unnecessary dressing shows a considerable defect.
Why should I dress beyond my means,
Trying to keep up with the richest men in New Orleans,
When I know their income is so much more than mine?
Keeping up with them will keep me in debt all the time.
Of course, everybody likes nice clothes to wear,
But to go beyond your means
You can't treat yourself nor creditors fair.

CALIFORNIA

ANOTHER reason for staying away from Los Angeles, as set forth in an open letter to the eminent *Daily News* of that city:

Why can't we have truthful weather reports? To read in the papers that the temperature was not below 44 degrees when we had ice frozen more than a quarter of an inch thick in our yards day after day is absurd. The point of freezing must have changed since I learned it. Where do they hang the official thermometer, over a furnace?

H. B. WHEELER

How carnivals are made gay in the paradise of New Thoughters, as reported by the same journal:

Downtown cafés, hotels, clubs and other gathering places will be frequented by special investigators in the rôles of waiters, check girls, entertainers, doormen, waitresses and guests. Policemen patrolling the streets will be on the lookout for . . . confetti throwers. The anti-cigarette legion will aid in preventing women smoking. The police will censor signs on automobiles.

WANT ad in Mr. Hearst's great Christian periodical, the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

WANTED: good looking stenographer; stenographic ability not essential. Apply 905 American Bank Bldg.

CLIMAX of the career of a learned American *Junker*, as described by the favorite Hollywood *News:*

A member of one of the oldest American families, Mr. Train, through his mother's family, is a second cousin of the late William Kissam Vanderbilt, and is a cousin of the present Marquis of Blandford and also of the former Duchess of Marlborough, who was Consuelo Vanderbilt. Mr. Train is a nephew of the late Admiral Charles R. Train, U.S.N., and grandson of a former attorney-general of Massachusetts. Graduating from Harvard College in 1922, Mr. Train took a postgraduate course at Magdalen College, Oxford, which was followed by extensive traveling of several months' duration on the Continent. . . . Mr. Train has joined the scenario staff of the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

CONNECTICUT

MATURE conclusion of the Hon. William J. O'Brien, a favorite publicist of New Haven:

Woodrow Wilson is the greatest statesman the world has as yet produced.

THE clean, wholesome amusement of Christian business men, as reported by the distinguished New Haven *Register:*

Four hundred members of the Rotary Club, who Rolls-Royced and Forded to the McAlpin Hotel, New York, last week for the club's weekly luncheon, looked at Ned Wayburn and listened to him tell how he picks chorus beauties that completely satisfy the exacting demands of Ziegfeld and other producers. The members were extremely attentive.

"A girl's throat is the same circumference as the calf of her leg," confided Wayburn. . . . He explained the close scrutiny that a girl endures when applying for a position in the merry-merry. It is necessary to "look right through" the applicant, deciding at a glance whether she has the needed symmetry of body. . . . The age of the applicant is told by looking at the back of her hand. . . .

The members all pronounced the talk as having been highly educational. They passed out of the dining room singing, "Hello, Hello, Hello" with full chorusian gestures, and returned to their offices to look at the backs of their stenographers' hands.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM an article in the *Georgetown Law Journal* on the late junket of the American Bar Association to London, by Noel F.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Regis, A.B., A.M., LL.B., Ph.D., member of the faculty of philosophy in the Catholic University of America, professor of Roman jurisprudence and medieval institutions in the Georgetown University Law School, and professor of economics in Georgetown College:

> The fraternal foregathering of the twin peoples who are proud to owe allegiance to the Lady of the Common Law was really one of the greatest movements in the development of Anglo-Saxon civilization, comparable only in its influence, extent and effect to the Crusades, racial migrations, colonization of America, and American participation in the late war. This is not an exaggerated statement. . . .

FLORIDA

ADVERTISEMENT of a Christian business man in the eminent Tampa *Tribune:*

> THE DUNCAN CLEANING COMPANY
>
> *1215 Florida Ave.*
>
> Will open their place of business with a religious service conducted by Rev. G. S. Roberts, Dr. A. M. Bennett, Rev. J. L. Irvin and Rev. R. L. Allen.
>
> *Wednesday . . . . . 9 o'Clock A. M.*
>
> Music program will be arranged by
> MRS. L. H. JONES
>
> Piano furnished by
> M. L. PRICE MUSIC COMPANY
>
> Decoration by TAMPA FLORAL COMPANY
>
> EVERYBODY WELCOME — EVERYBODY INVITED
>
> We will have the nicest, neatest, cleanest and best cleaning and pressing establishment in the city.
>
> M. A. DUNCAN, *Mgr.*

GEORGIA

MELANCHOLY news item from Atlanta, the *Kaiserstadt* of the Invisible Empire:

> Apparently no one in Georgia is interested in law and order, according to the views of Governor Clifford Walker, who tonight announced that he had abandoned plans to hold a law and order conference at the State-house here next Thursday.
>
> "I had no replies to my invitations to the conference," said the governor, "and am therefore compelled to call it off."

IDAHO

RISE of sportsmanship among the Christians of the Snake river country, as reported by the Weiser *American:*

> Considerable excitement was occasioned at the Christian church last Sunday morning. It was not a case for the fire department this time, but a riot call was sent in for the sheriff. When the sheriff arrived he could find nothing but some people who were very shocked and mortified at the actions of the pastor, who lost his temper so much that he pushed a lady out of the door. Most of the congregation deplore an action of this kind, especially at a public meeting.

ILLINOIS

FROM a pious reader of the eminent Chicago *Tribune:*

> If the Secretary of Agriculture will grip the fact that God controls our agriculture it would not be such a matter of constant concern to the department. Why is the boll weevil and other pests and frost, hail, rust, smut, and blight destroying our crops? The answer is we are drifting away from God. A church in the South devoted 500 acres to cotton and prayed God to protect it. While fields all around were devastated by the boll weevil, not a stem of the church field was injured. Let Congress appoint a commission (not of politicians but men who know God and the Bible) to lead the nation back to the divine law and the divine authority; then the agricultural question shall be settled, for the earth shall yield her productions in overwhelming abundance to a God fearing and law abiding people.
>
> GEO. MCGINNIS

RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Antioch Baptist Association, a sodality of colored divines in Chicago:

> WHEREAS, Some of our own Countrymen have their psychology twisted and think by some means that they are better than the Negro. And,
>
> WHEREAS, it is not the Negro's choice to be thus discriminated against, dividing and bringing woeful vengeance upon our great Nation, notwithstanding it is being done. And,
>
> WHEREAS, The race hasn't wealth and other necessaries to fight it's battles, but have souls like anybody else. Therefore, be it,
>
> RESOLVED, That we cry unto God out of the depth of our souls, send up many fervent prayers. Put it squarely up to God, that He act in keeping with His word and smash into oblivion, the folly of racial hatred, discrimination and oppression. The time has fully ripened that this kind of non-sense must be wiped out of existence. God would frown upon us and disdain us as Children of His Handiwork, if we fail to resent such black insults; and persistently cry unto Him for deliverance from such preposterous evil. Be it further,
>
> RESOLVED, That the Negro Pray as never before. Overwhelm the Throne of our God with soulful prayers. Block up every passage in Heaven. Put on a Blockade in Shechinah land with your prayers, that the Angelics can't egress nor ingress until God looks down with an eye of justice and break in pieces and cast into an everlasting abolishment this malignant racial prejudice, even though it cost a more supreme sacrifice than has ever been made in defense of human rights.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIANA

THE evolution of the Higher Journalism in Indianapolis, as reported by the distinguished *Star:*

> The *Star*, in 1925, will be a better paper. Numerous steps of advancement have been decided upon. The first marked change will be made when the number of comic pages in the *Sunday Star* will be increased from four to eight.

IOWA

PROGRESS of Service in the Missions Belt, as reported by the Odebolt *Chronicle:*

> Mrs. M. D. Fox will act as hostess for the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. L. T. Quirk will present the topic, "Our Eastern States: a *Foreign* Missionary Field."

ANNOUNCEMENT of a popular mortician in the eminent Waterloo *Courier:*

> Ed Kistner is a very kind-hearted man,
> To him you can always appeal;
> He goes and gets his corpse at very high speed,
> Riding in his big automobile.
> Should you meet with death some night you feel
> And wanted an undertaker
> Ed Kistner will be at your home very quick
> For he goes in his big automobile.
> No matter how dark the night may happen to be
> Just telephone Ed Kistner and he will be there,
> For he has light on his big automobile.

KANSAS

LAW Enforcement report from a Methodist paradise by the Rev. J. David Arnold, of Manhattan:

> A terrible condition exists here. Liquor is apparently flowing freely.

KENTUCKY

FINAL triumph of the Anti-Saloon League over the Watterson tradition, as reported by the mortal remains of the *Courier-Journal:*

> *Resolved*, that any man who obtains by purchase or otherwise intoxicating liquors or narcotic drugs from an illegal vendor of the same or in violation of the laws of the United States, is hereby declared to be ineligible to be received into a Masonic lodge under the jurisdiction of the grand lodge of Kentucky, and any Kentucky lodge knowingly electing such a person shall forfeit its charter.

LOUISIANA

WORKINGS of the new code of journalistic ethics in New Orleans, as described in a current dispatch from that great city:

> Horse racing seems doomed in New Orleans and Louisiana. Newspapers, members of the State Senate and House of Representatives, politicians and many influential citizens will ask the next Legislature to kill the sport of kings here. All because the Business Men's Racing Association, which is conducting the forty-seven-day race meeting at the fair grounds, sent each of the three newspapers but three free passes made out in the name of the owner, managing editor and city editor and none for the working crew. They also cut out all members of the State Senate and House, discontinued all free badges for women and other citizens who used to get guest badges. In fact the action of the fair grounds management since E. R. Bradley and E. G. Schlieder took charge is such that they have been condemned on all sides and sporting editors of different newspapers here are paying their way into the track to write the results of the races. Consequently they are not passing up flagrant violations of race rules and the like. The stewards were condemned for disqualifying Son o' Unc, a favorite, and one paper said the horse was disqualified to aid the bookmakers. They have been panned and roasted for charging admission to the paddock. Every little fault has been brought to light and this has fired the ministers to action. Newspaper editors who have supported the sport say that they have withdrawn their support and will aid any bill that will kill the races.

MAINE

PROUD record of an eminent sign and carriage painter of the rising town of Bath, as reported by the correspondent of the Portland *Press Herald:*

> Since film productions were introduced in Bath, away back in 1907, Mr. William K. Hall has missed but six performances in all of the theatres, and has a 100% record so far as the Opera House, which opened in 1913, is concerned. During Bath's exceptionally prosperous days . . . there were three theatres in the city, and Mr. Hall usually attended three shows a day.

QUALIFICATIONS of a lecturer on economics, as reported by the learned Bangor *Commercial:*

> Dr. G. W. Dyer . . . will lecture at the Bangor Chamber of Commerce. . . . The National Association of Manufacturers has secured his services for a year, during which time he will cover the entire country in an effort to give correct information on all economic matters. . . . He is one of the strongest advocates in the country of the principle of the open shop. He is strictly American and a great home-lover, believing in the individual home and large families. He also believes in schools. . . .

MANITOBA

PATHOLOGICAL marvel from the snow wastes, reported in a dispatch from Winnipeg:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post-mortem examination revealed that Mary Holliday, 20, who died while attending a party early Saturday morning, was killed by asphyxiation after eating a quantity of raisins. Doctors said liquid the girl had drunk caused the raisins to ferment, forming gases which suffocated her.

MASSACHUSETTS

GUARDING the morals of the members of the Massachusetts Women's Republican Club:

A member may engage a room for herself and her husband, but no man unaccompanied by his wife, even if he is a sustaining member, may stay overnight.

TRIBUTE to a late martyr by the distinguished Salem *Evening News:*

President Harding was not quite so brilliant, but he saw below the surface of things and got up a message which people read and which offered good suggestions.

THE New Thought view of profanity, as set forth by the esteemed and instructive *Nautilus*, of Holyoke, the organ of all the New Thoughters:

There is a little word which begins with "d" and ends with "n" that is of mighty spiritual power when used for *yourself and used for yourself alone* to make your soul know that all power that exists is within your soul, and that there is nothing *outside* of your soul which can in any way interfere with your own soul power. If you use this word in condemnation of others or in expressing your opinion about them or to them, *it certainly does a lot of harm to you* and not a thing to the others. BUT, if you use it for yourself in an idealized way to help you recognize your own soul power it becomes a God-word of spirit power helping you to free your soul from a thousand little devils of fear—beliefs in powers outside yourself.

CONTRIBUTION to the literature of Service by the Hon. William H. Ingersoll, vice-president in charge of sales of the De Forest Radio Company, as reported in the high-toned Boston *Post:*

All is Service.

MICHIGAN

THE Higher Learning in Kalamazoo, as reported by the world-famous *Gazette:*

The degree of master salesman, the highest award granted to boys who represent the firm, has been awarded to Stanley Stewart, 14, son of William H. Stewart, 711 Denner street, by the Curtis Publishing Company.

THE worship of Jahveh the Baptist in the same great city:

SUNDAY NIGHT
SURPRISE

Cheerful ushers show you to comfortable seats. Bright illumination greets you. At 7 sharp Mr. Klump leads the RE-JOY-SING of gospel songs—and how everyone does sing! Then comes an inspiring selection by vested

CHORUS CHOIR

In a few moments, toctoc, lights are dimmed and a spot light shines on Dr. G. H. Young, Pastor, who speaks briefly on

"*The Seven Modern Wonders of the World!*"

An evangelistic sermon—absolutely! As the pastor concludes, the pipe organ (played by a talented lad in his teens) is heard and now the rich contralto voice of Loreen Schricker sings to you. Then—lights on! And as you leave the church, the latest copy of a popular 25c magazine is handed you with the compliments of the publishers. Yes, this is free—but aren't life's greatest things; pure air, sunshine, love, laughter and religion all free, too?

GIFT NIGHT TOMORROW
Sunday at 7:00
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
"IN THE HEART OF THE CITY"

MINNESOTA

TREASONABLE perversion of history by Baby Reds in the Minneapolis public schools, exposed by the alert enterprise of the eminent *Journal:*

You will remember, perhaps, that we were very much against the war at first. Along about 1916 it began to look as if the Allies, England, France, Italy and Russia would lose the war. And if England lost the war, the loan of Morgan would not be repaid. And so, to protect the money of the rich Mr. Morgan, and the interests—which means the profits and investments of money—of the other millionaires of this country, America was forced into the war. Before the workers knew what was happening, they were dressed in uniforms, drilled and trained, and shipped to Europe to fight. They did not fight for democracy. They had no democracy then and they haven't got it now. They did not fight to protect America. America was never in danger. They fought to protect money. . . .

MISSISSIPPI

THE qualifications of a candidate for the judicial ermine in rural Mississippi, as described by the learned Coldwater *Herald:*

Several years ago the Winona Baptist Church, of which he has been a member from boyhood, elected him a deacon, and he is now the efficient superintendent of the Sunday-school of that church, in which rapacity [*sic*] he has served three years. He is also a past master of the Winona Masonic Lodge, over which he has

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presided three years. He was presiding officer also several years in the Lodge of Odd Fellows. He is now council commander of the Winona Camp of Woodmen of the World, and has been for 12 years, or more. He is clerk of the local camp of the Modern Woodmen of America.

MISSOURI

PEN portrait of the Hon. Sam Baker, the new governor of Missouri, in the illustrious St. Louis *Star:*

[The Hon. Mr. Baker] is a man of medium height, very solidly built, with a noticeably thick neck. His hair is almost pure white, with a small bald spot on the back of his head. His complexion is a ruddy pink. In conversation, his features are immobile, and he often talks out of the right side of his mouth.

TIP for transcontinental automobilists from the Rev. C. H. Swift, pastor of the First Christian Church of Cape Girardeau:

The bootleggers have our city under their control and do as they please.

STATEMENT by the Pauly Jail-Building Company, of St. Louis, the foremost concern devoted to that science in the Republic:

We are receiving many inquiries from county seats. Prohibition has boomed our business.

MONTANA

CONTRIBUTION to journalistic English by the distinguished Helena *Independent:*

An orchestra dispelled music . . .

NEBRASKA

GREAT statesmen doing their stuff, as reported in the renowned Sioux City *Journal:*

The house of representatives by a rising vote congratulated Wayne (Big) Munn for taking the world's heavyweight wrestling title from Strangler Lewis.

DIGNIFIED editorial protest in *Awgwan*, the students' paper at the University of Nebraska:

One of the prominent executives of the University, in speaking to a student group, told three successive stories which members of the audience recognized as coming from *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*. This is a deplorable condition, indeed. This is not the kind of leadership that the parents of Nebraska's ten thousand students would want them to have. *Whiz Bang* may be all right for students to read, but the faculty and executives ought at least to have enough taste to read *Punch* or *Judge*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

PREACHING the Gospel in the ancient town of Kittery, as reported by the *Portsmouth Times:*

In the pulpit editorial next Sunday evening at the Second M. E. Church the pastor will give a brief outline of the origin and development of the Republican party. You will want to hear it.

NEW JERSEY

LEGAL notice in the *Burlington County Press* of Riverside:

NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern:

The remark passed by August Rider, Bridgeboro street, on New Year's Eve, that I owed his wife a small sum of money. I wish to state the same has been paid by me, Mrs. Rose Pfeiffer.

NEW YORK

NOTICE in the programme of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City:

The following are three continual complaints from our patrons:

1. Throwing garments over the backs of seats into others' laps.
2. Kicking, keeping time to music and using the seat in front for a foot rest.
3. Combing bobbed hair outside the dressing room. This is unhealthy and is DEPRECATED BY THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SPECIMEN of the Washington correspondence set before the metropolitan Babbittry by the eminent New York *Times:*

It must have dawned on the country that Mr. Coolidge's reticence is self-inflicted. He has a retentive memory and powers of sustained application built upon an extraordinarily quick and perceptive mind. The hundreds of stories of his casual repartee—when he cares to indulge—exclude any other conclusion.

Recently on a particularly busy morning—it was Cabinet day, press conference day and during the delegation hour to boot—the author of a Coolidge biography put into the President's hand a copy of the volume. The President flashed:

"When I get more time I'll write you a book review."

That he talks in several different languages applicable to the person present is indicated by the fact that he did not say he would write an analysis, or a literary criticism, but that he used the trade phrase, "book review." Furthermore, the idea of the President carefully analyzing a 270-page sketch of himself and suggesting that he write his opinion of the author's opinion of him is not without its undercurrent of humor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTH CAROLINA

SPECIMEN of the classical or orgiastic variety of North Carolina prose, from a Greensboro dispatch to the Hon. Josephus Daniel's paper, the Raleigh *News and Observer:*

> Young men with their faces set toward the future, with a vision of the kingdoms of this earth becoming the kingdoms of the Lord; middle-aged men who have bearing upon their shoulders the brunt of the battles of the cross at the present time, gray-haired ministers who have through the years made noble stands for the faith that is within them and are now ready for their mantle to fall upon younger and stronger men, and old veterans in the cause of Christ, leaning upon staffs, who through the decades gone were bulwarks of strength in their struggle against the powers of darkness but because of age and infirmities have been forced from the active ranks of the ministry, all filed down the aisles of West Market Street Church today to enter together upon the duties and responsibilities of the thirty-fifth annual session of Western North Carolina Conference which convened at 9 o'clock in the Mother Church of Methodism in Guilford county.

RESULTS of a questionnaire sent to students at the University of North Carolina by the editor of the *Carolina Magazine:*

Cases	No. of different girls had dates with during Summer	Tried to neck	Necked	Necked at first attempt
1	17	17	14	13
2	8	1	1	1
3	2	2	1	1
4	1	—	—	—
5	5	3	3	0
6	4	2	1	0
7	6	3	3	3
8	12	5	5	5
9	6	6	5	4
10	13	5	4	—
11	1	—	—	—
12	0	0	0	0
13	8	4	4	0
14	8	1	1	1
15	1	—	—	—
16	14	7	7	4
17	7	1	1	1

The average number of girls each man had dates with was about 6; the average number of girls each tried to have a petting party with was about 4; and the average number of girls petted was slightly less than 4. Thus 87.7% of those tried were necked.

OHIO

PUBLIC notice in the eminent *Republican-News* of Mt. Vernon:

> WRONGFULLY ACCUSED
>
> Having been accused of making and selling booze, will say no one has ever seen me drunk, or even drinking. And no one ever saw me make any attempt at making or selling booze, and I would like for the one who started that to prove it.
>
> ARTHUR O'BANION

THE Higher Learning at the Ohio State University, as described in its monthly bulletin:

> Lectures will deal with ice cream formulas, ice cream testing, the handling of the raw cream, pasteurizing, standardizing, the preparation of mixes and the freezing of the same, the packing and preparing of the finished product for market. Attention will be given both to plain creams and fancy products, such as fruit and nut creams, pudding, lacto, etc. The subjects dealt with in lectures will be demonstrated by ample laboratory practice. The theory and practice of milk condensing will be given consideration under this subject.

OREGON

PROUD boast of the Hon. George L. Baker, 32°, mayor of Portland:

> A check of the records of the municipal court will show a larger amount of fines collected in Portland during the past year for law violations than were collected by similar courts in Los Angeles or San Francisco, despite their larger population.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADVANCE information from the Rev. Dr. George Edward Hawes, a favorite divine of Harrisburg, as reported in the celebrated *Evening News* of that city:

> Heaven is a city 15,000 miles square or 6,000 miles around. One side is 245 miles longer than the entire length of the Great Walls of China. Walls surrounding Heaven are 396,000 times higher than the Great Wall of China and eight times as thick. Heaven has twelve gates, three on each side and has room for 100,000,000,000 souls. There are no slums. The entire city is built of diamond material, and the streets are paved with gold. All inhabitants are honest and there are no locks, no courts and no policemen.

LAW Enforcement news from the up-and-coming town of Scranton:

> Three local saloons are to be placed on the blacklist of the local bartenders' union unless they employ union bartenders. This was the decision reached at a meeting of the Central Labor Union. The saloon business is so prosperous in Scranton that the bartenders' union is planning to demand higher wages.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM a report of an address by the Hon. Joseph A. Turner, of Roanoke, Va., before the Philadelphia Rotary Club:

He quoted an English Rotarian as saying that Rotary was more than a luncheon club; it was a posture of the soul.

COUNTER offensive against the Pope in Chester county, as revealed by the distinguished West Chester *Daily Local News:*

MILK from a Holstein cow; Protestants only. Reba Marie Jacons, New Centreville.

SOUTH DAKOTA

PROGRESS of art on the steppes, as revealed by the eminent Yankton *Press:*

Legislators gathering here have received word that a representative of the National Association for the Improvement of the Appearance of Hogs will urge that the appearance of swine should be uniform and artistic.

TEXAS

PSYCHOLOGICAL exhibit from *Col. Mayfield's Weekly*, a Ku Klux journal published at Houston:

Dear Editor: I hope you will forgive me for writing to you. I am a true Protestant of America. I see in your paper that the Ku Klux Klan gives protection for women. I have lived in Marshall for 35 years, and there is not a man in Marshall or anywhere else that can point the finger at me. I have lived an honest life and I just want to know why it is that some people can get protection from the klan and others can not. Now, I have believed in the klan. I think they do a good work. I voted for a man just because I was told he was a klansman. Now there was a Negro named Levie Butts lives just across the street from me. He brought some groceries here. I met him at the door to take the groceries. He says, "I will take them in," or he was coming in. He asked me how I felt. I told him I was not well. I felt bad. I moved back the things that were on the table and then got back from the table. He leaned over on the table and looked at me and says: "Mrs. Morris, you are fat" and grabbed at the front of my dress. I jumped back and said: "You must not talk to me and do that way." Then he eased up and said, "Excuse me." And when I saw he had changed I said no more, for I thought it best to get off if I could, for he is a mean Negro. I saw him go on a white man's place and take his gun from him and jump on him. I would have you to law, but I have never seen any justice in law. They might have fined him and let him out and I wanted him to leave. I don't want to live by that Negro. So I was so sure that the klan would make him leave I didn't ask them to kill him, although he needs it. Mr. Morris wanted to go to him, but I would not let him, for I knew that he would have to go to kill or be killed, and he is not a good shot, and he has no health. He is weak. We did not know the klan, and no one would go with my husband.

Then the Negro went to a white man to get him to help him out, and said that I mistook his meaning. The man would not do it. Then another man, the nearest neighbor that we had, came and said he knew some of the klan and he would see them. Just let it die down and they would get the Negro. So we waited. Every day or two he would come to see what we had done. Mr. Morris told him that he was going to try and see some of the klan. He says, "No, I have done that. You are not to know anything about it. They will do it." So we waited and nothing done. He kept putting us off. This man's wife said she would not ask anyone to go with her. She would do it herself; that the Negro would not have done her that way. How was I to know that the Negro was going to do so, and this man's brother's widow said there was nothing to it. I got afraid and mistook the Negro's meaning.

I call on God, Jesus Christ and heaven that I told the truth, and God knows it nearly kills me to see white people put me down worse than the Negro. I feel like I was going crazy. I can't look out of my door without seeing Negroes. When I saw they were not going to make him leave I told the Negro's wife that the mob was talking of taking him, and the best thing for them to do was to leave. She said, "Oh, they won't do anything to Mr. Butts."

A friend of mine has been giving me your paper to read. I read every word of it. I think just like your paper says. As soon as I can I am going to take your paper and get those Catholic books. I don't like the Catholics, but I do believe in the klan, and I think that Negro paid that man to help him. If you say anything about this, please don't call my name, as it would do no good. Please tell me, was I right or wrong, and forgive me for troubling with this. I could not help writing.

Marshall, Tex., Route 5, Box 7

CAMPAIGN announcement of the Hon. Thomas Lycurgus Walker, candidate for mayor of Houston:

For 18 months something had been tugging at my heart. I could feel it pulling me. I can't explain it to you, but it was tugging, tugging, day and night. I knew what it was.

Then, thirteen months ago, an old Negro came to my shop. He said: "Mr. Walker, the Good Lord is going to call you to a great mission. He wants you for a great service to these people."

I got down on my knees and prayed that night, just as I pray every night of my life. I asked for divine guidance. And the Lord answered me, just as he does all his righteous children who call on him. I was not called to run by the politicians, but by Divine Power.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

Dwight L. Moody, next to Jonathan Edwards, is the most striking figure in American religious history. If he was less of a logician than Edwards, he was more of a personality; if he was less intimately acquainted with the geography of hell, he was far more familiar with the highways and by-ways of this earth. Edwards counted his converts on his fingers; Moody counted his with the aid of battalions of overworked and underpaid recording angels, laboring day and night for nearly half a century. The mere magnitude of his efforts has never been equalled. In his rage to save souls he travelled more than a million miles, addressed more than a hundred million people, and personally prayed and pleaded with seven hundred and fifty thousand sinners. All in all, it is very probable, as his admirers claim, that he reduced the population of hell by a million souls.

But Moody cannot be understood if he is considered merely as a religious phenomenon. Chance made him an evangelist, but he remained, for all of that, a man of business at heart, and spiritually akin to the other great entrepreneurs of his time. He was to religion what Carnegie, Rockefeller, Jim Hill, Harriman, Morgan and Wanamaker were to their varying trades. His son tells of a "certain prominent financier" who was asked why Moody always had access to the offices of such men as himself, while the common run of pastors were made to cool their heels in outer offices. The answer was: "He is one of us." He was indeed one of them, though he was more. He had their egotism, their terrific yearning for tangible success, their organizing genius, their knack for making use of their fellow men, their cataclysmic energy, their passion for power.

From the beginning he was earmarked for achievement. Every circumstance of his ancestry and birth was of the sort which has produced again and again those striding, looming personalities which pass across the stage of American history, like gigantic shadows thrown by candles against a wall. For several generations his ancestors had struggled for existence in the same corner of Massachusetts which was later to take the illustrious Coolidge and mould him to the heart's desire. His father and grandfather were masons, who built so well that many of their walls and chimneys stand uncracked today. The elder Moody, having married and evolved seven children, died when he was forty-one and Dwight four. He died in debt, and his creditors, with that pious frugality which Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Coolidge and Samuel Smiles have told us is one of the major virtues, carried away even the stove wood with which the widow had hoped to keep her family warm. A month after his death fate added a crowning touch: Mrs. Moody gave birth to twins.

The family's early struggles under these circumstances were heroic, and Dwight grew up in a house which was not always warm and in which there was not always enough to eat. When he was six he was driving cows to pasture for a cent a week. His education was meagre, partly because he had little time for it, and partly because his physical exuberance and his native insubordination made study distasteful to him. When he left school he could do

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simple sums in arithmetic and read words of not too many syllables, but he never learned to spell and his grammar always had a limp. He was not pious, though in after years he recalled praying himself out of one or two ticklish situations. He swore a good deal. He loved practical jokes, was unruly, and never obeyed anyone but his mother. At seventeen ambition began to ache within him. "I'm tired of this," he exclaimed to his brother Edwin, as the two were cutting wood on the mountainside, early in 1854, "I'm not going to stay here any longer. I'm going to the city."

He went to Boston. His uncle, Samuel Holton, after allowing him to walk the streets for days, vainly hunting for work, gave him a job in his shoe-store on condition that he would go to church at least once a week and would not "try to run the store." The bargain turned out to be a good one for the pious Mr. Holton, for Dwight almost instantly became a prize clerk. "He would never sit down to chat and read the paper as the other clerks did," said one who knew him at the time, "but as soon as he had served one buyer he was on the lookout for another. If none appeared he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk through the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow clerks were accustomed laughingly to say: 'There is the spider again, watching for a fly.'" Another acquaintance testified: "Moody was a first-rate salesman. It was his particular pride to make his column foot up the largest of any on the book—not only in the way of sales, but also in profits. He took particular delight in trading with notional or unreasonable people, especially when they made a great show of smartness and cunning and thought themselves extraordinarily wise. Nothing was ever misrepresented in the smallest particular, but when it came to be a question of sharpness of wit between buyer and seller Mr. Moody generally had the better of it."

At this time, and until several years later, his loftiest ambition was to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Under slightly different influences he might have retained just sufficient piety to consort with this ambition and not enough to upset it. But already the beagles of the Lord were on his trail. One day in 1856 his Sunday-school teacher, Edward Kimball, who had, in his humble way, a passion for saving souls, walked in upon young Moody as he was wrapping up shoes in the back part of the store and converted him. A few days later this notice was entered upon the records of the Vernon Congregational Church: "No. 1,709. Dwight L. Moody. Boards 43 Court street. Has been baptized. First awakened on the 16th of May. Became anxious about himself. Saw himself a sinner, and sin now seems hateful and holiness desirable. Thinks he has repented. Has purpose to give up sin. Feels dependent on Christ for forgiveness. Loves the Scriptures. Prays. Desires to be useful. Religiously inclined. Been in the city a year. From Northfield, this state. Is not ashamed to be known as a Christian. Eighteen years old."

Moody, at this time, passed through none of the agonies endured by beginning Christians of more sensitive fibre. He was no St. Augustine, no Wesley. He was never, as Bunyan was, "more loathsome in his own eyes than a toad." He never hated himself, and after his conversion he never had any doubt that he was destined for heaven. When he received "the gift of the Holy Ghost," in 1871, he was pleased with the reassurance, but he didn't need it.

II

The good people of Vernon Congregational Church regarded him, at first, with considerable doubt. He was a bit too energetic in good works. "If you have any interest in or regard for your nephew," suggested one pillar of the congregation to Moody's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncle, "you had better admonish him not to talk so much, for he is making a fool of himself." In brief, he failed to take his religion like a gentleman. Ultimately he was admitted to the society of the elect, but not until he had discovered that the religious emotions as well as the commercial opportunities of Boston were too restricted for his tastes. In the Fall of 1856 he left civilization behind and went to Chicago, then new and growing and full of dissolute men, disreputable women, and boys who chewed tobacco and swore. The center of hell was about where the Blackstone Hotel now stands. At the same time business flourished. Moody succeeded almost at once. "I have a good position," he wrote to his mother, "and I mean to work my cards to make it better."

But Edward Kimball's words had bitten deep. Young Moody himself had now become a hound of heaven—one of the greatest that ever bayed on sinner's track. He rented, first one, then four pews in a Chicago church, and went out to fill them. No sinner was safe from that magnetic eye, that persuasive voice, those powers of argument which had already proven their efficacy in the shoe trade. He "would hail young men on the street corners, or visit their boarding-houses, or even call them out of saloons to share his pews." But filling pews was too passive an occupation for him. He wanted to talk, to stand up and be looked at, to sway audiences. He rented a tumbledown shack, once a saloon, in what was then the poverty-stricken wilderness of North Chicago, an abode of thieves, harlots, drunkards and murderers. There he set up a Sunday-school, and with oranges, apples, maple sugar, and promises of new suits of clothes set out to fill it. In three months he had two hundred pupils, in six months three hundred and fifty, in a year six hundred and fifty, in two years fifteen hundred.

The roster of his first class has been kept. It included the Messrs. Red Eye, Smikes, Madden the Butcher, Jackey Candles, Butcher Lilray, Black Stovepipe and Darby the Cobbler. These were very tough and dirty little boys, on their way to become jolly bar-tenders, hard-hitting teamsters, roustabouts, second-story men, policemen, and the like. Moody turned them from these picturesque careers. Practically all of them became respectable, and nearly all became prosperous. In a photograph of the time they look somewhat sad, as if they already foresaw what was ahead of them. But what could even the toughest little boy do when this Hound of Heaven picked up his trail? By 1860, when Abraham Lincoln dropped in for a brief call, Moody was already locally famous. Already he was referred to as "Crazy Moody," and, his son says, "the papers were full of jokes about him." About this time he is described as "short, stout, bustling, ardent, shaking hands with everybody, smiling, happy, hearty." Once he stopped a man on the street and asked, as was his custom, "Are you a Christian?" "It's none of your business," the offended pedestrian replied. "Yes, it is," insisted Moody. "Then you must be Dwight L. Moody." The story goes no further, but anyone familiar with Moody's methods will be sure that that stranger eventually went to heaven, whether he wanted to or not.

Moody had at this time, and later, an imperious, not to say an imperial way about him. Once he came home to his lodging-house, found two of his fellow clerks playing checkers, and, seizing the board, upset it on the floor. Then he dropped on his knees and began to pray. What was to be done with a man like that? Again, visiting a rough-and-tumble household in Little Hell, as his diocese was called, he found a jug of whiskey which had been acquired for a Sunday party, and poured it out. Here again, when bodily harm seemed imminent, he went down on his knees and prayed. He did the same thing in the midst of a hot argument with an infidel saloon-keeper. It was too much. Dope fiends, old soaks, highway robbers, gutter snipes, street walkers, plug

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uglies, confidence men, abandoned their adventurous ways by the dozen, by the hundred, and ultimately by the thousand, forsaking the proven delights of this world for what Moody convinced them were the infinitely greater luxuries of the next. When he stood at the door of his Sunday-school hall his voice could be heard, it was said, in two hundred saloons. And not one of these saloons and not one of their habitués was safe. One night a man might be peacefully drinking himself into convulsions, never dreaming of danger, and the next he would find himself in Moody's basilica, converted, with no more fine deliriums to look forward to, no more happy gutter-rolling, no more wife-beating, nothing indeed but a job, respectability and heaven.

The Sunday-school was not enough. With the aid of John V. Farwell, then at the beginning of a great commercial career, and Isaac Burch, a Christian bank president, Moody organized and built a church. He became prominent in the Y. M. C. A., of which he was soon to be president and leading spirit. And he gave up his job, and with it his ambition to become a rich man. Though in after years he and Sankey were repeatedly charged with making unholy profits out of their meetings and their hymn book business, it is probable that Moody was never really bitten by that particular bug. He got his fun in other ways. He forsook wealth for the only valuable things that wealth could have bought a man of his temperament—influence, reputation and power. Above all, power. How he loved power! How he loved to mould human destinies!

He is said to have saved $12,000 before he gave up business and he gave nearly all of it away. At times he was hard up. Even after he had married there were occasions when he and his wife were not sure where the next meal was coming from. At such times he prayed. Once he prayed for flour. When he returned home the flour had arrived, as punctually as though he had ordered it from the grocer instead of God.

III

As a city missionary Moody sometimes made as many as two hundred calls in a day. He would dash upstairs three or four steps at a time, burst in upon an astonished family, and begin, without waiting for breath: "You know me. I'm Moody. Are you all well? Do you come to church? And Sunday-school? Have you all the coal you need for the Winter? Let us pray." He would be up and out, in an instant, without pausing to dust his knees, and rattling down the stairs. He tired out horses and left them gasping while he dashed on afoot. He wore out his associates.

When the Civil War came on he seized the opportunity, not to fight against slavery but to save soldiers' souls. He held great meetings at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, first when it was a Union soldiers' cantonment and later when it was a prison for captured Confederates. He followed Rosecrans' army to Pittsburg Landing, Murfreesboro and Shiloh, sometimes working among the wounded under fire. But his concern was always for men's souls, not for their bodies. "He maintained," says one of his commentators, "that the administration of physical comforts was comparatively an unimportant matter." He gave brandy to dying men in order that they might revive and surrender to Christ and Dwight L. Moody before they perished.

As year followed year his work broadened, his confidence increased. He could not be quiet. He could not rest. Wherever there was a Sunday-school convention or a Y. M. C. A. conference he was there, turning it into a revival meeting. He believed that neither good works nor good intentions could save a soul from hell, that all, literally, must be converted as Dwight L. Moody had been converted, or be damned, and that compared with the saving of souls all other human activities were trivial. "This world is at war with God," he declared. "The idea that it is getting better all the time is false." He ranged "from Maine to Texas, Montreal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to San Francisco, St. Paul to New Orleans," always indulging his gaudy "passion for souls." His church burned down. He got money and built another. Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp, and four months after the ruins of Chicago were cold Moody got more money and built again.

At Indianapolis, in 1870, he met Ira David Sankey, a collector of internal revenue, and in his off hours a singer of hymns. He heard him sing and instantly sought him out. "Where are you from?" he demanded. "Are you married? What is your business? You will have to give that up. I have been looking for you for the past eight years." Sankey hung back. He might as well have tried to resist the Mississippi river. In six months, as he put it, in the phrase of his profession, Moody had "prayed him out of business." From the beginning Moody had realized the psychological value of music. His dingy Sunday-school hall in Little Hell had sported a broken-down violinist who could still play upon the heartstrings. Sankey had a second-rate voice, an engaging personality and a portable organ. He could sing to seventeen thousand people so that not one of them would miss a word. He looked like the honest proprietor of a meat-market, but he yearned with a fervor only second to Moody's to fill heaven with the armies of the redeemed. It was a perfect partnership. For three years the two labored together, perfecting their technique. In June, 1873, Mr. Moody entered upon the adventure which was to win him his first universal fame. He invaded England.

The campaign began with a meeting attended by fifty persons at York; it ended only after the evangelists, in two years of hard campaigning, had held two hundred and eighty-five meetings, not only in England but in Scotland and in Catholic Ireland, and had addressed 2,500,000 persons. Day after day they spoke to audiences of fifteen and twenty thousand souls. Sankey's "Gospel Hymns," hurriedly slapped together, became one of the best sellers of all time, earning $35,000 in royalties within a few months; it was destined to earn more than a million dollars before Moody died. Rumors flew about, so enormously successful was the tour, that P. T. Barnum was behind it. The assertion was untrue, but it was a compliment to Barnum as well as to Moody. Pictures of the evangelists were to be seen in every shop window, announcements of their meetings in every railway station and on every hoarding, penny editions of their songs in every hawker's hand. The achievement had had no parallel since the ages of faith. It made world figures of Moody and Sankey—and especially it dramatized Moody. Here was a victory that even the most resplendent of merchant princes could not hope to equal. Moody was sitting on the top of the world.

Hurrying home, the two entered upon a series of enormous revival meetings on American soil. At the Brooklyn skating rink they drew audiences of fifteen and twenty thousand daily. At Philadelphia John Wanamaker lent them the old Pennsylvania station, which he had just bought for a store, and there, in nine weeks, they spoke and sang to 900,000 people. By this time their services were organized like Napoleonic campaigns. They had six hundred singers at the Philadelphia meetings and three hundred ushers. In the old New York Hippodrome, to which they went from Philadelphia, they had five hundred ushers and twelve hundred singers. Tough, indeed, was the soul that could resist that onslaught. One by one they attacked the great cities: Chicago, Boston, Baltimore. Gamblers, thieves, murderers, wine-bibbers, detectives, even newspaper reporters, were bagged and carried off in triumph. There was no one in America—perhaps no one in the civilized world—who did not know who Dwight L. Moody was.

This was the height of his fame. That the taste of it was sweet a hint dropped here and there, even a repeated protest against too much personal laudation, sufficed to prove. "It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ," he ex-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claimed, "and it is a pleasure the angels can't enjoy." And again: "Oh, the luxury of leading some one out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel!" And oh, the luxury of reputation and power! Moody was surely not indifferent to it, nor unaffected by it. An arbitrariness grew upon him with the years. He bent all men to his will. He laid down the law to bishops and multi-millionaires.

"He was the most masterful man I ever knew," said one of his subordinates. "He would direct and contrive and suggest to others like a general." "Mr. Moody is an autocrat," said another. "No matter under whose auspices the meeting is held at which he is to speak, he has charge of the meeting, and every person, from the highest ecclesiastical dignitary on the platform to the humblest reporter at the table, recognizes the fact; and dignitaries and singers and reporters alike bow to his will; they have to do so if they are to have a part in the meeting. He gives his orders with the brevity and the authority of a general. Explanations may or may not follow." He could be as cold-blooded as a financier. "His rule," testifies the Rev. George F. Pentecost, "was to estimate and value men for their availability in his work. If they were useful to him he used them, and so long as he used them he was always kind. The moment they ceased to be useful, or were in his way, he dropped them, and even flung them away." His brusqueness and rudeness, often remarked upon, grew more noticeable in his later years. Strangers hesitated to address this bearer of the love of God for fear of sharp rebuff. Nobody dared ask him, "Are you a Christian?"; he would have resented fiercely so impudent a question. In this very roughness lay much of his strength. He kept himself always somewhat mysterious. He never let himself be pawed over. He never let gushing women make a fool of him. He urged multitudes to surrender their wills to God, *i. e.*, to Moody, but his own will, as men saw it, was like an invincible gray wall of granite.

Meanwhile, he kept his touch with the affairs of this earth. Returning to his early home in Northfield, he founded and maintained the Northfield Seminary for Girls and the Mount Hermon School for Boys. These institutions, in feebler hands, acquired a mawkish air of professional piety, yet they were opened to youngsters who otherwise would have had no schooling at all, and in time their diplomas came to be accepted by the leading New England colleges. And Moody, between spells of evangelism, developed and kept up a well-equipped farm, raising blooded stock. His interests grew enormously. Though he lived simply, he handled millions of dollars. He was literally "one of them"; he, with the lords of iron, of copper, of railways and of land, was one of the rulers of America. Toward the end his influence dwindled a little. But he was a lion to the last, and no man dared cross him.

IV

"Although I don't admire his ideals," Moody once said, "I do admire the enthusiasm of that man Garibaldi." He also expressed an honest respect for Napoleon, "considered," he said, "as an organizing mind." Probably he felt some kinship. A large part of his own success, certainly, was due to his "organizing mind." The manner in which his revivals were conducted was reflected in a contemporary explanation. "The Hippodrome work is a vast business enterprise, organized and conducted by business men, who put their money into it on business principles, for the purpose of saving men." He never entered upon a campaign without careful planning. Twice he visited England and studied the situation before he undertook the revival of 1873. He understood as well as any politician, and better than any business man of his time, the value of publicity. Not only did he advertise profusely and intelligently, but he had the knack of getting the reporters on his side. Inci-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents which would have news value he rehearsed beforehand, and many occurrences in his meetings which seemed spontaneous were carefully planned.

"You brother over there by the first window," he would say, "do you love the Lord and have you some testimony for him?" Or, "That red-headed man on the back seat, are you a Christian?" As likely as not the brother by the window or the red-headed man on the back seat had rehearsed his part and was fully prepared with tears and testimony. But sometimes these direct appeals were unpremeditated, for Moody had no bashfulness himself and no respect for it in others. He had the knack of talking to twenty thousand people and making each one think that the words were aimed directly at him. "A great many are laughing and making light of these meetings here," he would say. "When you die, if you come here with that purpose, I believe this building will rise up in judgment against you. We want you and are trying to win you to Christianity. If you go down from this building to hell you will remember the meetings we have had here. You will remember how these ministers looked, how the people around you closed their eyes and were lifting up their hearts in prayer for you. You may never hear this text again until you hear it on the shores of eternity, and then you will remember this Friday afternoon, and you will remember how everything looked then, how Mr. Sankey sang that hymn, 'Sowing the Seed,' and you will remember the text, and the sermon will all come back to you." When, in a London meeting, he described the ascent of Elijah, the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman gravely asserts, several in the audience "rose to their feet and looked in the air after the ascending prophet." He left as little to the imagination as a modern motion-picture director. "We believe," he said, "that heaven is just as much a place and just as much a city as New York, Paris, or London." He spoke of the practice of writing ahead to secure reservations in crowded hotels. "Now, that," he went on, "is what the children of God are doing; they are all sending their names on ahead, they are securing places in the mansions of Christ."

His style improved with time; his constant study of the only book he knew much about, the Bible, gave it a simplicity and strength it at first lacked. He possessed at last a rude eloquence. "There is Babylon. It is said to have been founded by a queen named Semiramis, who had two millions of men at work for years building it. It is nothing but dust now. Nearly a thousand years ago a historian wrote that the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace were still standing, but men were afraid to go near them because they were full of scorpions and snakes. . . . Nineveh is gone. Its towers and bastions have fallen. The traveller who tries to see Carthage cannot find much of it. Corinth, once the seat of luxury and art, is only a shapeless mass. . . . Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, is but a shadow of its former self. But little of ancient Athens and many more of the proud cities of olden time remains to tell the story of their downfall. God drives a ploughshare through cities and they are upheaved like furrows in the field." In a phrase which Drummond commended he represented the dying Christ as saying to the soldier who had thrust a lance into His side, "There is a nearer way to my heart than that."

He believed in hell, but he put more emphasis on heaven; in fact, among those of his seven hundred sermons at which I have glanced I have found only one devoted exclusively to hell. Preferably it was to desire rather than fear that he appealed. He loved, as have so many Christians who were not noticeably democratic in this world, to depict the democracy of heaven. "The society of heaven will be select," he would assure his hearers. "The humblest believer on earth will be an aristocrat there. . . . Paul, the humble tent maker, will have a higher seat in heaven than the best and greatest sovereign that ever ruled the earth. . . . Grace is free to all. To

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every policeman here, every fireman, every usher, every singer, every man, woman and child, every reporter, all of you." He had, I suspect, an innate distaste for the unco' guid. "A drunkard, or a harlot, or an infidel, or a vagabond, or a gambler, or a liquor dealer," he held, "can be saved, if he will believe, just as easily as a good boy or a nice young lady of religious proclivities." He could not help liking men with energy enough to be dramatically wicked. There was a temperamental sympathy between him and the saloon-keepers and infidels whom he triumphantly snatched from the burning.

He played on his audiences as on an organ, it was said. He knew when to bring in the apt and homely illustration, as when he spoke of Daniel "taking out his watch to note the time as noon approached, when he would pray as usual, lions or no lions." He had an amazing stock of death-bed repentances, angel children, miraculous answers to prayer, and so on; yet if the emotion produced by these touching narratives rose to too high a pitch he knew how to shut it off. He would not tolerate hysteria. He would have silenced the Rev. Billy Sunday before that clownish hell-roarer had fairly got started. He knew when to pray, when to set Sankey going, and when to ask the ransomed souls to rise. Rarely did he preach without result. "In sheer persuasiveness," declared Drummond, "Mr. Moody had no equals. Rugged as his preaching may seem, there is in it a pathos of a quality which few orators have ever reached and an appealing tenderness which not only wholly redeems it but raises it not unseldom almost to sublimity." Only sinners of emotional stability and a will power equal to his own could resist him.

Physically, with his "Socratic nose," "law jaw" and "gospel eye," his broad shoulders, his large head, his air of business-like solidity, his immense vitality, his capacity for enthusiasm, his irrepressible joy in living, he dominated any assembly. He looked, as he stood on the platform, like a business man, a business man dramatically assessing the relative values of sin and virtue, of heaven and hell. Like a good salesman he believed fervently in his product and in himself. "Mr. Moody," it was said, "has faith in inspiration, that is, in his own inspiration. When he speaks what he feels that God has told him, not Pius himself could be more dogmatic." With all this went not a little of the soldier, and for all his restraint, for all the paucity of his heavy-fisted gestures, for all the awkwardness of his increasingly corpulent body, he was also, after his fashion, an actor and an artist.

V

His theology he took without question from his Sunday-school teachers and the Bible. He paid little attention to science, because, he said, he "had something so much better." He was so strict a Sabbatarian that he would not drive a horse or ride in a street-car on Sunday. He believed that dancing, card playing, and most other amusements were devices of the devil. He was as much a Fundamentalist as John Roach Straton, yet he had nothing of the Ku Kluxer in him. He made a life-long friend of the Catholic bishop of Chicago, and he earned the gratitude of his Catholic neighbors in Northfield by contributing an organ to their new church. His very vigor, his intense physical delight in existence, took much of the curse of sanctimoniousness from him; he moved among the flabby preachers and pale goody-goody's of his day like a live man among wraiths. Freudians may see in his fierce modesty, in his occasional refusal to put himself forward when he thought others could do better, proofs of a fundamental egotism; and it seems likely that if he had sins to answer for they were sins of pride. But that he could hardly help, for like most men of great vigor he was continually being reminded of the flabbiness of the human race. He gathered in his converts in a mood

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, at bottom, must have resembled an affectionate contempt.

He gathered them in, as a practical, business-like policy, because he was convinced that nothing on this earth was as important as saving souls. He was less a mystic than Einstein or Columbus, less, even, than that great Theodore whom in certain respects he resembled. There he stood, a great dynamic bulk, square across the path of the intellectual progress of his time, ignorant, narrow, totally indifferent to almost every force making for the amelioration of man's lot on earth, shutting out, seemingly, nine-tenths of the compensations of life, inviting the opposition of all pagans, poets, artists, all lovers of beauty, all passionate seekers after freedom, and yet, in spite of this, in spite of himself, in spite of his strange religion, an epic figure of a man.

He was not afraid to die, as he proved when he went ahead with his revival services after doctors had warned him that they would overstrain his diseased heart. He even thought he did not mind dying. The words which are commonly quoted as his last have furnished the text for many a sermon. But after he had uttered those last words and prepared for death his great physique, his natural hunger for living, made a final protest. He sat up. "I'm not at all sure," he muttered, "but that God may perform a miracle and raise me up. I'm going to get up. If God wants to heal me by a miracle, all right, and if not I can meet death in my chair as well as here."

Such was Moody, hound of heaven. Perhaps no hell of fire and torment would have irked his proud soul so much as the very paradise he so often described—a boobyland of angels, crowns, harps, psalm singers and lollypops. I like to call up a different picture. I like to think of him with Sankey at his heels, and with his ushers and his choruses in full cry behind, coursing sinners up and down all the corridors of heaven and across all the highways and by-ways of the Milky Way, with his deep-throated baying ringing among the stars. That would be Dwight L. Moody's paradise.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POE AS A CRITIC

BY GEORGE E. DEMILLE

In 1845 the editor of *Graham's Magazine* asked James Russell Lowell, the brilliant young critic from Boston, to write a review of some prose tales recently published by a young Virginian, Edgar Allan Poe. That editor deserves the thanks of posterity, for by his act he brought into contact the two greatest American critics of his day—perhaps, indeed of any day; the two fathers of American criticism.

There is a singular contrast between the two men. Lowell, the favorite son of the New England literary aristocracy, professor at Harvard, literary ambassador, lived on to be the nearest to a literary dictator America has ever seen, dying in 1891 as one of the grand old men of American letters. Poe, outcast and erratic, after struggling for a few years to make a bare living, died in the gutter, and was buried beneath a heap of Pharisaic censure. Like the fates of the two men have been the fates of their critical writings. Lowell has been the most widely accepted and quoted of American critics, but no two men seem able to agree as to the merits of Poe's criticism. Opinions have been published ranging all the way from the supercilious sneer of Henry James—"probably the most complete and exquisite specimen of provincialism ever prepared for the edification of men"—to Robertson's sweeping statement that it "will better stand critical examination today than any similar work produced in America or England in his time." Until twenty years ago, James's view was rather generally received, but now, with the coming of another Younger Generation, it has become the fashion to sneer at Lowell and to laud Poe. Amid this welter of opinions one fact stands out clearly: Lowell is read. His phrases have passed into our histories of literature. His criticism is still on sale in the bookshops—or perhaps I should say used to be on sale, for the last few years have made considerable havoc in his reputation and influence. As for Poe, two essays, "The Poetic Principle" and "The Rationale of Verse," are fairly well known, but save when disturbed by the occasional prowlings of the special student, the rest of his criticism gathers dust on the library shelves.

Reading Poe's criticism has convinced me of two things: that he has something to say that is genuinely worth saying, and that he is never likely to gain an opportunity of saying it to the general reader. It is with the purpose of explaining these two opinions that I have undertaken this study. I wish here to examine Poe's criticism in a more detailed and analytical fashion than has yet been done. In the course of this examination I think I can make it clear why his criticism, in spite of its great and peculiar merits, never has been read, and probably never will be read by any large number of people.

II

For convenience, I shall divide Poe's criticism into two parts, according to whether he deals with a particular writer or is discussing a matter of general literary theory. A mere glance at the titles of his articles on individual authors reveals at once one of the main reasons why he is unread. By far the larger and more important part of Lowell's criticism deals with classical authors—Spenser, Chaucer, Pope, Dryden,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gray,— but Poe offers nothing of the kind. Again, when Lowell undertakes to review contemporaries, he has an uncanny instinct for picking out the one man in a group of twenty contemporaries who is destined to survive. Practically every man on whom he has written at any length is still a living writer. Poe, on the contrary, treats every author who comes his way. As a result, Lowell is doubly sure of an audience. His essay on Chaucer is apt to be read both by those who are interested in Lowell and by those who are interested in Chaucer. The ordinary reader, to whom literature is a diversion, wants to know what Lowell has to say about "The Færie Queene." But he cares very little what Poe has to say about Moore's "Alciphron" or Seba Smith's "Powhatan." It is exasperating that so much critical intelligence should have been wasted in the consideration of men not worth bothering with. One ought not to use a sixteen-inch gun to shoot sparrows.

Turning, then, to Poe's reviews—they are in the fullest sense reviews—let us look first at his critical method. In spite of his pronounced Romantic leanings, his criticism is in at least two important respects in the full Eighteenth Century tradition. It is invariably judicial. Poe has very definite opinions as to the merits of the authors he reads, and no hesitancy whatsoever about expressing these opinions flatly. And they always appear, not as the result of pure inspiration or of innate taste, but as reasoned conclusions from general principles. Does he wish to deny high poetic rank to Drake? He first sets up a distinction between fancy and the imagination. (All respectable critics from the time of Coleridge on had to make this distinction; it was a necessary part of their business. Poe is the only man I know who makes sense of it.) From it he proceeds to show that Drake's poetry possesses only the lesser quality. Does he wish to form a judgment on Hawthorne's tales? He preludes his essay by a definition of the prose tale. Does he wish to condemn the didacticism of Longfellow? He must first limit the respective provinces of truth and beauty in poetry.

No one could say of Poe, as has been so often said of modern reviewers, that he was not in the habit of reading the books he reviewed. Once he had made his definition, stated his general law, established his major premise, he proceeded in logical fashion to prove his case, not by vague generalizations, but by a most minute examination of the book under review. Nothing was too small to escape his critical eye, no detail too minute, no analysis too technical. Here, for instance, is his article on Longfellow's "Spanish Student." He begins by discussing the general theme of the play, endeavoring to find out how far Longfellow's conception is original. From the theme, he proceeds logically to the plot. His first move is to give a synopsis of the whole story. Then follows a discussion of the irrelevancy of certain scenes, Poe taking pains in each case to show just why the incident in question adds nothing to the advance of the plot. After this, he points out half a dozen inconsistencies in the conduct of the story. Finally, he shoots the whole plot full of holes by naming incident after incident that is as old as the hills and as stageworn as the familiar missing will. The plot thus disposed of, Poe attacks Longfellow's attempts at humor—mainly by the simple yet effective device of quotation without comment. Finally, the facts being all presented, he arrives with the utmost logic at the conclusion that the whole piece, while containing here and there a line of passable poetry, is as a play quite unworthy of any critical respect.

This attention to detail is highly characteristic of all his criticism. He never discusses poetry without delving into scansion, without noting bad rhymes, misplaced accents. He spends two pages in a review of "Horse-shoe Robinson," calling attention to mistakes in punctuation. He is forever assailing authors for their errors in grammar. Here is a bit from an article on Bryant:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The five concluding lines of the stanza are not equally effective:

"When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years"

The defects, here, are all of a metrical and of course minor nature, but are still defects. The line

"When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows"

is impeded in its flow by the final *th* in *youth*, and especially in *death* where *w* follows. The word *tears* cannot readily be pronounced after the final *st* in *bitterest;* and its own final consonant, *rs*, in like manner renders an effort necessary in the utterance of *stream*, which commences the next line.

Now all this makes Poe a good critic, but devilish hard reading. He is, and rightly, technical, but that is not all of criticism. It is not even the most pleasant part. It is, however, a necessary part. The foundation of judicial criticism, if the judgment is to be worth anything, must be an examination of technicalities. Unfortunately the ordinary intelligent reader, to whom literature is an amusement, is not interested in technicalities. A few pages of the sort of thing I have quoted puts him to sleep. And so Poe stays on the shelf.

III

I am sometimes inclined to divide critics into two classes—those who think and those who don't. To the latter group—to return to the original antithesis—Lowell belongs. So long as he deals with questions of pure taste, so long as he remains in the region of feeling, he is safe. But when he tries to prove his case, to give reasons for his instinctive conclusions, the reader is in for a bit of high comedy. The man simply couldn't think, and his attempts to do so are often downright funny. Poe is his exact opposite. At first glance, one would unhesitatingly class the author of "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Annabel Lee" as an emotionalist—and correctly. But when the emotionalist—or even the sensualist—can reason in any sort, he is apt to reason with unequalled power and clearness. Poe himself noted and commented on this frequent and yet surprising combination of faculties. "The reasoning powers," he said, "never exist in perfection unless when allied with a high degree of the imaginative faculty." In his tales, his poems, his life, Poe appears at first glance as the incarnation of the popular notion of the literary man—a creature of pure feeling, of sensitive, tingling nerves, unordered by reason. And yet this is the same man who offered to solve any cipher the readers of his magazine might devise—and succeeded.

In criticism it is his reasoning side that is always uppermost. Not that he makes the Eighteenth Century mistake of applying the test of common sense to everything in literature. He is too good a reasoner for that. He always allows—witness his theory of poetry—for the function of emotion. But he also sticks to this logical method, which has one defect—a very grave defect, indeed. He has in perfection the art of putting two and two together—but in criticism, unfortunately, two and two do not make four. They must be stretched to make five, or seven, or sometimes seventeen. A poem may be composed of four lines, but an examination of those four lines with respect to scansion, rhyme scheme, diction, and ideas, no matter how keenly and searchingly carried out, does not quite bring us to a complete and final judgment. After all the syllables have been counted, after all the ideas have been evaluated, we are still far from having reached our destination. To bridge the gap, the critic has nothing on which he can rely save his inborn literary instinct. And it is just at this point that Poe most often fails.

I believe that there has never been a critic of equal rank with Poe who has been equally unreliable in his literary judgments. His processes are admirable, but when it comes to the final step, his taste is subject to frequent and ridiculous aberrations.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of contemporary English novelists, he asserts that he knows of "none that possess the power of Bulwer." He goes even farther. "Viewing Bulwer as a novelist," he grandly declares, "he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead." Southey is "great in every department of literature he has attempted." And how it must gladden the heart of Henry van Dyke to hear this demi-god of the younger generation say of Tennyson, "In perfect sincerity I regard him as the noblest poet that ever lived." But best of all his wild-cat admirations is his idolatry of Moore. Moore, he says, "is the most skilful literary artist of his day—perhaps of any day." Of Moore's "Alciphron" he remarks, in his sweeping fashion, "We could not point out a poem in any language which, as a whole, greatly excels it." All this worries me. I am a professional student of literature; I am supposed to have a bowing acquaintance with most of the classics. And yet I had never before heard the name of this stupendous work!

Fortunately, Poe was not always like that. Most of his specific judgments were correct. He was one of the first critics in America to appreciate Dickens. He saw clearly that Bryant stood far above all the other American poets of his day. He hailed Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes" as a "sure omen of better days for the literature of the South." Four years after it was made, he retracted his first judgment of Bulwer, and placed that flashy gentleman among the second-raters. With exceeding critical tact, he separated the mountain of chaff in Longfellow from the small but precious half-bushel of poetry. And one of the keenest bits of critical analysis I remember having seen anywhere is his review of Macaulay's "Essays." In two pages, he gives us Macaulay in a nutshell—his clarity, his closeness of logic, his practical sagacity and fatal lack of depth, his dazzling luminousness that prevents our seeing the casuistry behind it—all set forth with a keenness and clearness unexcelled by Macaulay himself.

But, since Poe is always systematically judicial, his likes—whether right or wrong, are of less importance than his dislikes. Systematic judicial criticism is primarily a means, not of discovering truth, but of exposing error. The particular function of the judicial critic, the thing that he can do and that no one else can do, is the flagellation of bad authors. It is impossible to comprehend Poe's position as a critic unless one understands clearly that he was a literary reformer. At about the same time Lowell was also setting out with the definite idea of raising the literary standards of America. In this work, Lowell was the evangelist, whose function it was to preach to the cultural heathen of America the gospel according to Chaucer and Spenser. Poe was rather the prophet, denouncing literary vice, and pointing the moral of his sermons by dealing out resounding thwacks on the heads of literary sinners. His text, as he himself stated it, was plain enough: "As a literary people, we are one vast perumbulating humbug. . . . We should have no trouble in pointing out today some twenty or thirty so-called literary personages, who, if not idiots, as we half think them, or if not hardened to all shame by a long course of disingenuousness, will now blush, in the perusal of these words, through consciousness of the shadowy nature of that purchased pedestal upon which they stand. With the help of a hearty good will, even *we* may yet tumble them down." Against humbuggery, quackery, puffing, against bad books and bad authors, Poe waged unceasing and bitter war. No one can accuse him of any slowness in bidding quacks go to the devil. Here are some of the critical bricks he hurled:

"The simple truth is, Mr. Downing never committed a greater mistake in his life than when he fancied himself a poet, even in the ninety-ninth degree." [That for the illustrious author of "Powhatan, an Epic."]

"There are twenty young men of our acquaintance who make no pretence to literary ability, yet who would produce a better book in a week." [And that for the still-remembered Captain Marryat.]

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"As a history this work is invaluable; as a novel, it is well-nigh worthless." [Oh, heresy! He is speaking of James Fenimore Cooper, the American Scott, the first great American novelist!]

"Without design, without shape, without beginning, middle, or end, what earthly object has his book accomplished?" ["Hyperion," by the sainted Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.]

"What is 'The Vision of Rubeta' more than a vast gilded swill-trough, overflowing with 'Dunciad' and water?"

"We readily forgive a man for being a fool if he only be a perfect fool—and this is a particular in which we cannot put our hands upon our hearts and say that Mr. Headley is deficient."

Drake's "American Flag," which still survives in school readers, "owes its high and undeserved reputation to our patriotism—and not to our judgment." But most charming of all are his verdicts on that gloomy bore, William Harrison Ainsworth. "The Tower of London" is "a somewhat ingenious admixture of pedantry, bombast and rigmarole. . . . The writer keeps us in a perpetual state of preparation for something magnificent, but the something magnificent never arrives. . . . If ever, indeed, a novel were less than nothing, that novel is 'Guy Fawkes'." I like that: I once read "Guy Fawkes"!

One might go on indefinitely with such quotations. For nearly eleven years this warfare against literary idiocy was the main business of Poe's life. The Brook Farm colony, the novels of G. P. R. James, the Boston literary clique, even such consecrated objects as "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost" receive attention from his critical flail.

IV

So much for Poe the reviewer. But I have not touched on the best side of his criticism. His particular excellence lies in his almost unique ability to apply a keen and marvellously logical thinking machine to the problems of literature. As I have tried to show, when it is a question of pronouncing on the merits of an author, intelligence is not enough. There Poe often fails. But criticism does not consist merely of bringing authors before a court of review and there passing judgment on their evil deeds. It has also its scientific side. Here Poe excels. Looking over as much of the field of literature as he knows, he constantly exercises his powers of analysis to induce from literary phenomena the general laws that govern them.

Before I go on to examine his contributions to literary theory, I must note one weakness that injured much of his work in that field. The task of the literary generalizer is analogous to that of the natural scientist. Gathering as many facts as he can amass, he must endeavor to discover in them some common denominator, some guiding principle. Obviously, the value of his generalization must depend considerably on the completeness of his collection of facts. Just here Poe is undoubtedly weak. He was in no sense of the word a scholar. In the English and American literature of his day he was quite thoroughly read, but of English literature previous to the Nineteenth Century he knew very little. His occasional dissertations on Latin prosody are highly revealing—of his ignorance of Latin literature. His knowledge of foreign literatures was almost a blank. I doubt whether there is a practicing critic of any standing today whose ignorance of many of the subjects essential to the proper carrying on of the trade is as profound as was Poe's. That, with his incomplete knowledge, his theories were so generally sound, is the best evidence I know of the extraordinary power of his mind.

Let us look, first, at his theory of criticism. I believe I can best explain it by standing aside for an instant, and letting Poe speak for himself:

> Of one who instructs we demand, in the first instance, a certain knowledge of the principles which regulate the instruction. . . .
>
> When we attend less to authority and more to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principles, when we look less at merit and more at demerit, we shall be better critics than we are. . . .

Criticism is not an essay, nor a sermon, nor an oration, nor a chapter in history, nor a philosophical speculation, nor a prose-poem, nor an art-novel, nor a dialogue. We would wish to limit literary criticism to comment on Art. A book is written, and it is only as the book that we subject it to review. With the opinions of the author the critic really has nothing to do. It is his part simply to decide upon the mode in which these opinions are brought to bear. And this art now no more than in the days of the "Dunciad" can, without neglect of its duty, dismiss errors of grammar, or hand over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader. . . .

In general, we should not be overscrupulous about niceties of phrase, when the matter in hand is a dunce to be gibbeted. Speak out—or the person may not understand you. He is to be hung? Then hang him by all means; but make no bow where you mean no obeisance, and eschew the droll delicacy of the Clown in the play—"Be so good, sir, as to rise and be put to death."

Unless I am very much mistaken, there is a complete theory of criticism contained in these brief passages. Furthermore, I think I have demonstrated that Poe, unlike the vast majority of critics, actually stuck to his system. I don't believe that his system is all there is of criticism; but at least it is coherent, and he consistently and constantly followed it.

Underlying all his theories there is an implicit division of literature into two classes—one appealing mainly to the intelligence, the other directed purely at the emotions. In the first class we find the novel and the drama, in the second the short story and the lyric. The longer forms of poetry, it will be noted, have no place here; Poe does not recognize the long poem as a literary form at all.

Although a good half of his reviews deal with novels, his theory of the novel is less complete than his theory of any other form. But one can still reconstruct the outlines of it from his random observations. Of plot, he has a very high notion, as his definition shows; it is "that in which no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole." Plot is to him not merely a vehicle for carrying along a number of characters, but an end in itself. He is interested in it as a manifestation of the author's skill; the pleasure he gets from it is the purely intellectual delight of contemplating good workmanship. But he realizes, nevertheless, that plot is not essential to the novel. If it lacks such a complex and carefully constructed framework, it should be "a work of genuine realism." Unfortunately, he did not define what he meant by realism. I should like to hazard a guess that he vaguely anticipated the modern distinction between realism and naturalism. Such a statement as the following, taken in conjunction with his frequent remarks about truth and nature in the novel, seems to point that way: "In my view, if an artist must paint decayed cheeses, his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible." However that may be, we find Poe invariably criticising novels for one of two faults—inconsistency of plot, or unnaturalness of characterization.

V

Akin to his theory of the novel is his theory of the drama. I have experienced a good many surprises in reading his criticism, but I think the greatest came when I ran across his dramatic reviews. No one, as far as I am aware, has ever mentioned Poe as a theorist of the drama. Quantitatively, he had very little to do with the drama; there are only eight dramatic reviews, totaling some fifty pages, in the whole six volumes of his collected criticism. Yet these bits of articles contain the elements of a complete theory of the theatre. They are easily seventy-five years in advance of their time.

Alone in his day, Poe realized that the drama is, of all literary forms, the one that calls loudest for realistic treatment. He is continually demanding greater reality on the stage, continually attacking theatricality in all its forms—the hackneyed plot, the standard tricks of melodrama, the artificial expository device, the set type of character, all of which belonged to the stock in trade of the professional dramatist

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his day. Although a lover of plot for plot's sake, or, better, plot for construction's sake, he declares that the complicated intrigue is a mistake. "It is not an essential. In its intense artificiality it may even be conceived injurious in a certain degree (unless constructed with consummate skill) to that real *life-likeness* which is the soul of the drama of character." Thus in a sentence he anticipates the realistic and naturalistic movements of 1880 and 1890.

Still more remarkable, he has the courage to apply the test of reality to the classics of the theatre. It is a fairly well-known fact in literary history that during the first half of the Nineteenth Century the drama in England and America was stunted, almost killed, by that exaggerated worship of the Elizabethans introduced by Charles Lamb, and carried to its *reductio ad absurdum* by Swinburne. In 1844 Lowell brought this doctrine of Elizabethan perfection to America in his excessively laudatory chapters on Ford and Chapman in "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets." But in 1845, when this religion was at its undisputed height, Poe remarked, casually, in the course of a two-page notice of Hazlitt: "The drama has not declined as many suppose: it has only been left out of sight by everything else. We must discard all models. The Elizabethan theatre must be abandoned. We need thought of our own—principles of dramatic action drawn not from the old dramatists but from the fountain of a nature that can never grow old." Thus by seventy-five years he anticipated William Archer. Not only did he attack in this fashion the demi-gods of early Romanticism; he even strolled into the temple and disrespectfully thumbed his nose at the deity itself—he dared to question the celestial perfection of Shakespeare. "We talk of Hamlet the man," he said, "instead of Hamlet the *dramatis persona*—of Hamlet that God, in place of Hamlet that Shakespeare created. It is not then the inconsistencies of the acting man which we have as a subject of discussion (although we proceed as if it were, and thus inevitably err) but the whims and vacillations, the conflicting energies and indolences of the poet." That sort of common sense is common enough now, but it was shocking heresy in 1845.

In one other respect Poe showed himself, as a dramatic critic, far ahead of his time. Paying no attention to the horrible distinction, common in his day and throughout the greater part of his century, between the literary drama, written only to be read, and the acted drama, a thing not to be considered seriously by true critics, he treated all drama as something devised for actual performance on a stage. On one occasion, he received for review a copy of a forgotten play by a forgotten authoress—Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion." He read it, and wrote his review. On the next night he went to see the play performed, found that many of his impressions received from reading were wrong, and wrote a second review, correcting his first judgments in the light of the stage performance. Carrying the same principle to its logical conclusion, he condemned on the one hand revivals of Greek tragedy, and declared, on the other, that the so-called "dramatic poem," the pet of Byron, Tennyson, and Browning, was a bastard form.

VI

Poe has been called the inventor of the short story, but the ascription is highly doubtful. Certainly, however, he was the first critic to discuss the short story as an independent literary form. His half-dozen pages of theorizing on the subject are as important to the theory of the short story as is Aristotle's "Poetics" to the theory of the drama. Every work that has been written on the same subject since his time has either amplified or contradicted his notion. This notion is, in brief, that the short story should be constructed with the single aim of producing one single effect, evoking one single mood. Its particular characteristic, its particular virtue is in its

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unity, its air of totality. Everything in the story should contribute to this effect. The result should be, what the novel because of its length cannot be, a perfect and complete work of art. On this tiny foundation of theory has been built the enormous structure of the modern short story.

Now, all the literary doctrines I have so far noted have one characteristic in common. They are all purely incidental or casual in their nature. That, I think, is the main reason why they have been so generally overlooked. They are buried away in the most inaccessible places; one plods through page after page of plot summary and grammatical fault-finding to come suddenly upon one brief, flashing sentence that kills, once and for all, some senile literary fallacy, or states, with as near finality as is possible in such matters, a lasting law of literature.

I have left untouched Poe's most important body of literary theory—his principles of poetry. I intend to leave it untouched. As I remarked at the beginning of this study, two of his critical essays are fairly well known—"The Poetic Principle," and "The Rationale of Verse." They constitute together the only fully developed body of literary theory he left to us. In the first of these essays, he lays down his general ideas as to the aims and ends of poetry. In the second he works out a system of poetic mechanics. The two can be found in almost any anthology of American prose, in almost any collection of critical essays. Whoever is interested may hunt them out for himself. As examples of literary theorizing they are almost without equal—tantalizing samples of what Poe could do when he tried. The man really had something to say. Given leisure, given twenty years more in which to remedy his ignorance, given even a decent home and a "living wage," there were no limits to what he might have done.

Even as he was, he remains a great critic. He raised bumps on the heads of more literary idiots than any other man of his time. He was the first critic of the Nineteenth Century to formulate a consistent and comprehensible theory of criticism. He laid down principles of the drama that we are just now beginning to have sense enough to follow. He made the short story a respectable form of literature. Finally, he worked out in its entirety the most complete and logical theory of poetry that has yet been written down, topping it with a prosody that knocks the syllable-counting system of Latinizing pedants into a cocked hat. Not a bad life's work, after all.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SORCERER

BY JULIA PETERKIN

EVERY cabin along the narrow, night-darkened road showed a light from its open doorway. In some of them fires still flickered in the chimneys where supper had lately been cooked; in others, smoky, chimneyless kerosene lamps fluttered pale yellow light over empty pans where supper had lately been eaten.

Groups of black people sat in the doorways and laughed and chatted and smoked strong pipes of plug-cut tobacco. They hailed Kiver politely as he passed by on his way home. Politely, yes, for they were afraid of him and of the charms he made; of the spells he could cast with his roots and conjure bags. His brawny chest lifted and his white teeth gleamed as he returned their greetings, and he quickened his pace while they were looking until the brass hoop earrings in his ears began to quiver.

But he was weary. His feet were heavy, tired, and they wanted to carry him slowly, although the sack on his back was by no means a burden.

He didn't feel well. He was glad the full moon that sent his long, slim shadow strutting ahead of him down the road was not bright enough to show the ugly swelling that here lately gathered around his ankles every night God sent. So far, not a soul but himself knew about it.

It was slight and it gave him no pain at all, but he hated it bitterly. He could bear pain quietly. He had done it. But this swelling was different.

He had tried almost everything he knew to stop it, but it paid no attention at all to any of the runes he used. Tonight it was right there, threatening, ruining his peace of mind, telling him bad days were near, and he couldn't bear for anybody to know it.

He couldn't admit to these black people among whom he had spent all his life that he, Kiver, who had lived by their fears, their weaknesses, was defeated, whipped. That he was being hamstrung by a little puff of swelling. He should be in his prime. How they'd smile—yes. Glad of his doom.

He had lived long enough to know what this swelling meant. He had seen it start the same way on other ankles. It would get bolder, more brazen, until it showed itself in the daytime. It would creep up his legs and into his body until tears trickled out through his skin. It would cut his wind and make him labor for breath until at last Death took him. Death! It was a sign that Death had set a mark on him. Just that. And there wasn't much use to try to run from it.

Cold fear made him shiver as he plodded along, although the night was warm and the sand under his bare feet was hot and harsh from the scorching of a Summer day's sun. He had seen many a man die. Some of them had lived right in these cabins. But he had never thought of dying himself until now.

His cabin yonder by the woods was dark and it huddled against the trees in a poor lonely way. There were no outbuildings around it, no stable, no barn, no chicken-coop. Kiver was a conjure doctor and not a farmer like the other men who lived on the plantation. His cabin sat off by itself with only herbs and healing bushes and scrubby trees dug up from the river swamp for company.

He had no wife or crony or child and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he'd always been glad he hadn't until now. He had said so to himself many a time. But tonight it did not cheer him to know that he had a house all to himself and a big, open fireplace where a fire could soon be started and a kettle made to boil and a strong tea steeped out of the grass blades that were wilting in the sack on his shoulder.

They were silver grass blades and it had been hard to find them. All day he had hunted and watched for the shine of them under the leaves. He had almost given up when he saw the frosty, pale green of their slender pointed spears, and he was too tired then to rejoice over them, although he knew that Daddy Cudjoe, wise old root doctor, had prized them as the strongest of all the enemies of swelling. They might cure him. They might.

There was a jug in the corner of his cabin too, and it held plenty of spirits that would raise his hopes and help him forget his troubles.

He knew Hester had been there and fixed his supper and left it on the table for him. She was a good cook and she was faithful. He paid her well for her trouble, but sometimes he believed Hester would cook for him without any pay at all. She said she would. But it was hard to know for certain. A woman is tricky. Hester even pretended to love him. But love is a hard thing to believe. Hate is easier. Yes, much easier. Anyway, Hester didn't bother him when he wanted to be left alone, as he did these last days. He dreaded for her shrewd eyes to see his bloated ankles. Not that she'd tell it. No. But she'd suspect his secret ailment and it was galling to think how she'd watch his blood being drained and his tendons sawed and his will itself being slackened.

Hester had more sense than any woman he knew. She could keep her mouth shut. She didn't hang around and pester him. When he wanted her she came. When he didn't, she kept out of his sight. She had laughed one day when he told her he'd rather be lonesome than pestered.

II

He mounted the trembling wooden steps and took the open lock out of the iron hasp. The door fell back and its bottom scraped on the floor and stopped. The night was close and the cabin needed air. Kiver lifted the door and opened it wider still. A few coals blinked on the hearth and the kettle beside them was still warm. The chair itself had so lately been used that the very darkness held Hester's shadow. Soon he had a fire spluttering and spitting over the fat pine sticks that Hester had left there for him. Its light played over the eggshells that she had strung and hung beside the chimney to make her hens lay better, and over the bundles of dried herbs that were tied to nails in the musty weather-boarding. These hissed and trembled as a strong breeze came through the open doorway and jerked at them.

Kiver looked up and smiled as he taunted,

"Oh, you needn't jump. You can't git down. I's got you tied tight to dem nail. I ain' gwine use you to-night. No. I got me some silver grass now to mek tea. Silver grass kin fight swellin' better'n you."

He leaned over and peered at his dusty feet and then sat back with his eyes on the flames. He hardly felt their heat as he watched their swift climbing.

"Be strong while you kin," he murmured to them. "When you eat all dat wood your time'll be out. Den you haffer stop. Fire an' mens and ebey-ting else hab dey time. When dey time is out, dey's done. Done."

The black iron kettle began bubbling and singing and Kiver turned in his chair and picked up the sack he had dropped on the floor when he came in. He felt in its depths and took out a handful of silvery grass blades. He examined each slender length as he put it into a small pot. Then he poured boiling water over them all. The steam that rose was scented with a strange pungent fragrance. Kiver sniffed it and smiled.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You smell good, fo' true. You might be de ting what'll cure me. Sho. I used to hear Daddy Cudjoe say you was de bes' medicine eber was fo swellin'. You was ha'd to find, but I didn' stop tell I got you. I reckon you hates to git scalded, but you got to fight dis swellin' fo' me. Dis swellin's a man. You got to be strong to rule 'em. You smell strong, too."

He laughed as he spoke. Then he poured a little of the tea steeped from the grass into a tin cup and tasted it. A bitter dose. He made a wry face and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. But he smacked his lips, for just to swallow the silver grass tea made him feel a world better.

He got up and went to the cabin door and looked out across the fields. Everything was silvery out there. The moon hung in a ring and the sky was edged with low-lying clouds. He loved the night sounds and the thin moon shadows and the faint, small stars. The warm breeze that came from the cotton fields shook the trees until the tip of every leaf trembled. A rabbit hopped cautiously through the weeds, then halted. Kiver waited to see where he'd go, and as he watched, the lights in other cabins went out one by one. He felt strangely alone and apart from it all.

The red earth of the great, level field lying silent in front of him was hidden with rank growing cotton. It lay like a living thing in the silver light, while the plants it drove on to ripeness loaded the air with the smell of their blossoms.

Year after year he had seen this rich soil make crops the same as this. Many a harvest had been gathered by men who, in turn, were gathered into the graveyard yonder at the edge of the field where the trees grew taller than their fellows. The circle was complete; earth, fruit, men, then back to earth again. No man can alter his final end; he can only put it off a little. He cannot even tell for certain what his end will be. This field would outlast all the men who plowed and planted and reaped it. The earth would take them all back. They and their plowstocks and their mules and their clinking trace chains would all go back the same as the grass that lay cut and withering under the dew.

He looked up at the sky where the Christians say Heaven is. The cool misty light where a few stars shone told no more of its height than the yellow water of the river down in the swamp told of its muddy depth. If his time to go was near he would face it. There was no use to fret or to run. The silver grass tea might help him; might even cure him; but something would get him at last. Even Daddy Cudjoe, who taught him what he knew about herbs and charms and who lived until his old legs were crooked and his old mouth toothless, had to go. The graveyard had gotten him, too.

But why not stay on as long as Daddy Cudjoe? He was not too old to enjoy life. Men feared him yet, and women loved him. Why not keep on trying until he had mastered this swelling. He was no coward. Why give up to it? He wouldn't. No.

He went inside and lifted the cloth that covered the pans on the small pine table. Chicken and rice and a pone of bread and molasses-sweetened water. He sat down and ate and drank with relish.

III

When it all was eaten Kiver went to sit in the doorway and smoke a pipeful. He wouldn't give up and be sick. No. He'd drink silver grass tea and he'd keep busy. He liked his work. The preachers said he was going to hell. Hell is an ugly word, but what do preachers know about it? They make their living scaring women and children with stories of God and the devil. His trade was as honest as theirs.

He knew charms would work. He'd seen them do it. His own charms, too. Mixtures made of simple things like cat hair and dog hair and salt and pepper. He had seen them work on strong women and men with a curious, powerful spell. He didn't know how or why they worked, but they did. He had seen red blood, rich with life

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and love, turn to poisonous, burning sap. A thin length of snake skin twisted into a cord and put under a pillow could do it, and so could a drop of new milk on a flower. He didn't know how, or why.

A great, gray bird crossed the sky. Kiver watched its dumb flight with interest, for it was headed toward the woods back of his cabin. It was an owl. A big, whooing owl. A bad-luck bird. Kiver laughed as his eyes followed it and when it passed over his head he called out:

"I ain' faid o' you, son. No. Not me. You kin go and holler and say, 'Who? Who?' all you want. I wouldn't git skeered. I might git my gun an' kill you. You' charred bones is mighty good fo' he'p wimmens wuth chillen. I kin sell dem fast ez I fix dem. You' claw is good, too, fo' charm fingers to do fast cotton pickin'. I kin sell dem too."

Kiver got up and went inside and mended the fire and sat down to think. All the bad signs were showing themselves tonight. He didn't feel well. Things that happened a long time ago kept coming into his mind. He didn't like it. They did this whenever he was tired or sick, and it made him feel lonely and down-hearted.

He was not sleepy and the fire burned bright. He'd work a while yet, for he had something new he wanted to try. Today, while he rambled through the swamp looking for the silver grass, he came across a strange-looking root. It was twisted up out of the swamp's rich soil where a storm had wrung it out of its deep bed. It held firm to the earth, and, though the tree it fed was bent over and broken, the leaves were fresh and green.

He had chipped off a bit of that root and brought it home. He'd brew it now, while the kettle boiled. It would make a charm good for something. It might be good for a cowardly heart. If his heart began failing he'd try it.

First he poured the silver grass tea into a bottle and put it up high on the joist. Hester would come tomorrow when he was not here. He'd put the tea out of sight of her watchful eyes. Other bottles were there. She'd never notice this new one.

Then he got the crocus sack and took the new root out and put it with some of its own leaves in the pot on the fire. When it boiled well he'd add some whiskey out of the jug that he always kept in the corner. Whiskey kept potations from spoiling.

He put the pot's cover on, then he turned and looked away from it. A watched pot never boils quickly.

Perhaps he dozed, he wasn't sure, but for a minute he thought he saw Daddy Cudjoe. Plain as day the old man stood right in the door, his smooth bald head shining, his wide mouth smiling so broad that his toothless old gums all showed. He held a woman by the hand.

At first her head was in shadow. Kiver was not sure who she was until she laughed. Nobody else in the world had a laugh like that. She herself had lost it before she died. And now, tonight, the silvery ring of it was back new and clean as the night she came years ago to buy herself two charms: one to hold her lover when other women tempted him away and one to cure the callous places shoes had made on her feet. She hated shoes, but her lover liked them and she tried to wear them just to please him.

It was dusk when she came that evening, but it was dawn when she went away barefooted—and without any charm at all—without wanting to take one—

Why was she with Daddy Cudjoe now? She was dead. The old man was dead. She had been terribly afraid of him when they both were living. Yet she looked fresh and young and merry. Daddy Cudjoe came up closer and said,

"I smell silver-grass tea, Son, but I know somet'ing better'n dat fo' you. Come on, go wid me, lemme show you."

"Wha e' is, Daddy?" Kiver shouted, and the old man cackled and the girl's laugh chinkled. The sound made Kiver open his eyes.

Nobody was there. He sat and dreamed while all the water boiled out of the pot

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the fire. The root was scorched, he could smell it, and the leaves were stuck tight to the bottom of the pot. He'd have to throw it away.

Had he really spoken out loud to Daddy Cudjoe? He couldn't exactly tell. It's a bad thing to answer a dead person. It gives them a power over you. But Daddy Cudjoe was too late with his tricks. Kiver had protected himself against the old man's ghost the very day of the burying. He had gone back to the graveyard and gotten a handful of dirt off of the new-made grave before the rain came to settle it. He had a suspicion that old man's spirit would come back some day and fool him into answering it so it could always after that rule him. He had been too smart for it. Some of that grave dirt was in a paper sack right up on the joist. He had made charms out of some of it, for a little dropped on a doorstep where bare feet picked it up worked a strong, devilish spell.

Daddy Cudjoe was a fool to come here tonight. That paper sack was a safeguard against any of his traps.

The pot sizzled and steamed as he added more water. The brew was spoiled. He ought to have stayed awake and watched it. This juice of a brave-hearted root might be the very thing for himself while he wasn't well.

He'd go to bed now. Sleep or something was tricking him. Maybe the pot was tired. It had made one batch of tea tonight already. That was enough. Tomorrow he'd get up early and go get more of the root.

As he laid down on his bed in the shed room, he remembered something; he had no dirt from that girl's grave. He meant to get some but the rain beat him there. It was no good once the rain had fallen and settled it.

But he wasn't afraid of her. Lord, dead or alive she could never harm him. He'd sleep. Get a good night's rest. In the morning he'd laugh at all these foolish misdoubts that were trying to trouble him now.

IV

In the night he woke up hot and breathless. The swelling seemed up in his throat. He was dry. Thirsty. Sick. His blood ran with a burning heat.

The fire was dead but the moon's gray light filled the cabin. Kiver went to the door for air. He felt worse, but his ankles were better. In the pale glare he could see they were almost as lean as ever.

The silver grass tea had helped them. It was a sickening dose but he'd drink it all the time instead of water; stick to it until he was well. A brimming bucket sat on the shelf he knew. Hester always brought one fresh from the spring every evening. A gourd full would cool his sweltry body. But his neck was bloated and puffy with water now. It felt tight, drawn. His heart was beating against it. He'd drench himself with tea. Run out that swelling.

He reached up and felt along the joist until his fingers came to the right bottle. Others full of medicine were there too. It was hard to keep enough on hand for all the calls he had.

There was asafoetida water for colic. Tree-fern tea for the women. Wild cherry bark bitters. Violet leaf tea. The joist held a long row of bottles. The silver grass tea was right at the end. He'd dose himself and lie down. Sleep—rest, they were what he needed.

He took out the stopper and turned the bottle up to his lips. One big swallow, then another. It had a horrible taste, but he held his breath for another.

The stuff seemed altogether different now that it was cold. Not bitter, no. It had gotten sharp and slippery. His lips and mouth and throat stung with the cutting strength of it. Could silver grass tea slice him like that?

He shook the bottle and smelt it. He poured a little of it over his fingers and rubbed them together. Then he knew. Knew! Silver-grass tea! He was a fool. An idiot. He had been tricked! His wits fuddled! Hell! He had filled his belly with lye!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And lye was a thousand times worse than any swelling. He clenched the foolish fingers that had taken down the lye.

Were they asleep or crazy that they'd blunder like this! They'd given him death instead of the tea that was curing him, getting him well. That lye was there to sell to the fools who wore shoes and got corns on their feet, to cut their corns out. He had swallowed it, filled himself with it—it would cut his heart out—like a corn—God! Lye wasn't like swelling. It didn't tarry about its work.

The terror of death seized him, shook him. Then a worse thing took its place, the terror of losing hold on himself. He was dazed. He whined. Tears had his eyes wet. That wouldn't do. He must get himself together. Think.

He knew well enough what to do when mothers came screaming to him bringing little children who had swallowed lye. When the fool women used it to cut the dirt out of the clothes they washed or to raise the grease from the floors they scoured, they'd forget and leave it in reach of baby hands.

He knew what to do. He had cured some of them. First, he always poured vinegar down their throats, then sweet-oil. He had both right here in the house.

A cloud covered the moon. The fire was dead. Where was a match? He fumbled along the mantel shelf trying to find one. Had Hester taken the last one home with her?

Where had she put the vinegar bottle? The sweet oil? She hid every God's thing she put her hands on. Here he was, dying, because he couldn't find one match to make a light.

The blood on his lips was sickening. It made him dizzy. He must do something for himself. He couldn't find a thing in this darkness.

Must he give up and die here like a dog because Hester had hidden two bottles away? He, Kiver, who had spent days, years, searching the woods, the swamps, the skies, for hidden signs, secrets, had he nothing to help himself in this bitterest hour? Had he lost faith in himself? In his craft? Was it all a fraud? A pack of lies? If so, then he was lost. Helpless. If not, then he must pull himself together. Overcome all the odds against him.

He'd have to work fast. This lye wasn't wasting any time. God! Was there ever such a burning!

Why do men always holler for God when they get in a hellish fix like this? He had laughed many a time at the way they did it. The wickedest of them tried to pray when everything else failed to help them. And here he was yelling out "God" just like the rest.

He wouldn't say "God" again. No. He'd get a little of that whiskey, just a good mouthful, and steady his nerves, then he'd face ghosts or devils or anything else, dead or alive. He would show everything in Hell he was no coward.

The white liquor gurgled as it ran out of the jug's mouth into his own, each drop scalding as it went down his throat. The poor hands that held the jug shook crazily. They knew they'd made that awful mistake. But they'd get steady again soon as the whiskey reached them. That whiskey was a man too. It had helped him over rough places before now.

The first thing to do was to think. Think hard what to do. His mind wasn't half working. Pain had it addled.

The root in the pot was too scorched for any use, but something might be up there on the joist. Something must be there. He'd take the things down, one by one. He might come across the very thing he wanted.

Dried herbs crackled under his fumbling fingers as Kiver spoke to them. "I come back to you, chillen. Silver grass kills swellin' but lye's badder'n swellin'. I come to call on some o' you to help me."

With closed eyes he sniffed leaves, roots, bottles. A paper sack fell with a smack on the floor. Daddy Cudjoe was trying to fool him now, making that sack fall. That girl was the one who was after him. She was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the one. She was just jealous of Hester. She was always jealous of any woman that crossed his path. She had brought Daddy Cudjoe here tonight to help her trick him. That was it.

Bottle after bottle he smelled and replaced. He must find something to kill the spell that girl had put on him. Something —or it would be too late—before long. He couldn't stand up much longer.

He had almost reached the end of the joist and found nothing. Where the rafter touched, the last thing, was a rock, no, two rocks—What was there? Ah, the very thing—the very thing. He couldn't help blubbering when he found it. Here was the very best thing in the world to make a woman harmless. Daddy Cudjoe had told him about it a long time ago and since then he had tried it many a time for himself and for other men too and never once had it failed.

It ought to work as well with a dead woman as with a live one. Sure. Eagerness made his fingers mismanage themselves. The top rock fell—he must try to be careful—

If Hester were only here, she had such nimble fingers—but she'd start screaming and let everybody on the plantation know that something ailed him.

He could feel it with the tips of his fingers. One of those black, hairy woman spiders that always kills her mate, her man, when she's through with him. Her naked body, nothing else, dried, pressed flat, with her long legs sprangled out, laid in a cloth and pinned inside a man's shirt right over his heart, that will save him from the spell of any woman on earth. Or anywhere else! Yes.

If he'd gotten her in time, if the lye hadn't too much the start of her, she'd break the spell—yes, thank God—thank God—or the Devil!

Woman against woman. That was it. That girl was always scared to death of spiders, too. Why hadn't he thought of it sooner?

His fumbling fingers found the spider, but where was a cloth to put her in? He was losing time. He'd hold the creature in the palm of his hand. Right over his heart. There's where the women get you.

That girl almost got him tonight again. She had a way with her—pretty little thing—with her laugh—

His heartbeat had quickened frightfully. There was such a noise, such a humming in his ears. The night was getting cold. The air that came in through the door was wet with mist. It made him shiver.

He'd better go lie down again, and cover up with the quilt. A little more whiskey, too—might help him get warm—outside—and cool—inside—

A jug, a quilt, both are hard to manage with one hand—while the other hand tries to hold a spider against your breast—

V

It was late when Hester came with Kiver's breakfast next morning. On Sunday nobody hurried.

Where was Kiver? Still asleep? Everything was so still. Not a sound. The room was in a horrible mess. A little old yellow paper bag on the floor spilled yellow dirt from its broken side. A silvery blade of grass lay close by it. A scorched piece of wood was in the pot on the hearth. Hester sighed.

Kiver was a strange man with his roots and herbs. She hoped to God none of her children would be like him, with their minds always running on medicines and spell-casting. She must start taking the oldest ones to church. She'd go herself today if it didn't get too hot.

What was that on the shed-room bed—wound up, tangled in the quilt? Was it Kiver? Not that—And the whiskey jug smashed on the dry floor—

She called him in a whisper—then louder. She was afraid to go any nearer. The thing under the quilt did not answer. It lay still. Not even breathing. She rushed screaming to the cabin door—then out across the field. Kiver was dead!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

The Universality of Art.—Fine art, they say, is universal in its appeal. Maybe so. But I should like to observe a Chinese audience listening to Brahms' variations and fugue on a theme by Händel, or a Serb youth reading "Huckleberry Finn," or a Turkish audience viewing Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," or a gang of lumberjacks in the frozen Northwest around the Venus di Milo.

Fable and Fact.—The professional historians of the United States, during the past twenty-five years, have done such savage execution upon the classical canon of American history that little remains of it save a table of dates. The old sentimental view of the Revolution, for example, is now held only by congressmen, schoolmarms, editorial writers and other such illiterates; the cold facts have begun to be known even to schoolboys. So with the War of 1812. So with the Mexican War. So, to some extent, with the Civil War. But the closer we come to the present, the thicker the fog of romantic legend. The appalling theory that the United States went into the Spanish War altruistically is still widely taught and credited; no one has yet blown it up as neatly as the saga of the Revolution has been blown up. As for the American share in the World War, it is still viewed through pink spectacles, even by the great majority of educated historians. One hears on all sides that Uncle Sam dashed in like a hero, and that he bore himself with eminent gallantry. The time is not yet for the bald facts. Digging them out and exhibiting them is a job reserved for the historians of the next generation.

This fear of the truth that is near is not unnatural. All of us share it to some extent. The average honest man, if you supplied him with proofs that his great-great-aunt was a lady of excessive amiability and the mother of one of the 200 illegitimate sons of George Washington, would not be likely to quarrel with you; on the contrary, he would probably receive the news with a smirk, and even set about spreading it. But if you brought him the evidence that his wife had so much as permitted the rector of the parish to pinch her, he would make a great row, and probably talk vaguely of giving you a beating. So in the broader field of history. What happened before we were born may be viewed realistically without pain. But what happened under our eyes may not be described accurately without, in some occult manner, offending us.

The Lecturer.—Not a week passes that I do not get at least three or four invitations to lecture. The requests come in from colleges, women's clubs, little theatres, literary groups, stage societies, chambers of commerce and what not. Do these good people actually wish to hear me lecture? I doubt it. They know my ideas, pro and con, from my writings; if they did not know them, they obviously would not think of inviting me to speak to them. What they want is not to hear what I have to say, but to take a look at me. They are less interested in what I would speak on—since, as I have said, they know it pretty well already—than in what I look like, what kind of clothes I wear, what my voice sounds like, and whether I'll show up drunk or sober. A lecturer is never invited so much as a lecturer as a spectacle.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know that I am not much in the way of a spectacle, so I have the good sense to send back all lecture invitations with a rejection slip.

An Historic Blunder.—The Southern gentry made a thumping mistake when, after the Civil War, they disfranchised the blacks. Had they permitted the latter to vote, they would have retained political control of all the Southern States, for the blacks, like the peasants everywhere else, would have followed their natural masters. As it was, control quickly passed to the poor white trash, who still maintain it, though many of them have ceased to be poor. The gentry struggle in vain to get back in the saddle; they lack the votes to achieve the business unaided, and the blacks, who were ready to follow them in 1870, are now incurably suspicious of them. The result is that politics in the South remains fathomlessly swinish. Every civilized Southerner knows it and is ashamed of it, but the time has apparently passed to do anything about it. To get rid of its Bleases, Mayfields, Slemps, Hoke Smiths and Vardamans, the South must wait until the white trash are themselves civilized. This is a matter demanding almost as much patience as the romantic vigil of the Seventh Day Adventists.

Sincerity.—The doctrine that sincerity is the first desideratum in a writer, I find difficult to swallow. To ask a writer invariably to believe in everything he writes is to ask a prize fighter to believe that his opponent is a menace to society, an actor to believe that he *is* King Lear, or a patent medicine vendor to believe that he is a savior of mankind. It is no more necessary that a writer believe what he writes in order to produce first-rate literature than it is necessary for a circus man to believe the doctrines of Nero in order to produce a first-rate chariot race.

A Man's Philosophy.—A man's philosophy, his attitude toward the world, is very seldom found to be the result of carefully reasoned reflection, meditation and deduction. It is, to the contrary, generally the largely fortuitous end-product and sum-product of a hundred and one extra-subjective occurrences, adventures and phenomena that have figured in his life. A man's immediate philosophy thus has infinitely less relation to cold intellect and shrewd penetration than to how much money he happens to have in the bank, how thin his hair is on top, how biologically spry he is when he wakes up in the morning, how much he has swindled his partner out of or vice versa, how his last girl has treated him, and how much genuine Piesporter he has left in his cellar.

There may be, true enough, men whose philosophical attitudes toward the world are removed from such things, whose doctrines and views are direct descendants of the cerebral centres, uncontaminated by the passing humors and megrims of life or by personal triumphs and despairs. But they are surely few and far between. Even the worldly philosophy of the greatest of our rationalists has doubtless been conditioned much more than we suspect by extra-metaphysical eventualities. To penetrate to the genesis of the divers philosophies of these presumably august and secluded fellows, we should, as I have pointed out in the past, first ferret out their immediate state and condition of life, mind, health, heart and finance at the time when they conceived and recorded their contributions to the wisdom of the world. What, in other words, were the provoking causes, the psychological bricks, the personal influences that figured in the rearing of their attitudes toward the cosmos? For example, what was Nietzsche's blood pressure and how hard was his tailor pressing him when he wrote "Human All-Too-Human"? What had Schopenhauer's pet chambermaid, Gusti, just done to him when he sat down to his essay on women? What—I have often speculated—was the exact relationship of John Stuart Mill and his wife at the time he composed his cele-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brated paper on the subjection of the female of the species? What did Spencer eat and drink, and did his physician compel him to wear flannel underwear, and, if so, did it tickle? What—as I have asked a thousand times, with no satisfactory answer forthcoming—did Darwin's mother-in-law look like at the time he first thought of his theory of evolution?

The generality of men, indeed, great and small, are not so much the fathers of their worldly philosophy as the children. Their attitude toward life and their fellow men is not born in them; it is thrust upon them. If a man hasn't a cent in the world one day and suddenly comes into twenty thousand dollars the next, he is not the same man, and his philosophy is not the same philosophy. If a man's wife runs away with the family osteopath at five-fifteen one afternoon, the man's five-ten philosophical attitude toward the globe we inhabit is as dead as a wet tennis ball. Man in the mass derives his view of the world from what the world does to him. His mind is not a free agent, but one in thrall to a thousand external happenings. Cleopatra's nose changed the history of the world no more than a defective sinus frequently changes the history of men's attitudes toward the world. If Walt Whitman had owned an extra pair of pants he would have been a royalist.

The Canonization of Distance.—Picture time turned hind end foremost, and the world with it. Picture then a Buddha born not at the foot of the Nepalese Himalayas but at No. 4 Wu Wu Street, Pekin, a Mohammed born not at Mecca but in a boarding-house near the railroad station in Constantinople, a Christ born not in Bethlehem, Palestine, but in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a Moses getting his message on one of the Catskill mountains. How many churches, thus unsupported by the mystery and romance of distance, would not be promptly converted into "Dreamland" dance halls and moving picture theatres?

Fragment Found in a Bottle Floating in the Gowanus Canal.—A man begins to grow definitely old on that day when first he begins to admire old-fashioned girls.

Philological Note.—The term *bootlegger* begins to wear out. A vague flavor of unpleasantness hangs about it. It suggests, not the gallant fellows of the Rum Fleet nor even the elegant illicit wine-merchants of the great cities, but the vulgar pedlars who hawk moonshine among the peasantry. A nobler word is needed—and the example of *mortician* shows the way to it. I propose *bootician* and have done.

Criticism.—In the fact that there has never been a first-rate artist who has recognized his best work as his best work lies one of the *raisons d'être* of criticism. Criticism has taught and encouraged first-rate artists their first-rateness, as it has taught and discouraged tenth-rate artists their tenth-rateness.

The Cow and the Moon.—Motoring through the country a short time ago, I saw a cow gazing amorously at the bull on a Bull Durham billboard. In that cow's eyes lay, as I have never seen it so illuminatingly expressed, the philosophy of the futility of most men's earthly longings, ambitions and dreams.

L'Homme et la Femme.—A man changes every seven years of his life. A woman changes but once in her life.

Birth Control.—The estimable ladies who advocate this latest sure cure for all the sorrows of the world have my name on their mailing-list, and I receive all sorts of eloquent literature from them. The more diligently I read it, the more I am convinced that their crusade is a vain and foolish thing, signifying nothing. At the moment they are trying desperately to bring about the repeal of the idiotic laws which make it a crime to transmit information about contraceptives. Suppose they

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succeed: how much difference will it make? So far as I can determine, it will make none at all. For the plain truth is that no absolutely reliable contraceptive, whether chemical or mechanical, is now known to science, and that nine-tenths of those with any merit at all are already known to all women who can read and write, or who have enough English to consult the corner druggist. If it be a fact, as these earnest ladies say, that it is now unlawful to ship contraceptive devices in interstate commerce, then the law is almost as dead a letter as the Volstead Act. Practically every drugstore in the land sells such devices, and many of them, under very thin subterfuges, are widely advertised. Most of them, of course, do not work. But neither do the devices advocated so passionately by Dr. Marie Stopes and other such uplifters. Every such device, to be sure, works at times, just as every dry congressman gets sober at times. But one failure every two years is enough to keep the subways crowded, and plenty of conscripts ready for the next great moral crusade.

Thus the remedy of the birth controllers is really no remedy at all. Nor is the disease they propose to cure as bad as they make it out. If one credited their literature, one would come to the belief that *Homo americanus* was in a state of rapid and lamentable degeneration—that defectives were increasing among us at the rate of 100% a year, and that the upper classes were quite sterile. Everyone must know that this is not true. Most individuals whose aberrations take on an anti-social virulence are already sterile; this is particularly true of criminals and prostitutes. The downright subnormal cannot be sterilized by legalizing birth control; they must be fetched in some other way, if they are actually fetchable at all. There remains the great class of virtuous poor folk. Sometimes, alas, they have more children than they can conveniently rear. But what reason is there for believing that, taking one with another, they don't want these children? And what reason is there for believing that these children are of bad stock?

The birth control ladies, in answer to the first question, print various letters, all anonymous, from poor women who allege that they are tired of child-bearing, and long for surcease. Granted. But the fact that they weary at last of that ancient art and mystery is surely no proof that their continued practise of it is insalubrious to the common weal. On the contrary, it may be very salubrious, for the sort of woman who can bear eight or ten children, whether willingly or unwillingly, is obviously of good stock, and even if the business wrecks her own life she has appreciably improved the general heritage of the race. Nature has no pruderies, and no sentimentalities. It prefers to breed from the mothers who are best fitted to breed. I do not mean, of course, best fitted economically; I mean best fitted biologically. The economic status of an individual or of a family is always transient; its biological virtue remains constant. The children of a poor mother of nine may have hard sledding in infancy, but fifty years later they may all be rich. And not only rich, but full of wisdom. What reason, indeed, is there for believing that rich mothers produce better offspring, biologically speaking, than poor ones? I can find none; common experience points the other way. Rich mothers protect and bring up their defective offspring, and so curse the world with them later on. Poor mothers must let them die.

But it may be argued that the experience of the world is against my contention—that not only is the death-rate among the children of poor mothers higher than the general average (a very good thing), but that the ratio of incompetents among them is also higher. Well, suppose it is? When uplifters talk of incompetents, they always mean persons incompetent to write poetry or practise as surgeons. But isn't there plenty of room for these so-called incompetents further down the scale? And isn't the demand for them down there always

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater than the demand for Whitmans and Billroths further up? I believe it is. I believe, furthermore, that it is going to be increasingly sharp in the Republic hereafter, for as we gradually shut off the stream of immigration we must breed our hewers of wood and drawers of water at home, or go without them altogether. A true patriot today, indeed, would promote and not hinder the multiplication of the lower orders, for if they do not multiply then there will be insufficient coal miners, ashmen and curve-greasers in the next generation, and the whole economic structure of the country will go to pot. Such humble fellows are not appetizing, perhaps, but they are very necessary—far more necessary, in fact, than artists and scientists, at least in a capitalistic state. If all the conductors of symphony orchestras in the United States were hanged tomorrow, nine tenths of the American people would scarcely hear of it, and not 10,000 of them would be seriously incommoded. But if all the railway flagmen or cow-milkers or janitors were hanged, the whole country would be paralyzed, and the superb edifice erected by the Fathers would smash to ruin.

The birth controllers, like their brethern, the eugenists, always greatly exaggerate the demand for what they call superior men. They seem to believe that so many head of such fauna are needed in every generation—that if the production falls below a certain point there will be disaster. I am unable to follow this reasoning. The United States, I believe, is already producing far more "superior" men than it can utilize. The country has been rich for two generations; its people have been able, in very large numbers, to bring up their children in ease and to educate them in the grand manner. Just as every police sergeant tries to turn at least one of his sons into a priest, so every yokel dreams of seeing one of his sons a professor. The result is a gross and dangerous overproduction of socially useless men. Many of them, I daresay, are genuinely learned, but there is no sufficient public demand for their learning. So they try to force it upon the community—and we have the spectacle of the higher education turned into a cheap and vulgar thing, accessible to any moron. The country would be vastly better off, I believe, if half of its *Gelehrten* were returned to the paternal plow. And if the female section were restored unanimously to the kitchen and nursery. Enough would remain to carry on every variety of true and useful learning—up to the limit permitted by the national conscience. Enough would remain to produce a full national share of Shakespeares and Galileos—if the blood of Shakespeares and Galileos is actually in the national stock.

Altruism.—Altruism is the highest flowering of selfishness. In the heart of the greatest altruist one will always find the largest mirror. The history of altruism is a long series of self-engraved, adulatory epitaphs.

The Minority.—Let us not overlook the fact, too, that all millionaires are members of the hated and much criticized minority.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HEIRS OF BOLÍVAR

BY ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

EVEN though Simón Bolívar, the South American *Libertador*, has a statue of heroic size in the midst of New York's millions, neither they nor the other hundred millions of Americans living elsewhere seem to be aware of the man's full significance. Yet he was probably the greatest all-round genius that the New World has so far produced: a warrior and a statesman; a man of letters no less than a man of the sword; an orator and an athlete; always the gallant gentleman, whether fighting in the most sanguinary war of his time or surrounded by belles in the French salons of the Directoire. History has not succeeded in freezing into marble impassivity his feverish, restless soul, and across the expanse of a century one may still approach him with a throbbing heart.

The Latin-American muse has spent itself singing his praises. The Ecuadorian Olmedo made of him a Greek hero in verses that strike a truly epic note; Montalvo let loose for him the full orchestra of his prose, and even the cool-headed Rodó sculptured his traits into a noble effigy worthy of Plutarch's gallery. In foreign lands, in his own time, his fame was bright enough to shine under the Napoleonic sun; Byron admired him so fervently that he named his yacht *Bolívar;* the Kings of England and France urged him to become their "dear cousin" by enthroning himself; Washington's widow sent him, by Lafayette, a relic of one he was clearly entitled to call his brother in arms.

There was in his personality a vast glamor, a heroic vehemence, a frenzied abandon. What made his greatness was his possession to an immense degree of that vital impulse to self-expression which carries certain elected men beyond the conventions of their time and place. A mere dreamer would never have achieved the military feats that he was able to accomplish, fighting with a handful of recruits, armed with obsolete weapons, against the seasoned regiments of the Royalists. His political program was drafted on the same grandiose and audacious scale. To conceive the reach of his ambition it is sufficient to recall that, after having covered in fifteen years of ceaseless warfare a territory fully as broad as the United States, from Venezuela down to Bolivia, he planned to conduct an expedition to free Cuba and Porto Rico, and then to take his army half way around the world to the Philippines; nay, more, to invade Spain itself and save its people from their king!

Born in Carácas in 1783, an orphan from childhood, of rich and influential family, he showed from the beginning a dominant intelligence and character. He grew up in the home of one of his relatives, under the guidance of a half-cracked disciple of Rousseau, one Don Simón Rodriguez. Bolívar's forefathers had come to Venezuela from the Basque province of Spain; their ancestral manor still stands today in a picturesque village bearing their name by the Ondaorra rivulet, close to the Pyrenees. To Spain he went, as a youth, to visit the meadow and the mill, and in Spain he became engaged and married. Before he was nineteen years old he was a widower, and had returned to Venezuela "to become perhaps mayor of the town of San Mateo for life." But soon he was back

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Europe, and this time he met Alexander von Humboldt in Paris. The great naturalist was just back from his memorable six years' expedition through the South American jungle, and Bolívar, like many another, first learned from him the colossal possibilities of the Spanish colonies. Ambitions were stirred in the young creole by the tales of the explorer. "What a glorious task—that of setting South America free!" cried Bolívar. "Glorious indeed," rejoined Humboldt, "but I can't conceive of a man capable of accomplishing it!"

Thus the spark was lighted, not to die for twenty years. From Paris on to Rome Bolívar went with his inseparable Rodriguez, and now with a volume of Tacitus in his pocket. There he wandered among the scenes "where the dust of spent generations lies mixed with the debris of empires." In his thought there was fermenting the challenge dropped in the conversation with Humboldt. One day, standing upon the Aventine Hill, with Rome filling the panorama, he gave vent to the new passion growing within him, and gathering to himself the shadows of the ancient conquerors and legislators of the Imperial City, swore by their names not to give himself respite until the New World should be free. That was in 1805; Bolívar was then just twenty-two years old.

To him the past, and the Roman past above all, was a living thing. Through the writings of Montesquieu he had glimpses of an orderly state, "where the people are the only sovereigns" and where their will is expressed by an assembly of representatives. At the end of his career he was able to set up a republic built upon this ideal of the ancient democracies. Bolivia, the nation called after him, was given a constitution in which to the three well-known branches of the government was added a Court of Censors, the real arbiters between a President elected for life and a House of Tribuni whose principal function lay in the apportionment of taxes. But for him the state was the supreme master, and the citizen should always be ready to lay down his life for his country, to give even his last possession when needed for the common weal.

Over and above this civic preoccupation, a truly great conception was paramount in his mind: that of the unity of all America of Spanish origin. He set himself against the federal plan of administration and became the champion of a larger nationality —practically a South American League of Nations. The Federation of Greater Colombia was his first step; the expedition to Peru and Bolivia was the second to that end. In convening the Panama Congress of 1826, made up of the representatives of ten of the young republics, he suggested a broad plan of coöperation. And in many other ways, as by financing the expedition to the Island of Chiloé, through which the Chilean soil was definitively rid of Spanish soldiers, and by formally inviting the government at Buenos Aires to form an alliance of all the nations of America, he enunciated a political doctrine which still lies years ahead of anything visible in Latin America today.

II

In 1920 the government of Venezuela presented to the city of New York the statue of Bolívar now standing in Central Park. The Venezuelan colony went *en masse*, of course, to the inaugural ceremonies, but, curiously enough, its members were not to be seen in the grand-stand where Federal and local officials sat by the side of international merchants and New York society folk. The reason for this was simply that the Venezuelans living in New York were and are, in the majority, political deportees of that very government which was presenting the city with the statue of the foremost champion of freedom in Latin America. They were there to welcome to this land of refuge the image of the man who, like themselves, was a victim of tyrants and who died virtually ostracised by his countrymen. Maybe they wanted to give themselves the bitter satisfaction of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

witnessing at their expense a comedy in which the official representatives of the Czar of Venezuela was to sing the praise of liberty and democracy!

Again, a short time ago President Gomez of Venezuela was appealed to by his colleague, President Leguia of Peru, to lend the honor of his presence to the festivities marking the centenary of Ayacucho, Bolívar's crowning battle in his crusade for freedom. Gomez was to meet in Lima another worthy colleague in the person of President Saavedra of Bolivia, and the three dictators, together with the representatives of Colombia and Ecuador, were to stand together in the field of Ayacucho to pay homage to the founders of that Greater Colombia of which their five nations are now the remains. Another President of Venezuela, the late Cipriano Castro, lost his post to Gomez through a fateful trip to Europe. Castro left Gomez, then Vice-President, acting for him, ostensibly for a few weeks only, but never again in this life was he able to set foot in Venezuela. He died last year in the West Indies, where he cursed his faithless protégé with his last breath. Gomez, who is an Indian to the marrow, has kept intact the cunning of his race, together with its clannish spirit. He never trusts any of his friends, but as a compensation he is amply provided with relatives. Napoleon in all his glory did not work more diligently to accommodate that famished Corsican clan of his. Fourteen years after his accidental rise to the presidency of a country from whose constitution Bolívar wisely barred reëlection, Gomez appears surrounded by this model family group:

Juan Crisóstomo Gomez, a brother, first Vice-President. (Mysteriously murdered a short time ago); José V. Gomez, a son, second Vice-President; Eustaquio Gomez, a cousin, president (governor) of the State of Táchira; Santos M. Gomez, another cousin, president of the State of Zulia; Aparicio Gomez, a brother, chief of frontier; Evaristo Gomez, a cousin, commander of the army in Táchira; F. A. Martinez-Mendez, a brother-in-law, president of the State of Aragua; Carlos Delfino, a son-in-law, vice-president of the State of Carabobo; Ignacio Andrade, a son-in-law, vice-president of the State of Aragua; Ventura J. Cárdenas, a brother-in-law, president of the State of Esparta; F. Colmenares-Pacheco, a brother-in-law, vice-president of the State of Bolivar.

By doubling up military ranks—as, for instance, in the case of his son, who beside being Vice-President of the republic, is inspector general of the Federal army—Gomez has safely put the country in the hands of a harmonious official family. What if the rest of the Venezuelans are outcasts on foreign soil, eating the spare crust of exile, or gone mad or consumptive in the dungeons of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello? What if the head of the health department of Carácas declares in an official report that the country's general mortality, and infant mortality especially, are the heaviest in the world? Care is taken by a certain Dr. Requena, in the service of the government, that all people dying in irons with the two-hundred pound shackle attached to them are given clean certificates of natural death!

III

To the south of Venezuela, President Leguia of Peru keeps open another death resort on the barren islands of Lake Titicaca, among the recesses of the Andes. Leguia has less faith than Gomez in the eliminative virtues of prison walls, and so he has also attempted to solve the problem of governing without opposition by taking recourse to the system of wholesale deportation. Not long ago one of his shipments of political opponents, intended for the colonization of Australia, mutinied on the high seas and landed in Central America. Other less fortunate politicians are sent to Taquila Island, thirteen thousand feet above sea level, a dreary, cold, sterile islet, and there are left to starve—or to commit suicide by attempting to swim the lake.

Leguia is not, like Gomez, an ignorant Indian, but a college man of European blood who was once before President of Peru, more than ten years ago. An impatient rival cut short his first term by seiz-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing him and, in accordance with an old habit in Peruvian politics, throwing him into the Panóptico, which only means, in a less dignified language, the city jail. Leguia returned to politics a wiser man, and at the end of the term of his successor, President Pardo, started a military raid against him, put him on board a ship, and elected himself to the presidency.

Two months before the centenary celebration of Ayacucho, Leguia proceeded to secure his reëlection by speeding up the deportation business against all possible nuisances, thus obtaining a clean majority at the polls of over half a million votes. To be exact, 523,965 votes were cast for him and five hundred-odd for all of his opponents. Bolívar had no such majority when proclaimed Supreme Director of Peru. Still more glaring appears the amateurishness of the *Libertador* when it comes to dealing with the press. In a curious essay presented by Bolívar to the Congress at Angostura, he wrote: "The Chamber of Ethics deals with the moral sanctions of the Republic; it punishes vice with opprobrium and rewards public virtues with honors and glory. The public press shall be the mouthpiece of its decisions." Not so for Leguia. When the newspaper, *La Prensa* of Lima, the most influential organ of the opposition, refused to do his bidding, he simply ordered the plant seized, and from the next day on, a few changes in the personnel made it possible to make *La Prensa* praise all it had condemned until the day before.

The same hands that transform a newspaper from night to morn close the National University, the illustrious College of San Marcos, senior by a century to Harvard and the most ancient American institution of learning. In the meantime, Leguia has established with President Saavedra of Bolivia an effective political alliance, by means of which they agree to keep watch on the deportees they send to each other. Rejecting, like the United States, the policy by which the right of asylum is sacred to political exiles, the governments of Peru and Bolivia concert with each other to haunt their unhappy guests, shadowing their every act.

The story of Juan Bautista Saavedra, the present master of Bolivia, is no different from that of Gomez. Treachery was also his chance. Saavedra was one of the many who sought relief from the rule of an unfitted President in 1923. Being given command of the revolutionary force, to which foreign mercenaries were attached, he turned it against his fellow-conspirators, appointed a Congress of subordinates and friends, and had himself formally elected President of Bolivia.

Were Bolívar to open again his eagle eye and cast it over the South America of today, what would he see? An illiterate Nero ruling out liberty and culture from the country of his birth, Venezuela; another dictator of a more subtle type, just inaugurated for another term, in Peru, the country where he ended his spectacular, hard-won campaign for freedom; and Bolivia, the country founded by his lieutenant Sucre and given the *Libertador's* name, reduced to double servitude to the army and the church. All this, alas, he predicted in his despairing prophetic mood toward the end of his life. But he clung to the last to at least one illusion, for he wrote: "I see that Chile is destined by the nature of its environment, by the honest habits of its people, by the example of its hardy neighbors, the Araucanians, to enjoy the blessings which the just laws of a republic carry with them."

Poor Bolívar! Even this illusion he must discard now among the shades, for a military clique has swept away the century-old tradition of the stability of constitutional institutions in Chile. With the President at the mercy of the military, Congress dismissed, and the press under censorship, Chile can bid good-by for a long, long time to civil liberties and democratic freedom. To oust the military from the councils of the government and the best seats at the feeding counter will be a task of generations, perhaps.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Alessandri was elected in 1920 by a popular majority on a platform of internal reforms and international adjustments. The scion of an aristocratic family, himself an attorney for big interests and for twenty years a free-lance in politics, Alessandri at last seized his opportunity by identifying himself with popular demands for economic and constitutional reforms, and with the, up to then, inarticulate desire to put an end to the old boundary quarrel with Peru. Among the most cherished aspirations of the Chilean people was that of stopping the squandering of the national income, and since the army and navy in Chile use up about one half of that money, Alessandri readily saw that by patching up international differences Chile could be in a position to slow up in the matter of armaments and recruiting, thus leaving a wider margin for economic improvements. This of course meant the surrender of fat cows by the military, the army and navy purveyors, and the ammunition agents.

Alessandri had inherited from the old régime a Congress vitiated by every conceivable form of patronage and lobbyism. In the Senate the land-owners and mortgage bankers were entrenched behind obsolete rules and kept up a guerrilla warfare of intrigue and obstructionism. The favorite pastime of Chilean politicians for the last thirty years, since they succeeded in ousting the progressive President Balmaceda, has been a sort of political nine-pins, by means of which they could worry the President by throwing down his Cabinet with the simple stroke of a no-confidence motion in Parliament. In this way the Chilean Senate fought to a stand-still President Alessandri's reforms, such as his Income Tax Law, his Workingmen's Compensation Act, and his Employés' Fund, all old in Europe and the United States.

In Chile, as everywhere, the men who have the money are very reluctant to contribute by direct taxation to the necessary expenses of the administration. While the Stock Exchange in Santiago and Valparaiso was indulging in a very orgy of gambling, the government was forced to open shelters for the unemployed from the nitrate fields; but of course the rich insisted that taxes should come only from custom duties on the necessities of life. With peculiar blindness, the representatives of the privileged classes refused to see in Alessandri their real ally, one who was taking the edge out of popular resentment by conceding a minimum of the populace's just claims.

At this juncture the old lords of the wealthy classes saw their opportunity. They had kept out of the front rank of Chilean politics for several years. Liberals and Conservatives alike had refused to collaborate with the new government, as they knew by experience that Alessandri could be more easily destroyed by letting him alone, to be eaten up by his own followers. Four years of dodging on the part of the more influential and practical politicians brought the expected loss of prestige to Alessandri and eventually caused his painless dismissal.

With that simian, imitative tendency so common in politics all over the world, a movement began to shape itself among the Chilean military, on the pattern of the Italian and Spanish revolutions, for the purpose of intervening actively in the affairs of the country and substituting a strong government for the loose civil régime. But the Chilean military movement has had from its inception characteristics of its own, in that its ostensible leaders are the youngest officers of the army and navy. The dog appears to complacently let himself be wagged by the tail, but whether this is more than an optical illusion remains to be seen.

Well-intentioned in the majority, perhaps tinctured with a faint shade of socialistic ideology by their civilian teachers at the military and naval academies, the lieutenants and captains of the army and navy had met for some time past in secret councils whose apparent purpose was to work for the improvement of their salary

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—in short, to lobby for self advancement. At the same time they declared themselves in sympathy with Alessandri's program of social reforms. Behind them, however, were the cunning old politicians of the opposition parties, and the day when Congress passed a measure by which the congressmen treated themselves to a liberal parliamentary stipend, the young officers were stirred to action by their hidden friends.

It was a matter of a walk to La Moneda, the executive mansion. On September 7, 1924, Alessandri was served with an ultimatum by a committee of the lieutenants and captains, in which they asked for the veto of the parliamentary salary measure. Alessandri vetoed it. Yet they were not satisfied. Instead, they walked over to Parliament (apparently while generals and admirals trembled and wondered) and asked that their own raise be conceded, together with other long-pending legislation, which Congress humbly, abjectly, hurried to do. But still it was not enough. The forces lurking behind insisted on the elimination of Alessandri, and since Congress had been newly elected with a substantial majority for the government, they asked for its dismissal too.

A military junta was then set up, with two generals and one admiral at its head. The rough part of the work was done, and it was time for the older men to step in. But, as was bound to happen, soon the young military politicians learned that they had been used merely to pull chestnuts out of the fire, and that the old clique, no longer afraid of being intimidated by the angry cries of the populace before the parliamentary building, was again ready to harvest the benefits of a "safe" government. When, the first week in January, the conservative league, the Union Nacional, elected as candidate for the presidency of the Republic Senator Errázuriz, the very embodiment of militant reaction, the youngsters of the army seemed to have opened their eyes, and with their usual impressionability, gave a right-about-face, walked again to La Moneda and ousted their triumvirate. In the same breadth they ate their words of threat to Alessandri, and contritely called him back from Europe, a call which the President decided to heed. Whether the military régime will be a mere episode in Chilean politics, or whether the young army element will acquire the habit of taking a walk to the Executive Mansion whenever they feel displeased or disappointed, that only the future can tell.

IV

Bolívar's dark forebodings in his letter from Jamaica, and his cry of despair for the future of democratic government in his America, have become the crude realities of today. Just as the Christ who befriended thieves and prostitutes would have no place in any Christian church of our time, so the liberator of South America would be in our day an undesirable, a public nuisance in the republics he created out of the very substance of his spirit. Bespectacled pedants shrug their shoulders over his project of a league of Latin-American nations to meet in Panama, which he predicted was to be the metropolis of the world, "once interoceanic routes are dug at the Isthmus." His genius planned on a scale far grander than his contemporaries and successors could ever grasp. We now see his great conception of a federation of republics gone to pieces. Isolation and suspicion reign instead, and the instinctive methods of tyranny, keeping each country walled from its neighbors. Over all there sounds with a pathetic ring of prophecy that far-off cry Bolívar often repeated in his retreat of Santa Marta, stalking to his own end: "Have I sown the sea?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Government

THE NEW IMMIGRATION LAW

By J. G. Wilson

It is not the quota limitation itself which makes the new Immigration Act so cruel, but rather the provisions for making the individual selections from the quotas. Some of these provisions are hang-overs from old unrepealed immigration laws, and some are snakes and pink elephants which belong to the last attack of immigration restriction delirium tremens. An opiate, introduced ostensibly to reduce suffering to the minimum, is the provision that all immigrants, both quota and non-quota (except returning aliens who have provided themselves with permits to return to the United States before their departure therefrom), must obtain the permission of a United States consul, stationed in their district, before proceeding to America. The original advocates of this provision supposed that it would be drawn in such a way that once the consul had passed favorably on the alien's eligibility, his permission to land in the United States would be virtually assured. But as finally passed it contained no such milk of human kindness. The way the matter now stands, getting the consular visa is simply the first gauntlet the immigrant has to run,—and running it successfully means only that he has permission to try to get by the other torture posts which mark the line from Europe to Battery Park.

Making due allowance for slight differences of detail in the different districts, the consular gamut is substantially as follows:

> The person desiring to emigrate to the United States makes written application to the consul in the district where he resides. The consul replies, giving him a number and setting a day on which he is to appear in person, and instructing him to bring with him certain documents, such as police records, birth certificate, evidence of nationality, his photograph and such other data as may be necessary to determine his status and eligibility. When the applicant appears with the data the consul makes a careful inquiry into the whole matter, viewing it from the standpoint of the alien's desirability and eligibility. If satisfied on these points, he instructs him to go to a certain designated physician for an examination as to his mental and physical fitness. The applicant goes as instructed, the examination is made, and he receives in a sealed envelope the doctor's certificate, which he takes back with him to the consul. If the certificate convinces this official that the applicant is not liable to deportation for medical reasons, he attaches it to the other papers and issues the visa, and—that ends it so far as the consul is concerned.

But by no means so far as the applicant is concerned. He must now try to persuade the steamship company to sell him a ticket. These companies have had longer practical experience with the operation of the immigration laws than the consuls, and visa or no visa, they will take no chance on accepting a person for passage whom they believe is likely to be deported. For if this happens they not only have to bear the expense of the immigrant's trip home, but are also liable to a fine ranging from $250 to $1000. So now the doctors employed by the lines give the prospective emigrant another examination and it frequently happens that they refuse him, even though he has been accepted by the consul.

The consular doctors are honest and make their examinations as carefully as possible. The difficulty lies in the fact that in most instances they are only imperfectly informed of the particular kind of defect that renders deportation, at the moment, most likely. Thus their certificates frequently fail to state all the facts that should be before the consul to enable him to make a correct decision. It takes some

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time to realize that a good life insurance risk is not necessarily physically and mentally eligible to enter the United States. In the course of time all of them will undoubtedly learn that a foreign-born moron, however fit physically, may under *no circumstances* be permitted to augment our native-born moron population, and that myopia in a highly intelligent man may be the determining factor in the consideration of the question as to whether he should be deported as one liable to become a public charge.

Even when the physician understands the law perfectly, there still remains the fact that it takes many years of experience either as an employé of a passenger carrying steamship line or at an American immigration station to make even a guess as to what action the immigration authorities will take in the case of an alien certified for a physical defect that does not necessarily and irrevocably exclude him. The action of the authorities is as nearly uniform as possible, but the modifying or mitigating factors are so numerous that it takes long practice before one is able to understand why it is likely that one man with a given physical defect will be admitted while another with the identical defect will be deported. Neither the consul nor the official examining physician has had this practice. Hence it happens that the steamship companies pay but little attention to the fact that an alien has been medically examined and passed by the consulate's physician unless that physician is also employed by their own or some other line. Even if the physician examining for the steamship company turns the applicant down he still has his visa, and can peddle himself around among other companies in the hope that he will find one that will take a chance on him.

But this is rather a forlorn hope, because by the time he has found such a company, and consumed time in making the new financial arrangements which his delayed departure usually necessitates, the four months' time limit on his visa will in all probability have expired. This means that he loses his turn entirely for the year, and incidentally that his country's yearly quota is diminished by one, for the law does not permit any one else to take the place of an immigrant who, after receiving his consular visa, fails to avail himself of the privilege of trying to enter the United States, whether owing to his own fault or otherwise. The term "trying to enter" is used advisedly, because, even though the consul passes him and the steamship company accepts him, the Ellis Island authorities do not relax one particle of their vigilance. Congress has distinctly charged them with the duty of enforcing the law, and the new Immigration Act did not take away one jot or tittle of their old prerogatives and functions. In fact, the law clearly says that "nothing in this act shall be construed to entitle an immigrant to whom an immigration visa has been issued, to enter the United States if, upon arrival in the United States, he is found to be inadmissible to the United States under the immigration laws." So the Ellis Island doctors and immigration inspectors pick up what the consulates miss. The number of such cases is by no means negligible, and many of them are pathetic illustrations of the viciousness of the system.

First, of course, come the diseases which manifest themselves for the first time after the immigrant has embarked. Notably among them are the venereal diseases. Then come the cases wherein there has been an honest difference of opinion. The consul, weighing all the evidence at his disposal, decides that the physical defect of the immigrant does not warrant the withholding of a visa, but the reviewing authorities at Ellis Island think differently, and the immigrant is the sufferer. Lastly come those cases where the alien is deported for a condition either overlooked by the consulate's doctor or believed by him to be so trivial that it was not worth noting. These cases are, from their very nature, impossible to eliminate entirely. Human judgment is not infallible

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the best doctors will sometimes disagree. In any event the immigrant suffers.

The State Department takes a whack at him before he goes to buy his ticket; the steamship company's doctors hammer and thump him before they sell it to him; and then Ellis Island strips his soul for moral turpitude and hidden diseases. This final examination operates to create a healthy rivalry between the consuls and the Immigration Service. The latter, which is under the Department of Labor, naturally exercises its prerogative to pass in critical review the work of the consuls, who are under another and entirely unrelated government department, and these in their turn just as naturally desire that they shall not be caught napping or wanting in efficiency. Hence there is a perfectly legitimate tendency on their part to take no chances. This means that the desires and circumstances of the alien get less and less consideration, and the lines grow tighter and tighter. Here are some legally possible cases:

1. An American girl who married a German before the Cable Act relative to the citizenship of married women went into effect accompanies her husband to Germany, taking her two children, born in the United States, with her. In Germany her husband deserts her. She has no money. She desires to return to America, where her whole family on both sides have been American citizens since the year 1798. They are now poor, but they are willing to receive her. She gets the visa required of emigrants (she is now a German subject by virtue of her marriage) and returns to the United States with her two children. On arrival at Ellis Island the children are admitted at once. They are American citizens and cannot be kept out. Her own case is held in abeyance pending the receipt of word from her father that he will take her home. The immigration authorities may believe that she is liable to become a public charge, but if the necessary affidavits are filed the legal technicalities will be met. The case is exceptionally meritorious and there is no desire on the part of any of them to be more cruel than the law requires. While waiting for the necessary papers she develops a heavy cold, is taken to the hospital, and in the course of routine examination is found to have tubercle bacilli in her sputum. The doctors therefore have no recourse except to certify her as suffering from tuberculosis, and as this is a disease which makes exclusion mandatory there are no legal steps which can be taken to secure her admission. If she is deported, what will happen to her on her return to Germany? And how about her children?

2. A man now fifty years old was taken by his parents to America when he was four years old. He knows that his father always voted at elections and he naturally supposes that he had taken out citizenship papers, and that he himself had therefore automatically acquired American citizenship. His father is now dead and there are no papers of any kind to establish his citizenship. The man suddenly finds it necessary to make a business trip to Europe and applies for a passport. Unable to establish his citizenship the State Department has no recourse save to advise him to apply to the Commissioner General of Immigration for the permit the law provides for resident aliens who intend to leave the United States temporarily. Armed with this, he goes to Europe, transacts his business, takes ship back to America, —and on the return voyage develops an attack of mania. He is mad as a hatter when he reaches Ellis Island, and insanity in any form is anathema. What will be done with him? Under the law what can be done save deport him?

3. The pregnant wife of a foreigner who has made a formal declaration of his intention to become an American citizen, domiciled three years in the United States, returns to Europe to visit her family. While there the baby is born. The labor is long and complicated, with the result that the child has sustained an intra-cerebral hemorrhage. It is a sickly infant and the mother delays her return as long as possible in the hope that it will get better. It is a year old before she finally decides to take a chance on returning. The doctors examining for the consulate have no doubt about the mental status of this baby. They tell the plain truth and certify it as feeble-minded. The consul sees the certificate, and, knowing that the infant is inadmissible under the law, naturally refuses the visa. What can the woman do? Can she simply stay in Europe another year? At the expiration of that time her husband will have completed the five years' continuous residence required by the Naturalization Act and can then become a fullfledged American citizen. And one certainly cannot keep out the children of American citizens! But that is not the answer at all. Her child is foreign-born—born of parents who were foreigners at the time of its birth—and is seeking admission to the United States the first time, and therefore has no more rights under the law than it would have if the whole family were making their first effort to enter.

4. A large family, having many relatives settled on farms in the United States, decide to sell their property and start life anew over here. They have been assured that as skilled agriculturists they will fall in the preferred classes, but having known many instances where physical defects have at the last moment prevented the issuance of the consular visas, they wisely decide not to sell their homestead until these precious documents are actually in their possession. Fortunately, they all succeed in passing the requirements and obtain their visas. But now the man who had agreed to buy their property changes his mind and they face the necessity of hunting a new buyer and closing up their affairs before the expiration of the time limit on their visas. This they find impossible, so the father of the family remains behind to conclude the business. After

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five months he is successful. But now he must wait till the beginning of the new fiscal year, because, having failed to avail himself of the privilege to emigrate within four months after receiving permission, he automatically lost his chance. When he finally lands at Ellis Island, ten months or a year later, he is beginning to show signs of a nervous breakdown; and there is every reason in the world to justify a certificate of "mental defect," or "psychopathic constitutional inferiority." Hence he is excludable under the law; and although his wife and children are now comfortably located, and every dictate of reason and humanity calls for his admission, there is no help for it. He must return to the land of his fathers. If his family return with him they lose every material advantage that the change has brought them. If he returns alone his chances of complete recovery are practically nil.

5. Six years ago a German family emigrated to America, leaving behind with relatives a fifteen-year-old son who was studying to be an electrician. Arriving in the United States the father opened an electrical repair shop in Chicago. The business has prospered and he desires his son, who is now twenty-one years old, to join him. The boy has completed his technical education and will be an asset to his father's business and better his own position. He applies for a visa. The consul notes that the medical certificate states that he has varicose veins of the legs, which, considered from a purely medical standpoint, are properly certifiable as affecting his ability to earn a living. But hearing the young man's story and being convinced that the chance of his ever becoming a public charge are exceedingly remote, he quite properly feels that he should at least be given a chance, and accordingly grants him the visa—but the steamship company has just finished paying fines on account of a round half dozen deportees who had been certified at Ellis Island for varicose veins, and so it is not disposed to run any further risks. Consequently, the boy never actually gets the opportunity to find out whether he is or is not eligible to enter.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Enough has been said to show that even though the new law may reduce the total number of deportations its provisions inevitably intensify the cruelty of those which are made, and also unintentionally operate to prevent many a perfectly eligible immigrant from getting a chance to prove his eligibility.

We wanted a selective immigration law and we got it. First we selected the nations which we thought were capable of amalgamation—which is an indirect way of saying, fit to associate with us; and now we select the individuals. The first selection, with its 2 per cent quota provision, is strongly reminiscent of the ½ of 1 per cent alcohol limit of the Volstead Act, and is probably equally unenforceable. But the provisions for the selection of individuals *are* enforceable, and if they are unnecessarily cruel it should be remembered that the fault does not lie with any of the governmental agencies that operate the sorting machinery. They are no more to blame for the dirty work than is the warden of Sing Sing when he pushes the button that sends some poor murderer's soul to hell.

Medicine

HEART DISEASE

By James A. Tobey

A generation ago tuberculosis was the captain of the men of death in this country. Today heart disease is. For two decades or more the prevalence and mortality from tuberculosis have been steadily declining. For an equal length of time heart disease has been gradually increasing. The death-rate from the latter caught up with that from the former in 1912 or thereabouts and has been forging ahead ever since. Now tuberculosis, with a mortality of about 99 per 100,000 of population, ranks fifth as a cause of death, being exceeded by kidney disease, cancer, and cerebral hemorrhage and apoplexy, beside heart disease. Organic affections of the heart rank first, with a mortality of about 150 per 100,000.

Twenty years ago a definite national movement was launched against tuberculosis. The constant warfare which has been maintained against it ever since seems to have borne fruit, for the death-rate has been reduced more than half. Competent observers believe that in a few more decades it will cease to be a serious factor in the mortality statistics. The campaign

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against heart disease has only just begun. In fact, the forces are not yet fully mobilized. Last June there was organized at the meeting of the American Medical Association an American Heart Association which, it is hoped, will accomplish against heart diseases what the National Tuberculosis Association has achieved against phthisis. This latter agency now has 1,400 local affiliated societies; the American Heart Association as yet has only half a dozen. The work of the National Tuberculosis Association is not yet done, of course, but the end is in sight. For the American Heart Association the strife is all on the horizon and even the dawn is far away.

The importance of the heart disease problem is shown by the fact that in a recognizable form this malady interferes with the industry, recreation, and comfort of at least two million persons in the United States. Two per cent of all applicants for life insurance are rejected on account of it, four per cent of the men in the draft army were rejected for the same reason, and about one per cent of the children attending the schools in New York City have been found to be suffering from it. Of every thousand persons of industrial age, thirty must reckon with it. Out of some million deaths annually from all causes, almost 140,000, or 13 per cent, are due to it.

Worse, behind every death from heart disease there is a long story of slow torture. It generally means an infection in childhood or early adult life, with a succeeding loss of productive power. Tuberculosis is a matter of years, heart disease of decades, for it is the most chronic of chronic infections. The term infection is used advisedly. Heart disease is not, of course, a communicable disease, like smallpox or typhoid, but an organic one, and it cannot be disseminated from one person to another, but its cause is due in most cases either to rheumatism in childhood or to syphilis in early adult life, and both of these are communicable.

Rheumatic infections, which cause from 50 to 60 per cent of all the cases of heart disease, are due to a germ as yet not positively identified, but conceded to be transmissible. Physicians have found a definite relationship between rheumatism, acute tonsilitis, St. Vitus' Dance, and acute infections of the heart. Practically all the communicable diseases are preventable by sanitary control of the environment plus an improvement in the personal vitality of the individual. Raise the vital resistance and you make it harder for the germ. Clean up the surroundings and you make the germ homeless. Heart disease from this cause is therefore preventable.

Syphilis, which is estimated to be responsible for from 15 to 20 per cent of all cases of heart disease, is known to be produced by a spiral-shaped germ, and its methods of transmission are also known. Syphilis is, of course, preventable—if people want to prevent it. Unfortunately, it is from five to twenty-five years before the heart ravages due to it usually appear. If uncured syphilis does not end in heart trouble, it often results in paresis, or softening of the brain. The patient seldom becomes aware of his heart lesions until they have made considerable progress. It may then be too late for successful medical treatment.

For every death from heart disease there are seventeen living cases. Some of the patients suffer living deaths, fighting feebly for the retention of that spark of life which is so precious. Their sickness means inability to work, and that means poverty. Poverty means deprivation, and that means more sickness. A vicious circle. The story of heart disease is thus a dismal one, but by no means without its ray of hope. It is possible to care for it; it is largely preventable. Prevention, control, cure, this is the triad which the American Heart Association sets out to encompass.

For many years sanitarians have been advocating what they call periodical health examinations. A health examination is a complete physical inventory of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an individual, whether apparently well or not, made by a competent doctor of medicine in order to detect physical and mental impairments with a view to their correction. Every sensible person should go at least once a year to a reputable physician, of which there are still a goodly number, and have a complete appraisal. If he is discovered to be in perfect health, so much the better for his peace of mind. If, as more often happens, organic disease in an incipient stage is found, he is also better off, because he may take immediate steps to remedy a condition which, if allowed to proceed unchecked, will be infinitely more troublesome and expensive to treat later. He saves himself future pain and financial expenditure, beside prolonging his life. All in all, a good investment. The National Health Council believes that about a million Americans now have such surveys annually. That is one person in every hundred!

Periodic health examinations serve to detect heart disease in time for something to be done about it. No layman can ascertain the condition of his heart merely by the way he feels or thinks he feels. If he is discovered to have the beginnings of a heart affection and is unable to pay for the services of a heart specialist, he may get assistance from one of the public cardiac clinics, of which there are now 140 in this country and Canada. The number, of course, is still inadequate—and 48 of them are in New York City alone, leaving fewer than a hundred in other parts of the country. Promotion of an increase in them is one of the tasks of the new American Heart Association. These clinics are usually manned by first-rate heart specialists, who, with that altruism which is characteristic of the best of the medical profession, give freely of their time and skill to the less fortunate of humanity.

Since heart disease is chronic and of long duration, those suffering from it must be placed in suitable positions where moderate labor is possible. The work of a longshoreman, truck driver or porter is plainly not conducive to improvement in a leaky valve. At Bellevue Hospital in New York they have what is known as a Workers' Clinic. As described by Hannah Mitchell in a recent number of the *Survey*, the regular attendants include persons in every walk of life. There are youthful mothers, girls from shop and desk, and, most striking of all, elderly couples who, but for the ministrations of the clinic, would have been separated years ago in different institutions for the aged and impoverished. Because they know how to "have a heart" they are now self supporting and independent, and for this they have the clinic and scientific medicine to thank. The social service worker is an important accessory in this heart saving endeavor, for sometimes the mode of living of a whole family must be changed. It may be a question of the breadwinner or the mother of a large family either changing certain habits or dying shortly of myocarditis and leaving a brood of helpless dependents. Young mothers with heart disease often present baffling problems, for in many instances they cannot see the point of living within what the doctors call the "cardiac reserve."

Some diseases are most prevalent among persons of low economic status, but heart disease is not one of them. It shows no favoritism whatever and may be found in individuals in every class of society. Indolence after forty-five, not an uncommon malady in these days, is declared by Dr. Haven Emerson, president of the New York Heart Association, to be a potent factor in its development. The heart must have a certain amount of exercise and when poor habits of personal hygiene stand in the way the owner pays a penalty.

When a child gets measles, as many children do, sometimes unnecessarily, there is usually considerable excitement in the family. If it comes in wailing with a gash in its finger a panic often ensues. But if it has rheumatism, due, perhaps to defective tonsils, bad teeth, diseased adenoids, or a sinus infection, the parents often dismiss

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its discomforts as "only growing pains," whatever that means. Reliable observers, such as Dr. Samuel McCoy, tell us that it is doubtful if 4 out of 50 children who suffer from heart disease receive proper care. But boards of education and health departments are now beginning to provide places for cardiac children in special classes. When properly supervised most of these cases recover.

To be effective, the attack on heart diseases must begin with the child. It is, in the last analysis, a community problem. Again quoting Dr. Emerson, there must be: 1, adequate facilities for diagnosis; 2, provision for the medical care and nursing of those unable to pay; 3, places in which to care for convalescent and chronic cardiac cripples, and Summer camps for cardiac children; 4, vocational guidance for school children and wage earners with heart defects; and finally, 5, investigation of the causes and effects of heart disease. Another authority, Dr. William Robey, says that a program like this should not cost more than $20 a patient a year—not so much when it is considered that in three years 4,500 patients with heart disease cost the city of New York more than a half a million dollars for hospital bed care, and about $160,000 for convalescent home care. The 6,000 patients who came to the heart clinics cost only $23,500, or one twenty-fifth of the hospital bill.

Music

STRAVINSKY AS A SYMPTOM

By Daniel Gregory Mason

The proverbial small boy's idea of "poetry" is a relentless recurrence of two-syllable groups, all exactly alike:

> The *boy* stood *on* the *burning deck*
> Whence *all* but *he* had *fled*.

If the Juggernaut march of accents happens to bring a stress on an unimportant word like *on*, so much the worse for the sense. As he grows up, however, if his feeling for rhythm develops, he may come first to perceive, then to tolerate, finally to relish verses of less mechanical inflexibility, in which vital displacements of accent are effected by important words. He may come to savor such subtle groupings as these of Masefield:

> I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
> And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
> And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
> And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

Even the greatest poets and composers often go through essentially the same development. Wagner, as Mr. Ernest Newman has pointed out, began with the small boy taste for sing-song, and many of his early tunes are as angular and monotonous as, for example, the march in "Tannhäuser." Only gradually did he feel his way to the beautiful elasticity of the Spring Song in "Die Walküre" and the Good Friday Spell in "Parsifal." It took Verdi the better part of a lifetime to pass from the crudity of "Trovatore" to the freedom of "Falstaff" and "Otello." What the psychologists call our spans of apperception differ not so greatly perhaps, in absolute measurement, between the rawest and the most cultivated mind; but the variation, however limited in quantity, is qualitatively immensely significant; it is what chiefly distinguishes the lover of Beethoven or Brahms from the child or the savage still in the tom-tom stage.

That the majority of what we are pleased to call our musical public are still in this childish or savage stage of taste is shown by the popularity of jazz. Jazz is the doggerel of music. It is the sing-song that the school-boy repeats mechanically before he becomes sensitive to refined cadence. It is not, accurately speaking, rhythm at all, but only metre, a monotonous repetition of short stereotyped figures. For precisely

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this reason is it popular with listless, inattentive, easily distracted people, incapable of the effort required to grasp the more complex symmetries of real music. If I am so dull that I cannot recognize a rhythm unless it kicks me in the solar plexus at every other beat my favorite music will be jazz, just as my favorite poetry will be "The boy stood on the burning deck" or its equivalent. If I possess, moreover, the conceit of the dull, I can easily go on to rationalize my preference into a canon of universal excellence, and affirm, as so many are now affirming, that jazz is the only music for all true 100% Americans. And if I have also the hostility of the dull to all distinction, the desire to pull everything above me down to my own dead level of mediocrity that seems to be a part of our American gregariousness, I can complete my æsthetics by "jazzing up" whatever genuine music may happen to come in my way. With Mr. Paul Whiteman in his much discussed Jazz Concert last year in Carnegie Hall, I can render Chopin indistinguishable from Gershwin, I can reduce Beethoven to terms of Irving Berlin, and, like some perverse tonal Burbank, I can transform MacDowell's "Wild Rose" into a red cabbage.

Of course, the propagandists of jazz are always assuring us that there is in it a new rhythm, the famous rag-time snap or jerk. Our answer must be that this novelty, such as it is, is not rhythmical, is hardly even metrical, is in fact but superficial, as if our schoolboy should whistle or squeak before each word of his droning line. Fundamentally, jazz is an insufferably mechanical two-beat time, with a whack on the big drum for every down beat. To condemn a lover of music to sit through a concert like Mr. Whiteman's is to closet Shelley with the school-boy for a whole evening. So arid is the sameness that even a three-beat measure of common waltz time refreshes like a spring in a desert. There are people who seem to think there is something shocking about jazz. Ah, if there only were! It is its blank featurelessness, its unrelieved tepidity, that are so pitiless. Like all primitive forms of art it is so poverty-stricken in interest for the mind (whatever its luxury of appeal to the senses through mere mass of noise or through odd effects of muted trumpets, squeaking clarinets, or flatulent trombones), that it kills its victims by sheer boredom.

Now, if we were to take this formula of jazz—short rhythmic or metrical figures, formally inane but physically pungent, mechanically repeated—and put at its disposal all the resources of modern musical technic, particularly in the matter of complex harmony and tone-color, what should we get? We should get, I think, the so-called ultra-modernist composers, headed by Stravinsky. . . . The reason we do not usually recognize this curious æsthetic kinship, this atavism by which the traits of savage ancestors reappear in neurotic descendants, is that the modernist composers have drawn the red herring of harmony and tone-color across their trail. A page of Stravinsky is so much more sophisticated in technic than a page of Mr. Gershwin that we do not realize that æsthetically they are tweedledum and tweedledee. But harmony and tone-color are matters of superficies, not of substance. Take a banal bit of melody, and reduplicate it at as many levels as you please, as in the favorite "parallel dominant ninth" chords of Debussy or the more ferocious dissonant combinations of Stravinsky, and though you lavish upon it all the exotic colors of your jazz band or Stravinskian orchestral palette, it can never become anything but the banal melody it was at first. Harmony and color are only costume; the persons of music are the rhythmed melodies; and dress them as you will they remain fatally themselves, like the tramp in the story who awoke in the king's palace.

Well, the Stravinskian melodies are just the jazz tunes over again, more strangely and handsomely dressed. They are the tramp in the king's crown and robes. No doubt the crown is dazzling bright, the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

robes of iridescent silks and luxurious brocades: Stravinsky is a master of the orchestra. But he is no master of rhythm—rather the slave of metrical formulæ. Of the final dance in the "Sacre du Printemps" Mr. Cecil Gray remarks in his recent "Survey of Contemporary Music":

> The time-signature changes constantly from bar to bar, but the music itself does not. There is nothing there but the incessant reiteration of the same insignificant metrical phrase in slightly varying quantities. . . . Rhythm implies life, some kind of movement or progression at least, but this music . . . is like a top or gyroscope turning ceaselessly and ineffectually on itself, without moving an inch in any direction, until, in the last bars, it suddenly falls over on its side with a lurch, and stops dead.

It is this piecemeal, mechanical, inorganic structure that seems, despite other differences, to be characteristic of the whole contemporary movement of which Stravinsky is the outstanding figure, and even of the earlier impressionism from which it derives, partly by continuation and partly by reaction. Modern music avoids long living curves of rhythm, and becomes ever more choppy and more mechanical. In Casella and Malipiero, in Ornstein and Prokofieff, in the French Group of Six, even in Debussy and Ravel we note the same reliance on brief bits and snippets of tune, on stereotyped *clichés*, and on the *ostinato*, that degenerate modern grandchild of the savage tom-tom. It is a decrepit, senescent, decadent art that we see about us, slowly dying of hardening of the arteries.

To what extent is this second childhood of our music to be attributed to the influence of the general public? Does the public really like that sort of thing? And if it does, is there much chance of our ever getting anything better? A recent statistical investigation of the taste of a large section of that public in the sister art of poetry, undertaken by Professors Allan Abbott and M. R. Trabue,[1] certainly seems to show a crudity of perception, a preference for obvious and rigid over subtle and vital rhythm, alarmingly widespread. Messrs. Abbott and Trabue reduced to jingle the Masefield stanza given above by replacing its elastic rhythms with mechanically regular anapests, thus:

> I want to get down to the ocean again, to the wonderful sea and the sky,
> And all that I ask is a ship of my own and a compass to steer her by,
> And the pull of the wheel and the sound of the wind and the glistening rigging so free,
> And the grey of the dawn coming up o'er the bow, and a mist on the face of the sea.

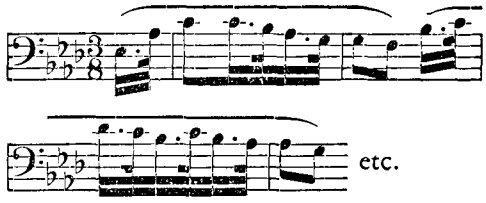
Of thirty-five hundred students asked to choose between this sorry sing-song and the original, a majority in grades, high school, and college actually preferred the sing-song. It was only graduate students whose taste was mature and individual enough to pick out the more beautiful form. It seems that the perception of an elastic beauty requires a more sustained power of attention than most people have, and that they find the path of least resistance in "setting" their responses to short spans like unvarying anapests and letting them grind away automatically. "Disturbance of the rhythm," write Messrs. Abbott and Trabue, "spoils poetry for most readers; and they count it disturbance to introduce inversion of accent, unexpected pauses, and other subtleties."

Can we doubt that most listeners to music are in rhythmic feeling equally childish? As we look about a concert hall at the faces of the audience, so little concentrated, so easily distracted, so incapable apparently of sequacious thought or feeling, can we wonder at the popularity of the most banal and obvious sing-song in the "hits" of the day in musical comedy, rag-time, and jazz, at the eager response, on a somewhat higher plane, to primitives like Stravinsky and decadents like Debussy, at the long indifference to anything more subtle or powerful, making it take decades for Brahms to get the ear of the general public, if indeed he ever gets it? We have all read how Beethoven slowly and labori-

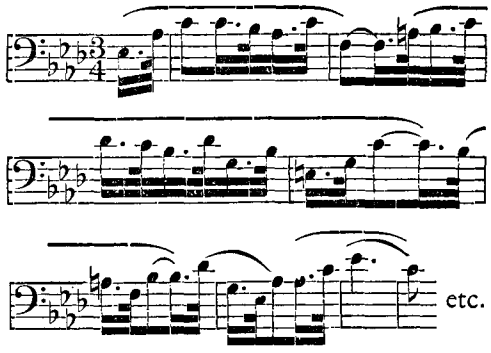
[1] "A Measure of Ability to Judge Poetry," published by Teachers College, Columbia University. See also "Pegasus in the Paddock," by Winthrop D. Lane, the *New Republic*, January 7, 1925.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ously created the lovely theme of the Andante of his Fifth Symphony from an unpromising germinal form found in his sketch-book, crude in balance as a street song. First it was this:



Finally it became this:



Was Beethoven's labor wasted? When we sit in Carnegie Hall waiting for the concert to begin we cannot help wondering whether most of the audience would not really rather hear the sketch than the perfect melody.

Perhaps they would, at any one concert. Yet one cannot help feeling that somehow the element of time must work for the finer thing, that obviousness must grow stale in the long run, and quality tell. Condemn the dullest to read daily both versions of the Masefield stanza, and one would say that at the end of a month either the spoiled version would have driven him mad or the contrast of the beauty of the original would have won him to sanity. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony would be unendurable by now if he had been satisfied with his sketch. One could make a very pretty fantastic theory that the higher and subtler qualities to be noted in any piece of art at any time are not the causes of its success in the immediate sense of being appreciated and acclaimed by this public now, but are only responsible, so far as the great public is concerned, for its survival over other things that have become too threadbare to be longer endured. We cannot stand Meyerbeer any longer, though his contemporaries preferred him to Wagner; nor Spohr, though he was ranked above Beethoven in their lifetimes; nor Mendelssohn, so much the popular hero when Schumann was still ignored. In the same way we may suspect that our descendants will find the monotony of Stravinsky's primitive rhythms intolerable. Indeed, some of his contemporaries are beginning to find them so already. Boredom, for the popular idol, is the beginning of the end. And so Stravinsky may turn out, after all, to have been the superman, not of music but only of jazz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECOND WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

NEXT to the epoch of the Revolutionary War and its preliminaries, the period of our history from 1783 to 1812 has been the one most exploited by the patriotic type of historians, and the one most zealously guarded against any invasion of truth and candor by our hundred per cent custodians of text-books. The orthodox view of the period, in so far as its events relate to the Anglo-American problem, is substantially as follows:

As soon as it had partially recovered from the effect of the crushing military blow which it had received from American arms in the Revolution, the British government began a systematic campaign of insults and oppression, as if determined to drive the United States into another war, in the hope that it might be forced back into the British Empire. The treaty of 1783 was ruthlessly violated by Great Britain, and the diplomatic attempt of John Jay to remedy the unendurable situation only added new grievances and insults. American ships were subjected to search without provocation and in violation of every accepted dictate of international law. American subjects were pressed into unlawful and unwilling service in the British navy and were forced to fight against France, our former ally. As if not satisfied with these atrocities, Great Britain discovered an even more exasperating engine of oppression in the Orders in Council. By these she attempted to destroy the American merchant marine, which had grown to such proportions as to arouse the jealousy of British merchants. There being no disposition on the part of the English public or the British government to alter this onerous and insulting system of extortion and exploitation, the United States was aroused to a man. By force of arms we compelled the relinquishment of the impositions in a "second war for independence," marked by a series of brilliant victories on land and sea. These victories again demonstrated the greater public virtue and military capacity of the Americans, and forever discouraged Great Britain from desiring another test of arms with the United States.

II

One reason, perhaps, for all this misconception of the background of the War of 1812 lies in the fact that we tend to project back into the period from 1783 to 1812 the relative strength and position of the United States and Great Britain today. We forget that England looked upon the United States after 1783 with the same amused and semi-benevolent contempt with which, for example, the United States viewed Cuba and Porto Rico after 1898. We constituted a new, small and insignificant country that had still to make its way into international society. England, with her prestige and her hold upon Canada and the West Indies, was inclined to take our pretentions and interests about as seriously as the United States views the interests of Haiti and the nations of the Caribbean. Nor was she alone in this attitude. Our "friend," France, was equally arrogant and contemptuous of the United States. As Professor Channing points out, French officials in the United States were given an authority comparable to that of American consuls in China at the close of the Nineteenth Century.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The period from 1783 to 1812 was but a long prelude to another war with Great Britain. It is impossible to say what might have happened if Great Britain, in 1793, had not been plunged into a general European war which lasted for nearly a quarter of a century, with occasionally a brief truce. If Europe had remained at peace then, there is reason to believe that America might have speedily reached an amicable adjustment with her former enemy. But with the United States a neutral country, and with the two great American parties taking opposite sides in the European conflict, pacific diplomacy was quite impossible. If a foreign country appeared willing to negotiate fairly, the party of opposition in the United States saw to it that the negotiation was undone lest its opponent make political capital out of success.

The first dispute after the Revolution arose from a combination of the refusal of the British to fulfil all the terms of the treaty of 1783 with the impositions laid by them upon our trade as a result of the exigencies of the European war. But it is hard to assign the entire blame for the failure to enforce the treaty of 1783 to Great Britain. The infractions of the treaty were about equally divided between the two parties to it. Great Britain was continually governed by her economic, political and international interests rather than by any regard for legal exactness. She retained the western trading posts she had agreed to surrender because their retention would allow her agents to control the valuable fur trade of the Mississippi and Great Lakes area, and to continue the military alliance with the Indians. She also was guilty of removing Negroes at the time of her evacuation of American cities. She justified this conduct on the basis of the not inaccurate charge that "America has not complied with even one article of the treaty." The United States, in truth, had treated the Loyalists shamefully after 1783, had confiscated their estates, and had obstructed as far as possible the collection of debts due to British subjects. Even John Jay admitted that there had not been a single day since 1783 on which the treaty had not been violated by some one of the States. He called it a record of lawlessness which it would be desirable to hide from posterity. Thus, it is probably safe to conclude with Professor Channing, the latest careful student of the problem, that the subject of violations of the treaty is an intricate one, with responsibility distributed about fifty-fifty.

The first serious attempt to adjust the consequent difficulties was made by John Jay when he went to England in 1794. But his treaty, which reached America in 1795, was hardly satisfactory. Jay had been courteously received at the English court, but he had been forced to accept terms which were in some respects more favorable to England than to the United States. It is difficult now to tell how much these terms were due to English stubbornness and how much they were a result of insufficient insistence on the part of Jay. The worst feature of the treaty, as it is seen today, was a clause on the West Indian trade which would have greatly burdened the future Southern cotton industry, but this was not actually important before the general adoption of the cotton-gin, invented in 1793. In 1791 only 38 bales of cotton had been exported, and Jay can hardly be blamed for not foreseeing the results of an invention of which he had, perhaps, never heard.

The exactions of England were the price the United States had to pay for securing her recognition of our independence, and for abating her commercial hostility, which might well have ruined our national credit and thrown the United States into anarchy and disintegration. Our finances could not have weathered a commercial war with England in 1794, to say nothing of a war of arms. Jay's treaty averted hostilities for the time being and made us better prepared for them when they came eighteen years later. In reality the whole treaty embodied Hamilton's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy. As Professor Samuel F. Bemis has well said:

> The terms of his treaty were the result of the powerful influence of Alexander Hamilton, to whom in the last analysis any praise or blame for the instrument must be given. It was the price paid by the Federalists for a peace which they believed indispensable to the perpetuation of American nationality. More aptly the treaty might be called Hamilton's.

Anyone who holds today that England was extortionate in exploiting our weakness should delve into the history of American financial and commercial negotiations in Latin America and the Far East during the last generation.

III

The Jay treaty, however, was a mere passing incident in the development of strained relations between the United States and Great Britain.

The first, and one of the chief causes of friction was the impressment of seamen on American ships, alleged to be former British subjects. According to the English law, and, for that matter, according to the international law of Europe at the time, citizenship was inalienable. A person who was born an English citizen could not renounce his citizenship and become a citizen of another nation. The United States, being a new nation, and desirous of attracting immigrants, had made a new departure in international law by legalizing the transfer of citizenship. That Great Britain would honor this novelty as a part of international law was as unlikely as it would be to expect the United States Supreme Court to alter a decision today because of the ruling of an inferior court in some remote rural district. Few reputable authorities have denied that, from the standpoint of the accepted international law of the time, England was wholly within her rights in stopping a trading vessel on the high seas and taking from it former British citizens. In fact, in 1799 the United States Supreme Court had essentially recognized the legality of the act.

Not only is it agreed that England was legally correct in searching American ships and taking from them her former subjects, but it is equally frankly admitted that the situation was sufficiently serious to justify her action. She was engaged in a life and death struggle with Napoleon, and could not afford to countenance wholesale desertions from either her navy or her merchant marine. That such wholesale desertions were attempted with the complete acquiesence of the American authorities is undeniable. The increased trade of the United States had raised the demand for, and the pay of, sailors far beyond anything known at the time in England, and this encouraged English sailors to desert their country's ships, buy American citizenship papers and enter the American service. Henry Adams, the great authority on the period, describes the situation in the following paragraph:

> Every English vessel which entered a Virginia port was at once abandoned by her crew, who hastened to enter the public or private ships of the United States. The captain of any British frigate which might happen to run into the harbor of New York, if he went ashore, was likely to meet on his return to the wharf some of his boat's crew strolling about the town, every man supplied with papers of American citizenship. This was the more annoying because American agents in British ports habitually claimed and received the benefit of the British law; while so far as American papers were concerned, no pretense was made of concealing the fraud, but they were issued in any required quantity, and were transferred for a few dollars from hand to hand.

Adams concludes that if the American government had been willing to discontinue the encouragement of desertions and enforce a strict naturalization law there would have been little or no trouble over impressment. McMaster agrees with him as to the seriousness of the desertions which the British had to face at a time of grave danger, and as to the unwillingness of the Americans to aid in the enforcement of their own law. He says:

> At Norfolk the crew of a British vessel quit in a body and shipped for a cruise on an American sloop of war. At New York almost every English vessel that came into port was forced to go short-handed away. To get the men back was impos-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible, for neither magistrates nor people would apprehend them.

As America thus encouraged desertions and protected deserters, England to that degree became more indiscriminate in her impressments, and in the end came virtually to ignoring the actual fact of nativity. Thus a vicious circle of grievances was set up. As far as causes are concerned, the blame was apparently about equally divided, but unquestionably England had the better of the legal argument.

IV

The second main cause of the War of 1812 was British interference with American trade under the Orders in Council of 1807-1812.

These Orders in Council were not original and unprovoked examples of British arrogance and perversity, but were simply part of a necessary program of retaliation to meet Napoleon's Continental System. The British had formally blockaded the French coast before Napoleon issued his Berlin Decree, but Fox, the Foreign Minister, in order to conciliate British and American merchants, had ordered that the blockade be enforced only between Havre and Ostend. As a formal counter-move to this partially unenforced British blockade, Napoleon, whose pride would not allow him to secure neutral goods through British connivance, issued the Berlin Decree of November 21, 1806, which "cut the roots of neutral rights and American commerce with Europe." It is important to remember that this ruthless trade war upon neutral commercial rights was thus initiated by Napoleon.

The first British Order in Council was issued on January 7, 1807. It was more liberal to America than Napoleon's decree, for, while he had ordered all the British ports blockaded, the Order in Council allowed Americans to trade with France through Bordeaux. This moderate policy, however, was abandoned very quickly, for, with the accession of Canning, Perceval, and the reactionary Tory ministry, a new Order in Council was promulgated on November 11, 1807. This was as severe as the Napoleonic decree, for it practically excluded American ships from all ports which were closed to British shipping, namely, those from the Adriatic to the Baltic. Napoleon perfected the French retaliation by his Milan Decree of December 17, 1807. It is perhaps instructive at this point to recall that in 1917 the United States went to war on the side of England after she had for three years interfered in a high-handed manner with our mails and shipping and had excluded our ships from German and Austrian ports as thoroughly as she did from French ports from 1807 to 1812. Similar treatment assuredly does not, at different times, induce identical reactions.

The last Order in Council was a crushing and fatal blow to the American carrying trade, but the American cause was yet not without its advocates among influential Englishmen and especially among English merchants. Lord Bathurst, President of the Board of Trade, bitterly criticized all the Orders and correctly maintained that the commerce of England and America would suffer more than that of Napoleon. Henry Brougham conducted a veritable campaign in Parliament against the Orders during the Winter and Spring of 1808. After having taken two weeks to demonstrate their ruinous effects, he concluded his opposition by a brilliant speech advocating their repeal. Alexander Baring, later Lord Ashburton, a prominent British merchant, published a vigorous pamphlet attacking the new trade policy. Lord Erskine attacked it also, and with great energy, and Grey questioned its wisdom. In general, the Whigs bitterly opposed the Tory ministry, much as they had in the period preceding the Revolution.

It is probable that the British ministry, under such pressure at home, and with Jefferson's embargo to face, might have been compelled to rescind or modify the Orders in Council if the enemies of Jefferson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had not interfered and made such a move impossible. Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts, that noble Puritan patriot, who was twice the leader in determined attempts to break up the United States through the secession of New England (first at the time of the purchase of Louisiana, when he feared that the newly added territory would give the South a predominant position in the Union, and again at the time of the notorious Hartford Convention of 1814), and whose hatred for Jefferson and his party quite outweighed his interest in the welfare of his country, hastened to intervene against the favorable trend of affairs lest Jefferson be successful in his embargo and thus gain added prestige for himself and his party. Pickering got into direct contact with George Canning and urged him to persist in his program. He was not deterred in the slightest by the fact that, ironically enough, he had himself, when Secretary of State a decade earlier, secured the passage of a law which made such conduct a crime punishable by a fine of five thousand dollars and by imprisonment from six months to ten years. This law was still in force. As Adams remarks, Pickering hated Jefferson as Cotton Mather hated a witch, and to placate his conscience he developed the compensatory illusion that Jefferson was abjectly controlled by Napoleon. Adams says of his conduct:

> When Pickering defied fine and imprisonment under his own law in order to make a concert of political action with George Canning to keep the British government steady in aggression, he believed that his end justified his means, and he avowed his end to be the bringing of his friends into power. For this purpose he offered himself to Canning as an instrument for organizing what was in fact a British party in New England, asking in return only the persistence of Great Britain in a line of policy already adopted, which was sure to work against Republican rule. Pickering knew that his conduct was illegal, but he had in his hands an excuse which justified him, as he chose to think, in disregarding the law. He persuaded himself that Jefferson was secretly bound by an engagement with Napoleon to effect the ruin of England.

This outrageous slander of the Jeffersonian policy, which was duly exploited by the unscrupulous Canning, effectively terminated any possibility of an immediate and peaceful settlement of the controversy. The ultimate responsibility for the War of 1812 thus probably rests upon Timothy Pickering more than upon any other single individual in England or America. In spite of this, he violently opposed the war and tried to make it an excuse for the secession of New England. When the anthology of American traitors is completed and objectively analyzed, Pickering will doubtless occupy a far more prominent place in it than Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr.

This unfortunate blocking of a diplomatic adjustment led the American people to believe that Great Britain was determined to persist in her commercial restrictions and to remain impervious to American appeals. That belief naturally gave encouragement to the war party, which was greatly increased in strength and vigor in 1810 by the election of a group of younger congressmen, led by Clay, Cheves, Lowndes, Williams, Grundy, Calhoun, Johnson and Porter, who demanded war to avenge the alleged insults to our national honor. This party was probably ignorant of the effect of Pickering's underhanded interference in England, and it also ignored the general European political situation and the division of English sentiment. It represented primarily the frontier opinion of the time, the American frontier having moved, in the half century after 1770, from western Virginia to Kentucky. Clay was the Patrick Henry of 1810. Babcock says of the group as a whole:

> Their patriotism was untroubled by fear of war and its horrors, and untrammelled by any traditional obligations or sentiments regarding foreign relations, unless it was a chronic suspicion of England, bordering on unreason. With the fine and ready resentment of youth, they scorned the vacillations of Madison and led him and his administration speedily out of the labyrinth into which Jefferson had first guided the Republican party.

While these young war-hawks exploited the impressment of seamen and the Orders in Council in their speeches, they were really chiefly interested in conquering

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada, which they not inaccurately looked upon as a perennial source of danger to the United States so long as it remained in British hands and could be used as a point of departure for Indian raids on our territory. As an immediate cause of the War of 1812 the Indian and Canadian issue was more important than the maritime one, just as Professor Alvord and others have shown that the land policies of Great Britain with respect to the Ohio and Mississippi valleys were probably a more potent cause of the Revolution than the fiscal and commercial policies of Grenville, Townshend and Lord North. There was much truth in John Randolph's assertion that "agrarian cupidity, not maritime right, urges the war. Ever since the report of the committee on foreign relations came into the House, we have heard but one word—like the whippoorwill, but one eternal monotonous tone—Canada, Canada Canada!" To insure himself a renomination and reëlection, Madison reluctantly yielded to the war party. Canning's arrogant attitude and the indiscretion of poorly chosen British envoys to the United States gave him an excuse for a declaration of war on June 18, 1812. Clay's exuberant enthusiasm and optimism with respect to the imminent Canadian campaign knew no bounds. "I trust," he said, "that I shall not be deemed presumptuous when I state that I verily believe that the militia of Kentucky are alone competent to place Montreal and upper Canada at your feet."

Great Britain, in the meantime, had relented and decided to modify its commercial policy. Even the governing Tory aristocracy, while it had little respect or love for the United States, did not desire war in 1812. Perceval, who had been chiefly responsible for the second and oppressive Order in Council, was assassinated on May 11, 1812, and Brougham and the Whigs redoubled their pressure on the government for a withdrawal of the Orders in Council. The shutting off of American products from England had caused considerable privation and there was a strong popular British sentiment in favor of repeal.

Unable to maintain itself under all this pressure, Canning and his party gave way and agreed on June 16 to repeal the Orders, which they did on June 23. Thus there is no doubt that the War of 1812 was due in its immediate precipitation almost wholly to the fact that our modern methods of rapid communication were lacking at that time. A cablegram from England on June 16, telling of the action of the British government, should have averted the American declaration of war two days later. By the time that the news reached the United States, matters had gone too far to allow of a pacific adjustment.

V

Opinion in the United States as to the justifiability and wisdom of the War of 1812 was about as much divided as American sentiment had been a generation before in regard to the Revolution. In general, the North was opposed to the war and the South and West supported it. So far did the opposition go that Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut refused to contribute their quotas of troops to the national army, but instead mobilized their militia to resist the federal authorities. A New England convention was called at Hartford in 1814 to formulate plans for nullification and secession. The leading spirit in this movement was none other than our old friend, Timothy Pickering. Most of the provisions for the English army in Canada were treasonably sent in by New York and New England. Yet New England made no serious contributions to war expenses.

As to the actual war, the less said about it the better, despite the fact that the epic mongers have exploited its events to a degree almost equalling their utilization of the heroic deeds of the Revolution. It was, admittedly, the most needless, purposeless war of any proportions in which the United States has engaged during its whole history, and also the most barren

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of good results. The Canadian campaign failed miserably, even more pathetically than that of Arnold and Montgomery in 1777. The national capital was captured and burned—the worst humiliation we have ever met as an independent nation. These defeats were in part offset by a few brilliant victories at sea, by the triumphs of Perry and MacDonough on Lake Erie and Lake Champlain, and particularly by Jackson's crushing defeat of Pakenham at New Orleans—after the treaty of Ghent had been signed. It is eloquent of the progress of rapid communication in a century that the War of 1812 was thus precipitated by a declaration made after the chief alleged cause had been eliminated, and that the one conspicuous American victory was achieved after peace had been signed.

But the chief thing which impresses itself upon the modern student of the conflict is its utter insignificance. The wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient in a single day cost more in lives and munitions than the entire War of 1812. Indeed, there is little doubt that more American soldiers lost their lives on the morning of November 11, 1918, in needless fighting after the armistice had been signed. It is also probably as true that all of the American war-ships which took part in the naval conflicts could be piled together comfortably side by side on the deck of a single modern superdreadnaught. The whole naval war, the description of which started Theodore Roosevelt on his career as an historian and added greatly to the fame of Admiral Mahan, was an insignificant enterprise compared to the conflicts between rum runners and Prohibition enforcement officers during a single year off the New Jersey coast. It is, of course, far from my intention to imply that there were no deeds of heroism performed during the struggle. It probably required more physical vigor and courage to participate in the Battle of Lake Erie than it did to take part in the Battle of Jutland, in the same way that it takes more courage to captain a rum-runner today than was required of Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay. What I hope to make clear is simply the pettiness of the whole affair, even as compared with the Spanish-American War.

Not only was it an insignificant war; it was also a humiliating one, for the most prosperous section of the country practiced determined sabotage and refused to participate in the active conduct of the conflict. If the war stimulated nationalism in some sections it developed secession sentiment in others. Finally, it was futile. The Orders in Council had been rescinded before war was declared. The English had sent Napoleon to Elba before Jackson defeated Pakenham. English trade fell off markedly with the coming of peace, and there was thenceforth little need for the impressment of seamen. Canada, not conquered in war, might have been readily acquired by peaceful methods. As Professor Dunning has pointed out, Alexander Baring remarked to John Quincy Adams, one of our negotiators in formulating the treaty of Ghent, that he wished that the United States would accept Canada as a gift. In this period of anti-imperialistic sentiment in Great Britain, a conciliatory American attitude, together with the addition of a sum of money equal to the cost of the war, would in all probability have performed the great service of adding Canada to the domain of the United States.

More than anything else, then, the War of 1812 is a monument to the disastrous and futile results of political partisanship, aggravated to the point of treason, and of chauvinistic demagogy. No attempt is made here to give England a clean bill, but her acts were not of the sort which required or justified war, and the mitigation or elimination of them could have been far better accomplished by a pacific and conciliatory attitude.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEWILDERED AMERICAN

BY WILLIAM ORTON

THE United States, in the past ten years, has become steadily more foreign to Europe and the European, and the apparent increase in superficial contacts has only disguised from Americans themselves the widening gulf.

Looking back, a radical difference becomes apparent in the psychology of the war period as between Europe and America. From the purely pragmatic point of view, it was America's misfortune that she was argued into the World War, whereas the European peoples acted on spontaneous impulse. The diplomatic origins of the conflict: the long cumulation of events that produced the situation in which impulse thus rose to the surface: are another and on the whole a secondary story. The cardinal difference remains that the major European powers entered the war on the tide of a vast mass-impulse—the sort of impulse the United States might have availed itself of, but did not, in 1915. This was particularly true of England; and the fact that Germany herself fired the train of popular enthusiasm was for the English a piece of sheer and superlative good luck. "In whatever peril divided opinions on the European crisis might have placed the country in July, it was safely passed when Germany, over and above the confusion of diplomatic issues, gratuitously offered an absolutely clear and popular *casus belli*. Almost in a night—the night of August 2-3—the popular fear that Britain might be 'dragged into' the war was changed to an apprehension lest by any betrayal of her honor she should be kept out of it." With the invasion of Belgium, in other words, the country cut short the debate with a collective "Oh, hell," and went to it with no further hesitation.

Now, if you have to do a particularly difficult and distasteful thing it is infinitely easier for your soul, and your eventual state of mind is likely to be far better, if you can get started on it in such a mood. The United States had no such luck. She reverted instead to the old idealogical motivation of her Puritan days; and this motivation, combined with the physical remoteness of the war from American soil, made the effort to key up a war spirit more hectic and feverish than elsewhere. America has remained spiritually out of touch with Europe ever since; and she is at this moment as hopelessly far from an intuitive understanding of the European situation as ever. But on her own account she developed the familiar symptoms of the Puritan motivation—the symptoms D. H. Lawrence has so incisively analyzed in his "Studies of Classic American Literature." She turned with an obscene and hideous urge upon her own radicals, intelligentsia, internationalists—anybody who might furnish a pretext for the sort of action psychologists now regard as a blind attempt at "simplification"—the dispersion, in other words, of the psychological strain set up by her literally inhuman ideology. The strain got worse—at least for the few who knew, and the many who suspected—under the successive break-downs experienced in the spheres of equipment, technique, and morale; worse still when in the bathetic finale of 1919 the blinding dust of American ideology was fanned over Europe to mask the brutal reality; worst of all when the suspicion began to spread—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rightly or wrongly—that the parentage of wartime ideology was not as immaculate as, in order to save the situation at all, it more than ever needed to be.

Now, postponing other effects for the moment, all this has resulted in an increased sense of American uniqueness, of separation and difference from the Old World; and this in turn has heightened what has long been a marked feature of American civilization—its intense and ubiquitous self-consciousness. The term is here used in the naïve sense in which it is sometimes applicable to adolescents; and that analogy is tempting—save for the fact that as nationalities go America is not so young: it is far older, for instance, than the German Empire. The source of this self-consciousness does, however, probably lie, as will be presently suggested, in a failure to integrate the personality comparable to that witnessed in adolescence; but whatever the cause, the effect is striking and not without its amusing side.

The British lecturer, for example, on his first visit, finds himself embarrassingly—none but he knows how embarrassingly—up against it. He has of course been warned *ad nauseum* before he started that he must expect to find his audiences "sensitive." He arrives, and in the midst of his modest efforts to speak warily, is shocked to find himself taken—to find his hosts unable, for their lives, to stop taking him—with a seriousness to which his brief and checkered career can show no parallel. He sympathizes, God knows how sincerely, with the efforts he knows they are making to combat this obsession, but is none the less oppressed by a vague new sense of having to live up to something.

His mind ranges from the handling of his knife at table to the possibility of acquiring at short notice some mythically "correct" way of speaking a language that he had never before thought of as a responsibility. Sore beset, his confusion is suddenly completed by the discovery that his efforts have somehow led to his perpetrating the very crime he was warned against; and unless some unknown genius reveals the secret, neither he nor his generous, curious, captious patrons will ever know that he has been battling with the symptoms of a collective self-consciousness from which both they, and he through them, strive in vain to escape.

II

Every fresh import of European culture, whether in cloth boards or trousers, is so much the more for American self-consciousness to contend with; for the uneasy sense of foreignness to the spiritual experience of the Old World is thereby intensified and the hopeless struggle to overcome it, or to escape it, made more urgent. The truth is that in this looking-glass world the one way for American culture to get within speaking distance of the European is by moving away from it: America will learn—if at all—to understand Europe only in so far as she succeeds in understanding herself; which means a deliberate acceptance of the spiritual gulf to begin with, and a deliberate preference—at considerable sacrifice though some may deem it—of her native cultural stock-in-trade to work on.

But the beginning is made more difficult by the growing consciousness of poverty in the spiritual experience of America. Here, for example, is Rexford Guy Tugwell, professor of economics at Columbia, solemnly citing in a list of the social problems of America "The decline of the old religion and the longing for a new religious experience." Before me as I write is a press photograph of an initiation of new members to the Hi-Y club of Tulsa, Okla. It is evidently a studied imitation of the mass—with cross and triangle in place of the monstrance, flanked by candelabra large and small, officiating "priests" in imitation biretta, alb, and chasuble, acolytes in cope and cassock, all liberally decorated with red triangles. Imagine the mental condition that produced all this—and the camera at the back! The gross and clumsy ritualism of the K.K.K., Elks, Shriners and the rest,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is little daunted by ridicule; and below its comic exterior there lies a certain pathetic significance, the hint of a search for something missed or lost in the scramble to success and hundred-per-centism, of an attempt to fashion a vaguely conceived substitute out of such inadequate materials as success and hundred-per-centism can provide. Maybe the whole business will have to go by the board; but it will not go for nothing.

And there rises a further complication. America, as a nation, is one of the unemployed. She has not discovered—at any rate, she has not accepted—any particular job or function in the *communitas communitatem* that might link her with the rest. Instead, she has explicitly rejected, by her tariff policy on the one hand and her isolationalism on the other, such jobs as she might have undertaken. Economically, she has reached the stage at which Britain entered the era of free trade and imperialism; but the prospect of a similar transition is uncertain. The morale of American industry is low and shrinks from any such adventure. Politically, the vested interests are as strong as they are pusillanimous. And the idea that a nation may have a definite vocation in the world, a definite rôle to play, is under a cloud of canted ideology at the moment. A generation ago it was the British imperialists who canted; now it is the self-determinationists, the doctrinaire Liberals. On balance—and I say it as a Liberal—the world is better for the existence of British imperialism. Less than bare justice is now meted out to the imperialists, to their motives and achievements. Maybe there really was a job there to be done; maybe it is the law that a nation shall not live—healthily—unto itself alone; maybe it is all a question of means rather than ends. Consciousness of a mission—no, it need not come quite to that; yet it may be hazarded the American nation is not signally the better, the sounder, for refusing to accept frankly such small responsibilities as it cannot evade while its leaders ostentatiously wash their hands in rather dirty water.

Behind this attitude there rises what is not, strictly, one of the first impressions made by contemporary America, but a secondary or much later impression, elusive and intangible yet haunting. America is afraid. Of what? The question does not necessarily follow. For given a certain state of mind—nerves, if you like—almost anything can be made to serve as ostensible cause of the condition. Bolshevism, "radicalism," the I.W.W., the yellow peril, the Negro peril, the Ku Klux peril—any sort of peril that happens to be handy: these things are symptoms, not causes. At the back of the American mind lies an uneasiness, a sense of insecurity that tallies exactly with the expression in the eyes of Calvin Coolidge. Of this uneasiness the big bequests are to some extent a consequence; hundred-per-centism another; constitution worship yet another, and at present the most conspicuous. Few things are in this respect more significant than the persistent falsification of the La Follette programme on the part of both the older parties, and the deliberate misinterpretation of the Child Labor Amendment by reactionary business—as if the issues involved were too awful even to be candid about.

III

But if such things are symptomatic rather than explanatory, where lies the origin of this apprehension? Its origin lies largely, I think, in the appalling pace of American prosperity during the past half-century; and especially since the war.

The speed of the technical and economic progress has been profoundly disturbing. Material culture has developed altogether too rapidly for successful psychological or institutional adjustment, so that the social fabric taken as a whole is fundamentally unstable. And prosperity isolates; especially the post-war prosperity, which has not merely produced a business insecurity—the signs of which are as far as possible concealed—but an intensification of the sense of uniqueness, of separation, arising

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on cultural grounds. For more of this than is realized the tariff is to blame, in its unsound discrimination between the relative economic power of various sections of the community.

For the intellectuals the post-war prosperity has produced a particularly difficult situation. In Europe the revolt of the younger generation has found scope and a programme. In America it has resembled Peer Gynt's battle with the Boyg. The literary attack on war itself and war psychology of such writers as the Sassoons, Herbert Read, Montagu, Barbusse, Duhamel, was robbed of its full force in America by the absence of any sufficiently widespread first-hand experience that it could react upon. The attack on the cynical materialism of post-war policy was further aided in both France and England firstly, by the relative sensitiveness of the political systems to popular opinion, and secondly, by the actual failure of that policy, judged even by its own standards. In America both conditions were lacking. The clumsiness and rigidity of the political machine has engendered a sense of impotence and cynical despair in many liberal minds; and moreover, there has been—as yet—no such tangible failure of economic materialism.

In these circumstances it has been all too easy for the dangerous bias of American liberalism towards mere generalization and uplift to reassert itself, especially in the social sciences; the result being a partial atrophy of the critical sense, a lack of adequate discrimination between good and bad theorizing, a tendency to disdain careful scholarship and cautious reasoning as mere pedantry, and the generation of an atmosphere inimical to strict scientific method. Listen to Professor Tugwell again: "There are some human demands that ought to be met. We must locate and define these and accept them as determiners for the conscious changes we shall make in industrial arrangements."[1] Or Professor Wolfe:

> The fundamentals of functional welfare economics will include the following: (1) A comprehensive monographic survey of the technological, financial, and exchange processes of the price system. (2) An adequate survey, based on the best and latest attainable psychological knowledge, of the motives and attitudes characteristic of individuals and groups under the price system. (3) A generally accepted, psychologically grounded, norm of welfare. (4) Evaluation of the various aspects of the present price system with reference to this final norm, or more directly, to the objective conditions which may be taken as indicative of the extent to which our economic organization is serving as a means to the final end of human living.[2]

Or Professor Mitchell:

> In dealing constructively with these problems economics will develop rapidly on the quantitative side, it will lay increasing emphasis upon the production of serviceable goods, it will focus its attention upon the cumulative change of institutions, it will realize that it is one of the sciences of human behavior. As such it will become less the science of wealth and more the science of welfare, and from this new viewpoint it will gain clearer insight into its relationship to other sciences, its past accomplishments and its future tasks.[3]

What kind of "science" is this? The answer is, of course, that it is no more science than the majority of Dr. Meiklejohn's utterances. Like them, it belongs in the realm of aspiration, its motivation is akin to the religious. As such it is to be welcomed, more especially when it does not prevent the aspirants doing specific jobs in a soundly scientific manner. The danger lies in the fact that the realm of aspiration is seductive, especially when there are awkward questions to be faced in the realm of practice. It may be that the course of events will present such questions to America sooner than is generally expected: specific problems that will call for specific solutions.

Since the war American "radicalism" has been mainly a movement away from something rather than towards anything. It has been in the mental condition Yorkshire folk call "journey-proud": a state of eager fussiness and suppressed excitement at the thought of going a journey: a state in which would-be travellers frequently lose their tickets, and sometimes their trains.

[1] The Trend of Economics, p. 418.

[2] *ib.* pp. 481–2.

[3] *ib.* p. 33.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BOY IN IDAHO

BY JAMES STEVENS

SOMEWHERE in a 1907 issue of *Hoard's Diaryman*, a widely-known farm journal in the Northwest, there was a communication from a boy of fourteen, reciting the pleasure and instruction he got out of his toil. The letter was written from a school in the wilds of Idaho, two miles from a Snake River town, in a setting of sage-covered hills. The school had a thousand acres of land, and perhaps half of them were cultivated. Alfalfa was the main crop; it was grown as feed for the eight score cows of the dairy. There were poultry pens, blacksmith and carpenter shops, a laundry, a bakery, and a dressmaking establishment. In the fields, barns and shops the boy students could earn their board and tuition by working thirty hours each week. The girl students were offered the same opportunity in the gentler indoor work. No one attending the school was permitted to pay more than half the charges; work was compulsory for all. The institution was a great boon to the ambitious children of homesteaders and ranch laborers in the back country, for it gave them a chance to prepare for college which would have been denied to them otherwise because of the isolation of their homes and the poverty of their parents. "Think what a school like ours would have meant to Lincoln," was the faculty slogan.

Fifteen was the entrance age when I began attendance, but because of my size and my experience on a ranch I was admitted before my fourteenth birthday. I had lived most of my boyhood in a remote valley that was still new as a dwelling-place for men. I was familiar with the labor of clearing, seeding and harvesting; I had ridden in the round-ups and broken wild cayuses that were fresh from the free range; when I finished eighth grade in the country school I was brawny and tough, fit for a battle with a bucking colt or ten hours of sweaty labor in the hay field. My experience and my muscularity got me into the school, despite my years. I was put in charge of a string of ten dairy cows and left to milk my way to the higher learning.

At half past three each morning the head of the Dairy Department walked softly down the dormitory hall and rapped on the doors behind which the boys in his charge slept. I had long been used to early rising, but I had never conquered a desire to snooze a little after waking, enjoying the blankets which seemed so caressing, so warm and sweet, burrowing my head into deeper darkness among the pillows, drowsing for one delightful moment. I never enjoyed a full minute of this, however, for when I dozed some cell in my brain lived only to alarm me, making me leap from bed. I was always a little astonished to find my bare feet on the floor, to feel shivers racing over my spine, when I should still be in the warm blankets. Then I would feel an envious hate for the boys who could go on sleeping while I was dressing hurriedly and stumbling down the dark stairs and over the graveled walk that led from the dormitory to the barn.

The first task of the morning was to toss down hay from the mows and spread it through the mangers; then each stanchioned Jersey was given her portion of chops and bran. After that they all had to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be washed, curried and brushed. We boy milkers had been used to corral milking, and we thought the dairy chief, a Cornell graduate, an almost unendurable crank on cleanliness. We regarded the cow-scrubbing as a laborious ritual without sense, and the narrow-topped sanitary milk buckets as troublesome devices that had been made only to sell to college dairymen. Worse, we had to go with soft voices among the nervous Jerseys; a curse or a blow for one of them brought a severe reprimand and sometimes dismissal to other work. We agreed to our chief's college notions for the sake of avoiding the duller tasks outside. The barn was warm in Winter, and there was a drowsy pleasure in our morning work—a cheek resting against a warm, silky flank, the two milk streams making a rhythmic purr in the white foam, half-closed eyes seeing pleasing fancies in the dim lantern light.

We were done before six. Then came breakfast and prayers. Classes began at half past seven and ended at noon. In the afternoon most of the other boys worked from one to five. Those who were working out all their charges of board and tuition had to work ten hours on Saturday; those who were paying a half or a third were free on that day. We milkers were supposed to sleep an hour or more in the afternoon; at three-thirty we were called to the barn again. At eight o'clock the milkers were ordered to bed, an hour before the others.

II

Thus nine months passed. I thought myself a most fortunate youth. My Sunday work made five hours extra for me, and I had seventy-five cents for spending money every week. During the holidays I remained at the school; and at the end of two weeks I was loaded with wealth, having worked ten hours a day in the milk house all that time. My chief saw in me the promise of a great butter-maker and taught me the secrets of the milk room and creamery.

When the school term was over he put me in charge of the milk room, at man's pay. The school used hired men then to carry on the work of the boys who had gone home; they were mostly wandering farm-hands. From them I heard gaudy tales of fleshly lures. The days of chapel and prayer were no more, and my soul had no anchor. So I came to drift with the spirit of these carnal men. My work was to cool the milk when it was brought from the barn in the morning, and then bottle it. After breakfast I would separate the remaining milk, wash the buckets, cans, tables and shelves, and feed skimmed milk to forty bawling, butting calves. When the driver returned with his stacks of empty bottles, they had to be washed and stored away. I had some leisure in the afternoons, but an hour's work after supper.

I was among the farm-hands for only an hour or so each evening, and I might not have succumbed to their influence had it not been for a notion that came to my chief. He got the idea that I should learn the milk route, so that I might serve, at need, as a substitute. I was ordered to go with the driver two days a week until I knew what houses he served. Thus I was hauled to the Island, where Big Mag kept her fearsome house. The driver warned me not to "go blattin' around out the school I'm deliverin' here. It's a good bill, an' we don' wanta lose it." But as amply built ladies came out of the kitchen and bantered our driver amiably, though indelicately, I concluded that he was not thinking only of the six quarts of milk which Big Mag took from him when he made his daily trip to the Island.

"I'm not such a backwoods sucker as you seem to think," I told him after our second trip.

And I went on to question him about the ladies, showing him that I was more curious than indignant. He was reticent at first, but, being naturally a boastful fellow, he finally treated me to revelations that presented him as a great ladies' man. I had no more than two trips to the Island, for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the head of the school, a Presbyterian divine, returned from the East and was informed by the brethren in the town that his milk-wagon was to be seen each morning over there, with Big Mag's ladies grouped around it, both my chief and the driver came near to losing their heads.

Satan, of course, had not actually touched me, but he was not such a remote figure now. I became a listener among the farm-hands when they gossiped in their idle hours; I myself spoke mysteriously of romantic adventures. I remembered the swear-words of round-up days and used them freely again. I took up with the forbidden delights of the leaf and chewed it in secret. By the time the new school term began I had grown careless in my labor and idled about with a raffish air. My chief lectured me severely. I heard him in stubborn silence. Thereafter he regarded me sourly. One Winter morning, when I got a kick from a prize heifer,—I was then milking again,—I gave her a sound cursing and hit her a mighty knock with my milk stool. I was allowed to enter the dairy barn no more, but was put among the meanest of the boys, who were shovelling gravel and sand for use in the construction of a cement building.

I made no effort then to halt my descent. With other unredeemed boys I began to sneak out of nights, going into town and returning at late hours. Once I was caught in a pool hall. I was prayed over and solemnly warned. Next, the head of the student body himself caught me discharging the juice of the leaf. He had no soul for beauty, that fellow; the pretty sparkle of a thin amber cascade was lost on him. He confiscated my plug of Star and I was told that my next offense meant expulsion. The offense was committed and discovered; I was too far gone in hellishness, too deeply mired in sin to be saved.

On an afternoon of February, 1908, I boarded a freight that was bound East. My mind was full of a grand plan to go out among real working men, to toil as one of them and wander far. I should be a boy no longer. But at the first stop I was thrown off the train by a wrathful brakeman.

"Plague take yer!" he roared. "Why don't yer git home an' stay home? You kids a-ramblin' aroun' is what makes life mis'able for us railroad fellers. Don' lemme lay my han's on you agin!"

Feeling very small indeed, I set off up the dark street. No one looked at me as I tramped along; I saw no familiar faces in the warm pool rooms and saloons when I looked through the bright windows; and a disagreeable feeling came over me that now there was no place where I could go and see them. I stepped into a small, dingy restaurant and ordered some ham and eggs. Presently a fat, frowzy waitress slammed my order down on the counter and, without a word, returned to the kitchen. I ate in silence and solitude and went out into the darkness. I ventured into the yards again and stopped in the shelter of the water tank. The wind whistled through the telegraph wires above, its harsh cry making the darkness and cold most dismal. The romance of my plan vanished, and it seemed imperfect and vain. Maybe I wasn't exactly ready to be a wild, burly adventurer yet, I admitted. Perhaps I had better become a boy again for a while. There wasn't any sense in being *too* wicked and tough all at once. I'd better go slowly and carefully. Anyway, I'd hoboed thirty miles.

III

I had a few dollars, so I rented a room for the night. The next morning I got a job of wood-chopping from a nurseryman who lived four miles from town. I was to receive fifteen dollars a month and board. When I was given my first month's pay my courage had returned to a degree; and I journeyed to town on a Saturday night, determined to be a man at last. But the racket of a skating rink was too strong a call for my new bravery to resist; and for three hours I rolled over the slick floor with other boys, the lusty pleasures of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working man forgotten. With six dime novels under my arm, a quarter's worth of chocolates, a half-pound of Star, and a package of cigarette tobacco in my pocket, I returned at midnight to my place of labor. I toiled quite happily then, and with such effect that the last of the stack of poles was in stove wood by the first of April. I was paid off; and I walked into town, thinking mainly of my cowardly failure to kiss the hired girl good-bye.

My employer had given me a letter to a sheep rancher twenty miles up the river, assuring me that I could get boy's work from him. But twenty dollars jingled in my pocket; I felt the breath of Spring and smelled its sweet odors of wet earth; I saw the sunny April day as a bright message of romantic adventure. Again I rode for it on a rattling freight.

At Nampa, a division point, I was dragged down by the arm of the law. The officer shook me savagely and bumped my head against the side of the car. I jerked myself free and ran like a rabbit, dodging between piles of ties and around sheds. At every turn I was sure I could hear the officer's feet pounding behind me. I leaped around a corner and tumbled into a group of men who were sitting on the sunny side of a street that bordered the yards.

"Hey!" yelled one of the men. "What t'ell you runnin' from? What's all the big rush?"

He looked friendly, so I narrated my adventure. The gang was hilarious.

"Kid, when you ride into the Nampa yard, you're ridin' into dynamite," said the friendly man. "You're lucky Nampa Larry didn't take his sap to you. He tail-bones most ev'ry stiff he ketches, hey, Hardpan?"

I was now feeling some importance over my encounter with the terrible Nampa Larry; but when Hardpan Kelly, who seemed to be the leader of the crowd, told a story about what *he'd* done to Larry when the railroad bull attempted to sap *him*, my adventure seemed small and pitiful. Another man then boasted of the neat whipping he had given a hostile bull in Casey, a place I had not heard of before now, though it seemed to be large and important. Then a dark, chubby man spoke modestly of a brawl in the great city of Shy, but he intimated that he emerged from this brawl unconquered.

I was curious about the city of Shy, but not so curious as to reveal my ignorance. I thought it a mighty strange name for a city and wondered how I had missed it and Casey in my study of geography. But there was more puzzlement ahead for me, for I soon heard of a great American city named Nawlins, and yet another called Sin See. It was many weeks before I learned that these names were hobo abbreviations for Kansas City, Chicago, New Orleans and Cincinnati. Such was the ignorance of a boy whose days had been lived in the sagebrush country! But learned city men, I found out later, have shown the same ignorance, for the railroaders' song, "K. C. [*i. e.*, Kansas City] Jones," was actually published in New York as "Casey Jones." As I listened to the gossip of these knowing men, I resolved to cast my lot in with them at once. I, too, should travel far and live bright and thrilling hours in those gorgeously wicked cities which the geographies had neglected, the cities of Casey, Nawlins, Sin See and Shy.

I was an ignored listener as the talk went on. By and by someone said he had the price of a snort, and the others said that a snort was what they needed more than anything else in the world just then. The hobos got up and walked towards the main street, following Hardpan Kelly. I tagged along behind, feeling very much like a child again. I heard the two in front of me whispering that "Hardpan is sure alive; says he's only got a road-stake, but he's lousy with it." I wondered why anyone should insist that Hardpan was not dead, for the man looked and acted as if he'd never known a sick day; and I bothered my head trying to figure out what a road-stake might be, whether it was some kind of a surveyor's stake, or maybe a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steak that he carried along to eat on the road; and how could he be lousy with any kind of stake or steak, anyway?

The gang went into a saloon. I did not dare to enter, but waited outside for a long time. At last I got hungry and went to a lunchroom to eat. Then I loafed around for a couple of hours, without meeting the gang. When I saw the hobos again they were around a three-wagon freighting outfit; and some of them were climbing on the loads. I moseyed over. A freckle-faced hobo sang out, "Here's the gaycat again! Better come take on some labor, fuzz-face; ol' Larry'll sap you silly if he spots you on the stem."

He and four others were on a wagon loaded with grain. I was eager to join them, but I looked doubtfully at the freighter.

"Shake a leg!" he yelled at me.

So I climbed to the top of the high row of sacks. The freighter cracked a twenty-foot lash over the eight-horse team and the wagons began to move. The five hobos paid no more attention to me. They got into an argument as to whether the grading camp they were going to was a "main" camp or a "gypo" camp; and the longer they argued the louder they bawled. Their talk delighted me, though I could not understand much of it. They spoke of rag houses, Jacks and Neds, walkers, stomach robbers, tin pans, leather, scissor-bills, muck sticks, barn dogs, and jug heads. I understood only that we were going to a tent camp on a government ditch bossed by Bum Dowd, and that jobs as mule teamsters were to be sought. I began to doubt very much if I should be a hobo for a long time; it seemed that many months would be required to learn the new language.

At camp I was at once singled out and hailed as a gaycat and a fuzz-face, the hobo terms for boys. Bum Dowd sneered when I asked for a team of mules and gave me a dish-washing job in the camp kitchen. I accepted it cheerfully and toiled with zeal. I thought that by earnest work I could rise to a higher estate. But after a month the adamantine Dowd was still deaf to my entreaties. I had heard considerable talk among the hobo team-hands of a new reclamation job at Shoshone; a big ditch was being dug to bring water to two hundred thousand acres of land on the north side of Snake River Canyon. I knew something of the hobos' language and customs now; I decided to go to this new scene, announce myself as an experienced team-hand, and be done for all time with boyhood.

IV

I crawled from a freight in the town of Shoshone at five-thirty on a May morning. I ate breakfast at a small restaurant and inquired the way to the camps. I was told that it was thirty miles to Grant & Company's headquarters. "Keep the left-hand road," the restaurant man told me. "There's a pump station sixteen miles out. Better let me fix you some sandwiches."

I told him to do so.

"Oughter wait an' go on a wagon," he said, as he wrapped up the lunch. "It's a long, dusty hike. Might as well ride."

But I was sure that if I struck one of the camps alone I should have a better chance of getting a man's job. So I started my long walk over the sagebrush.

The dust of the volcanic ash soil in that country drifts like snow in the winds; and the road was like a wide trail through the brush, having only a dim shape of wagon tracks. Tramping along at a fast pace, my mind afar in fancied adventures, I followed a road that branched to the left about four miles from town. Walking was little effort for me, as I had loped over the Idaho hills all my years. When it seemed that I had been going for several hours I got thirsty, and began to look for the water tower. But though I could see for miles up the road, nothing but a flat gray plain of sage and a dim ridge of mountains was in view.

I felt a little doubt as I walked on and on and the sun neared the center of its arch, but I only hastened my pace, looking always for the water tower. My thirst in-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creased. My throat burned from alkali dust. I nibbled at one of the sandwiches, but it was so dry and bitter on my tongue that I threw both away. I tramped on for another hour, but the monotonous flat scene did not change. I had no watch, but a look at my shadow told me it was long past noon. Surely I had come more than sixteen miles. At last I knew that I had taken a wrong road. It was the old Shoshone-Milner stage road and had not been used since a railroad was built through the latter town. I did not know what road it was, but I was certain it led to some point near the Snake River. I would not turn back to Shoshone. I tramped on.

I had no play with fancy now; I wanted only to glimpse some movement and color beside the listless, mournful swaying and dusty gray of the sagebrush leaves. The mountains seemed to get no nearer; and I was angry that they remained so remote, for I knew that on their slopes were cold springs, greenery, and restful shade. Frequently the skeletons of cattle and sheep glistened by the roadside, and I would have a horrid reminder of my fate, should I be crippled in a fall, or taken ill, or—I thought of a thousand terrors. Once I saw a kerosene can in the brush. I ran to it; but it was rotten with rust, had lain there for years. I repented of my desire for wicked wanderings and was tormented with the feeling that a divine hand had led me into this road for punishment, perhaps as a prelude to hell. Of all the hideous notions and visions that came to me on that afternoon I remember but a few, but I vividly recall the terror of all of them. Imagination is a devil.

Yet all the time I tramped on, and I was still walking hard at dusk, walking with a blind will, hardly conscious of my steps. Suddenly, to my right, I saw a faint glimmer. It was a shine of water! I had come to an irrigation ditch! I dropped on my belly and drank in great gulps until I was glutted. Then I drenched my face and my hair. I remember that I then sat up and sighed gustily, as one who awakens from a frightful nightmare. There was a field beyond the ditch, and a farmhouse. Infinitely weary, I plodded over there for supper and bed. I was five months past my fifteenth birthday. Without water, I had walked thirteen hours and forty-one miles.

The nearest camp was only five miles from the farmhouse. The next morning I walked to this camp. Burly Hughes was the walking-boss. I asked him for a team.

"Ain't got no teams fer fuzz-faces!" he roared. "You'll make a fair flunkey, maybe. Git inter the kitchen!"

Thus it appeared that I was a boy still, though I had travelled so far, and with such thought, pain and effort for a man's job! But I submitted, though I was more determined than ever to become a real working man, sometime, somewhere, somehow.

In this cookhouse, as in the one at Nampa, the hours I worked were tedious and long. The cook, the other two flunkies and myself got up at four and had breakfast ready by six. When dish-washing and potato-peeling were done we had an hour before we prepared dinner. In the afternoon we were idle from two to four. At eight o'clock our day's work was done. A wearisome life in a desert land. Hot winds blew there all the Summer days, and out on the works the teamsters plodded behind their mules in clouds of dust. For miles around there was a gray expanse of sage, its flatness broken only by occasional ridges of lava rock. But I was used to the lonely aspect of the sage, and it could not dull for me the charm of my short idle hours.

Each night I had an hour or two in the bunkhouse, and then I listened to grand and thrilling tales. Rough Rider Smiler was there; and he had fought by the side of a national hero. There was Google Eye Murphy, who had once ruled a gang in the neighborhood of Hinky Dink's in Shy. There was Frisco Timmy, who had lived in the Chinese quarter of his native town and who could tell hair-raising

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories about the mysterious life there. Finally, there was Burly Hughes, who, as a camp boss in the South, had murdered three Negroes, and had notches for these killings on the handle of his gun. I feared him greatly; and when he ordered me to wash his clothes I did so without question. Nor did I dare to quit while he was in camp, so savage was his treatment of some who left when he was in a state of displeasure. I stayed on until the first of August. Then Burly Hughes gave way to Kid Hogan; and in ten days I asked for my time-check. I had made up my mind to hobo to Portland, and then ride a boat to San Francisco, the city of my dreams.

V

But Burly Hughes was the first man I met when I reached Shoshone. His eyes were red and swollen; his thick hands were unsteady. He had been soaked in raw alcohol for more than a week. He was broke, but I did not know it. He greeted me with lavish friendliness, and I was immensely flattered. I must come and meet the gang, he said; fine bunch of stiffs in town now.

The gang welcomed me noisily and affectionately. I was brought a can of beer. And in a little while I was feeling that I had never mingled with such agreeable and friendly men. The hobo laborers had made me one of them at last. I was very grateful to Burly Hughes and forgave him his harshness in camp. He reminded me that it was a custom of the team-hand tribe for a "live one" to pass out a dollar to each hand he met in town, and with some reluctance I took his hint, broke some bills, and passed the silver around. I then got so exhilarated with enjoyment of my new lofty state that I proposed buying a jungle feed and cases of beer. Two days later I had just thirty-five cents in my pocket; I was still in Shoshone; the hobos had no more comradeship for me, and I was a boy once more.

I found no new hope when I went back to the camps. Water boy in one, flunkey again in two others, barn helper in still another, I did not get a man's job until I went to the Wood River Project, thirty miles above Shoshone, in the last week of October.

I had started for the camp of Hales & Crane, the contractors who had the best fame among the hobo team-hands. Old Foster Crane had been a hobo for years himself, and he would employ none but genuine savages, true members of his tribe. But I stopped overnight at the camp of a gypo contractor, and the next morning I was offered a team for the first time—two bedraggled, scrawny old mules on a wheel scraper. I took this good chance to learn the occupation which I hoped to adorn. These weary, wise old camp mules were far different from the lively bronchos I had been used to at home. I had to ding-dong them with a heavy shag from morning till night. In a week I was sick of belaboring them constantly and with such little effect, and began to long for the simple tasks of a boy once more. But I persisted, and I would no doubt have developed into a fair muleteer in that camp, had it not been for the attempted tyranny of a boss.

Jim Byrnes saw me as an easy victim for the persecution that was wine to his mean little soul. I never drove past him but he poured scorn and contempt upon me. His criticisms were embroidered with coarse and unimaginative profanity. One day I flung the lines in his face and fled to the camp office. Feeling a new bravery from my "walk-off," I ventured into the camp of Hales & Crane. I was given a job there, but as a boy again. It was a machine camp, and I was put to work greasing the dump wagons in which the dirt was hauled from the elevating grader. But I found some contentment in this place. Every man was something of a hero. Red Grabby, the foreman, had bossed camps in two dozen States; no walker in the West had higher renown. Slim Golden, the plowshaker, Blue Snyder, the machine skinner, Lord Baltimore, the cook, Rowdy Rapp, the blacksmith, Slats Davidson, the time-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keeper—a civil engineer who had been downed by drink—Nitre Kennedy, the barn boss—everyone had wide fame among the team-hand tribe as a master of his occupation.

Beside, this was a gamblers' camp. There was a big poker tent with five tables, and there the games ran all Saturday night and throughout Sunday until ten o'clock. The contractors furnished lights, cards and chips and would give any man a poker order on his wages that could be cashed at the town office. Spot Evans, Poker Tom Davis, Black Hawk, Liver Lip Red, Paddy the Devil, Underwear Blackie, Slue Foot Niergaard, and other noted team-hand gamblers were then working in this camp. The stars usually filled two tables; lesser gamblers played for smaller stakes at the other three.

Though I was still a boy, I had the best enjoyment of my life in this camp. In the bunkhouse there were a hundred heroes to worship; and each night I heard pleasureable and inspiring tales. When the poker games were running, I would stand and look on, fascinated by the glitter of bright cards, the rattle of chips, and the stoicism of men who would fling away two weeks' wages for a moment of daring; dreaming of the time when I, too, might sit gallantly in such a circle and bear a moniker and speak of my adventures. I was kindly noticed at times by my heroes. Some of them had received dollars from me when I had my first "blow-in." I knew their language now and could speak of a few camps. Once I overheard Paddy the Devil say to Spot Evans, "That fuzz-face'll be a real team-hand in a couple more years." I swelled with pride; but two years seemed a long time to wait.

And I did not wait so long. At Thanksgiving time there was a storm, and the work was shut down for the week. The poker games ran day and night. On Saturday I washed clothes for some of the gamblers and made seven dollars. I was paid in poker chips. I was about to cash them in, when Overland Slim, a minor player who had gone broke, asked me to stake him. I had little respect for his prowess at poker; if my seven dollars were to be lost, I might as well have the thrill of losing them myself. So I took a seat among the lesser players.

I won from the start. Luck favored me and I had not looked on at so many games in vain. At midnight I was a winner by fifty dollars. My eyes felt heavy, so I cashed in and went to bed. I returned to the tent the next morning at ten o'clock. There was a vacant seat at one of the big tables, and I felt a wild notion to try my chances there.

"No," said Paddy the Devil. "Hang on to what you got, gazoony. Pork chops'll be hangin' high this Winter."

"Let 'm come," growled Black Hawk. "W'en we start playin' pets roun' this game? Here's where frien'ship ceases."

Paddy the Devil shrugged his great shoulders. Somewhat timorously I sat down, directly across the table from Black Hawk. I played carefully, and luck still befriended me. Two hours after dinner the stack of chips in front of me was worth eighty dollars.

VI

Spot Evans dealt. I gathered up my five cards, shielded them in my hands, and squeezed down the corners, one at a time. The first card was the ten of hearts, the other four were—aces! I stifled a hot thrill of exultation. It was the first time four aces had appeared in a hand for long days and nights of play. My thoughts were leaping flames—"Four aces! I guess now they'll have to say that kid's a gamblin' devil, all right. Four aces! If I can only play 'em right the tribe won't forget this jack-pot for a while. Four aces for little Jimmy. Oh, golly, but I'll make 'em look!"

Black Hawk opened the jack-pot; Paddy the Devil and Poker Tom stayed. I fought down an impulse to raise them to the roof; I knew it wiser to simply call and draw one card. The other three threw down. After the draw Black Hawk and the other

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two passed the bet. I studied my hand wisely, and then, trying to make the appearance of a bluff, I pushed out a ten-dollar bet. Black Hawk instantly raised me twenty dollars. Paddy and Poker Tom dropped their cards. I had a bad moment of stage fright then; it seemed that everyone of the forty-odd men in the tent was staring at me, and I felt ridicule in their stares. But I remembered that I held a practically unbeatable hand; for this moment I was lord of the blanketed table.

Had I made Black Hawk think I was bluffing, I wondered, as I forced my attention back to the cards? Or did he figure that I had drawn to two pair and made a full house, and then make his big bet to scare me out? Or did he think that he held a cinch hand and was really wanting a call? The awful thought struck me that he might have a straight flush, that Spot Evans, who had a reputation for trickiness, had cold-decked me for a share of the spoils. Maybe I'd better do no more than call him, my caution whispered. But a lustier spirit flamed up at the notion. What! Only call on four aces? The shame of it would have followed me forever among the tribe. There was only one thing for me, and that was to plunge into a grand play.

"I tap myself," I said.

For perhaps five minutes the tide of courage and hope ran high in me, while Black Hawk studied his cards. Then my ordeal began. Black Hawk carefully-counted my stacks, matched them from his own chips—and withdrew. He resumed his study of the cards. Now and again he would throw me a fierce, dark stare; and when he did so my ears seemed to grow large and hot and to crawl up into my hair. There was a leaping among all my nerves, and I stiffened every muscle to control them. Again Black Hawk pushed in his chips, drew them out, shoved them slowly back, and—my heart jumped furiously—"I call," he said.

Trembling, I spread out my hand. For an instant his face flushed a dark red, then he stoically motioned for me to take the pot. The tent seemed filled with a monstrous roar; a dazzling brightness swam about the rough-clad forms of the spectators. As I raked in the chips I felt a heavy hand drop on my shoulder.

"Where you from, you ace-eatin' gambo-leer?"

I looked up into the moustachioed countenance of Red Grabby. The camp boss had been standing behind me these last minutes. I did not want to confess that my home was so near, so I gave him the name of my birthplace in Iowa.

"Appanoose County, hey? Well, you got a heister comin' to you. Lis'en, you savages!" he roared. "From now on we're a-callin' this gazoony Appanoose Jimmie, see! He's goin' to be a team-hand right."

Never will I have such a golden token from words again. I had my wreath now. I was a boy no longer. I was a man.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSTINCT AS A GUIDE TO FOOD

BY BENJAMIN HARROW AND CASIMIR FUNK

> It is one of the axioms of physiology that the majority of the diseases of mankind are due to, or connected with, perversions of nutrition.
> —*Prof. R. H. Chittenden.*

THE philosopher, the psychologist and the biologist dabble with the nature of instinct. Often enough the word is used by them as vaguely as the phrase "chemical affinity" is used by the chemist. Why do oxygen and hydrogen combine? asks the student. Because there exists a chemical affinity between them, answers the instructor—a matter of electronic distribution. What, then, causes a bird to come out from its egg and later to build its first nest? Instinct, is the ready response. The questioner, revolving the matter in his mind, may think of instinct as synonymous with intuition, with impulse, with spontaneity. He will be partly right, and yet not altogether so.

Instinct has been defined as "a propensity that urges an animal or human being, without exercise of reason, to the performance of actions which are for the most part normally useful or beneficial." We have selected this definition in preference to dozens of others, not because it is so much better, but because it expresses the meaning of the word as we shall use it in this article. The definition emphasizes the complete divorce between instinct and intelligence and points out that instinctive actions are, "for the most part," but *not invariably*, useful or beneficial.

The physiological and psychological processes involved in instinct are many and complicated. The more obvious sequence of events that may be noticed in an instinctive action are, first, that the mind is excited by the object; secondly, that the mind becomes "activated," or mental processes arise, as a result of contact with the object; and thirdly, that there is action that has direct reference to the object. The suckling of young animals; the pecking of young chickens; nest building; the migration of birds; the honeycomb-making of bees; egg deposition by moths and butterflies, and the selection of food by all sorts of animals have been cited as typical examples of actions involving instinct. But there remains much disagreement among writers on the subject, some declaring that certain so-called instinctive actions have nothing to do with instinct, and some even going so far as to declare that instinctive actions may be very satisfactorily explained on purely physico-chemical grounds. One of the former was Wallace, the great naturalist, who in an article on bird's nests published as far back as 1870 said:

> That the existence of true instinct may be established in other cases is not impossible; but in the particular instance of birds' nests, which is usually considered one of its strongholds, I cannot find a particle of evidence to show the existence of anything beyond those lower reasoning and imitative powers which animals are universally admitted to possess.

Among the adherents of a purely mechanistic conception of instinct, the late Dr. Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, was probably the ablest. In several instances—such as those of animals that are heliotropic, or sensitive to light—he was able to reduce actions hitherto regarded as instinctive to accord with well-established laws in physics. In other cases, such as that of the sexual instinct, Loeb

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was of the opinion that chemical substances generated by the glands of the body and known as hormones play an all-important rôle. In this connection one may refer to the work of Steinach, of rejuvenation fame, who, by implanting ovaries into castrated male rats, has so transformed these animals as to make them resemble, in many ways, the females of their species, and to show corresponding instincts.

II

We must now narrow our horizon to limit ourselves to the play of instinct in the selection of food. What first gives rise to the desire for food? Obviously enough it is the sensation of hunger—the fundamental motive to individual self-preservation. Professor Cannon of Harvard and Professor Carlson of Chicago have shown that this is purely a physiological phenomenon: it is due to the muscular contraction of the walls of the stomach. We seek to still these pangs, and it is at this point that what we may call instinct comes into play, for the food that we select—often without knowing why we select it—not only stops the contractions of the stomach, but is usually well utilized by the body subsequently to repair waste tissue and supply energy.

Various writers have linked the sensation of appetite with that of hunger, and at times some have used the words appetite and instinct interchangeably. There seems to be reason for believing, however, that hunger and appetite are not different degrees of the same sensation at all, but really fundamentally different. "Appetite," writes Professor Cannon, "is related to previous sensations of the taste and smell of food; it has therefore, as Pawlow has shown, important psychic elements. It may exist separate from hunger, as, for example, when we eat delectable dainties merely to please the palate. Sensory associations, delightful or disgusting, determine the appetite for any edible substance, and either memory or present stimulation can thus arouse desire or dislike for food. Hunger, on the other hand, is a dull ache or gnawing sensation referred to the lower mid-chest region. It is the organism's first strong demand for nutriment, and, if not satisfied, it is likely to grow into a highly uncomfortable pang, less definitely localized as it becomes more intense. It may exist separate from appetite, as, for example, when hunger forces the taking of food not only distasteful but even nauseating."

Between instinct and appetite there are thus differences and similarities. Instinct is the precursor which may lead to a development of appetite, but appetite is related to previous sensations (of taste and smell of food), whereas instinct assumes no previous experience of any kind. If we must set up connecting links we might say that, under certain conditions, instinct is the go-between bridging hunger and appetite. It was instinct that led Bo-bo, the hero of Lamb's dissertation upon roast pig, to feel the pig. When he had burnt his hands and licked them, the dawn of appetite appeared. Once it is aroused, once the mouth is made to water—not a figurative but a literal description of what actually takes place—the rest may be explained in terms of orthodox physiology. For, as Pawlow, the great Russian physiologist, has shown, appetite stimulates the flow of digestive juices, without which no food can be digested.

Incidentally, one of Pawlow's experiments bears upon the question whether appetite (and probably instinct) always manifests itself to benefit the individual. Once, when experimenting on a dog, he divided the animal's gullet in the neck and brought the two ends to the skin. Food taken in by the mouth thus passed down part of the gullet and then out into the open, without ever entering the stomach. But even under these conditions of sham feeding, with the hungry animal never really getting the food it needed and wanted, there was an abundant flow of gastric juice in its stomach—provided no

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nerves were cut. The sight of the food and its taste in the mouth were enough to set up reactions in the dog's brain which gave rise to the flow of stomach juice, despite the fact that it was of no value to the animal.

Much of our modern knowledge of dietetics has resulted from such experiments on the lower animals. The very simplest type of living creature, the ameba, seems to be attracted to food and repelled by poisons. These unicellular organisms cannot be said to have any nervous mechanism, so that we must postulate their possession of either the "instinct" of the biologist or the "affinity" of the chemist. In insects an instinctive tendency is seen in such diverse activities as the construction of a honeycomb by honey-bees, the social economy of ants, the preparation for the pupal state by the larvæ of butterflies and moths, and the provision made by beetles and flies for a progeny they are never to see. The most exhaustive experiments have failed to show that any process of reasoning is involved. Given the insect and given the particular set of circumstances, we get an inevitable reaction; just as, given the proper conditions, certain elements or chemical compounds will react to each other. The intellect has apparently as little to do with such activities of insects as it has to do with the combining powers of the elements.

What is true of insects also applies, in so far as observations have been made, to the higher animals. Professor Mendel, of Yale, has published experiments to illustrate the choice made by rats and mice when offered two diets, one adequate and the other inadequate. The two diets were so prepared that they did not differ in outward appearance, in taste or in smell. In fact, their only difference was that one contained much protein and the other little protein. Under these conditions the animals selected a larger percentage of the richer mixture. But the really significant feature of the experiment was this: that rats fed exclusively on the diet rich in protein fared no better than those that were allowed a free choice between a protein-rich and a protein-poor diet, whereas rats kept on the protein-poor diet failed to grow. From this one must conclude that, given an option of several types of food, the rat will make its selection in such a way as to receive an adequate supply of protein. "The outcome of this investigation," writes Professor Mendel, "shows that in their choice of foods, rats and mice make selections which are as a rule advantageous for their nutritive condition." This experiment, carried out under rigid laboratory conditions, is an excellent illustration of "instinctive" action. It leads to the supposition that the instinct of primitive man acted as a fairly safe guide in the selection of food, particularly where the food was plentiful and full of variety.

Somewhat similar results have been obtained by Professor Evvard, of the University of Iowa, in experiments on pigs. He is of the opinion that the instinct of these animals is a safer guide in selecting food for them than any man-made standards. This may be true if the choice offered be sufficiently varied, or if the foods themselves, though limited in variety, be rich in essential nutritive elements. But a situation may arise where neither of these conditions is fulfilled. Such situations have already arisen in certain parts of Europe. They affect not only animals but man; and it would seem that where the choice is between several foods, each poor in nutritive value, an artificial combination of them worked out in the laboratory of the physiologist may be an improvement over the free-selection method of the animal.

We must, in this connection, bear in mind that there are times when instinct seems to lead an animal entirely astray, even though conditions hampering the faculty are known to be absent, and external circumstances seem entirely favorable. Why, for example, should the larva of the Situris beetle attach itself indiffer-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ently to the bee that enables it to develop, and to any hairy object of a similar kind? Why, to come to the highest form of animal, man, should the Japanese have selected polished rice for their diet and thereby contract a disease that causes nerve degeneration (beriberi), when they might just as well have eaten the unpolished variety and avoided the disease? These facts may be cited against the writers who argue that instinct always leads to the right selection.

III

If we trace the history of man back to the remotest time, when he was not exactly man, nor monkey, nor lemur, but some queer combination of all three, we may assume his diet to have been not very different from the diet of the monkey of our own day. The lemur-monkey-man probably lived largely on fruits and nuts, perhaps also on oysters and other shellfish, a little on insects, and occasionally on a bird or two. Hunger started him on his path of adventure and instinct guided him in his search. Occasionally instinct, not wholly perfect, would lead him astray, and then misfortune would befall him. This would prove an instructive lesson to others of his tribe, and for them thereafter instinct would be guided by experience. Here we witness the dawn of intelligence.

The diet of the lemur-monkey-man was passed on from generation to generation. and there is no reason to suppose that even during the fourth and last glacial period, when the Neanderthal man flourished—a matter of some 50,000 years ago—had his food changed considerably. So long as weapons were few, so long as fire was unknown, so long as the raising of cattle and the tilling of the soil were not practiced, man belonged to the hunted animals, and his food could hardly extend beyond the range of the monkey. The Reindeer man, flourishing between 35,000 and 15,000 years ago, developed the art of making implements, and during the Neolithic age, some 10,000 years back, certain animals began to be domesticated. The Neolithic man probably stumbled on the art of milking, and experience must have led him to use milk as food. A rude type of agriculture—the origin of which is a mystery—led to the cultivation of wheat and barley; oats and rye seem to have come much later. Animal foods, such as meats of various kinds, probably became common only when man had established himself as a keeper of sheep and a tiller of the soil.

From now on, no radical changes in his diet are to be noticed. The people of biblical times, and many of the men and women who lived before the Industrial Revolution, ate much the same food, and even led much the same life that the Neolithic man did. Until quite within our own times, indeed, man lived on Nature's produce and was a healthy creature. Instinct had guided his remote ancestors in their search for food, and though with the progress of time, the intellect of man grew perhaps at the expense of his instinct, the former continued to urge him to eat what his forefathers had eaten.

But within the last hundred years or so, everything, our food included, has been revolutionized. Our foods are now "preserved, purified, polished, pickled, canned, extracted, distilled, concentrated, heated, dried, frozen, thawed, stored." How are we, particularly city people, to select what is good for us? Our instinct is not what it was, and even if it had remained with us, it is doubtful whether, with a choice of food that is daily becoming more limited for many of us, and with a supply that undergoes so many chemical processes before we eat it, instinct would be a very reliable aid. What are we to do?

There is a considerable body of opinion, growing from day to day, that holds that our gastro-intestinal troubles—our stomach-aches, our headaches, our constipation, and so on—are largely the result of eating this artificially prepared food. Whatever instinct is left in us has not, if this thesis be correct—and the writers of this article are of the opinion that it is—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guided us very wisely in our choice of newly acquired foodstuffs. Our instinct should have warned us against the preserved, the pickled and the canned; on the contrary, it urged appetite to encourage us in selecting the preserved, the pickled and the canned—so much so, that our mouth now waters at the very name of *delicatessen.*

If we turn our attention to races who still live in the midst of primitive surroundings, where the artificial has not yet displaced the natural food, we may learn an instructive lesson. The Arabs, for example, live largely on figs, dates, some vegetables and a little milk. Meat is rarely eaten, and their religion forbids them to drink alcohol. Despite the undescribable filth in which they live, they are far more immune to disease than Europeans. "Diseases of nutrition," writes Dr. Auzimour, a French army surgeon, "are almost unknown; ulcers and cancer of the stomach are very seldom met with; and if one comes across a chance case of diarrhea, it is generally because the sufferer has been eating too many melons. Appendicitis is very rare among Arabs, and is entirely unknown among vegetarian nomads. Gout and kidney gravel are also quite unknown." A fact that should arrest attention is that when these Arabs desert their dirty villages for the towns, and there live the life of Europeans, eating the food Europeans eat, they become as susceptible to disease as the latter. Their resistance therefore cannot be ascribed to the peculiarities of the race, or to the climate, but only to the food they eat.

Another, and equally instructive case is cited by Dr. McCarrison, an English physician stationed in India. "My own experience," he writes, "provides an example of a race unsurpassed in perfection of physique and in freedom from disease in general, whose sole food consists to this day of grains, vegetables and fruits, with a certain amount of milk and butter, and goats' meat only on feast days. I refer to the people of the State of Hunza, situated in the extreme northernmost point of India. So limited is the land available for cultivation that they keep little livestock other than goats, which browse on the hills, while the food supply is so restricted that the people, as a rule, do not even keep dogs. They have in addition to grains—wheat, barley and maize—an abundant crop of apricots. These they dry in the sun and use very largely as food."

Dr. McCarrison has spent nine years among these people. The men have a magnificent physique. They live to a very great age and are astoundingly fertile. This combination of fertility and longevity is, indeed, their one important source of worry to them. A humane chieftain suggested to the doctor that instead of bringing the sick back to health again, he concentrate his attention on the construction of a lethal chamber to get rid of those too old to be of use to the state. With another of these tribes it was the custom, until quite recently, for the eldest son to put his two aged parents in a basket, carry them to the top of a hill, and then hurl them to death. Says Dr. McCarrison:

> During the period of my association with these people, I never saw a case of dyspepsia, of gastric or duodenal ulcer, of appendicitis, of mucous colitis (a disease involving that part of the intestine called the colon), or of cancer, although my operating list averaged 400 major operations a year. While I cannot aver that all these maladies are quite unknown, I have the strongest reason for the assertion that they were remarkably infrequent. The occasions on which my attention was directed to the abdominal viscera of these people were of the rarest. . . . Among them the abdomen oversensitive to nerve impressions, to fatigue, anxiety or cold was unknown. Their consciousness of the existence of this part of their anatomy was, as a rule, related solely to the sensation of hunger. Indeed, their buoyant abdominal health has, since my return to the West, provided a remarkable contrast with the dyspeptic and colonic lamentations of our highly civilized communities.

In searching for an explanation of this difference in health between Indians and Europeans, McCarrison has traced it to diet. "The people [of Hunza]," he says, "live on the unsophisticated foods of nature: milk, eggs, grains, fruits and vegetables. I don't suppose that one in every 10,000 of them has ever seen a tinned sal-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mon, a chocolate or a patent infant food, nor that as much sugar is imported to their country in a year as is used in a moderately sized hotel."

Like the Arabs, the Hunzas live in the midst of anything but sanitary surroundings, and like them again, they contract gastro-intestinal disorders whenever they change to a more civilized diet. These facts are of the utmost importance, for they show clearly that despite unhygienic conditions, their unsophisticated diet keeps them free from the common ailments to which Europeans and Americans are subject. This, of course, is no argument in favor of filth; it is merely evidence that faulty diet may be an important causative factor in disease. Incidentally, it illustrates how faulty, or how latent, or how entirely absent instinct is in modern man.

Actual experiments with monkeys, carried out by Dr. McCarrison, give support to his views. Wild monkeys to the number of thirty-six were captured in the jungles of Madras and transported to the doctor's laboratory at Coonor. They were in perfect health and full vigor. Each of these animals was placed in a separate cage, and all were confined in the same animal room. One-third the number were fed natural foods (wheaten bread, milk, ground nuts, onions, butter, plantains and water), and the remainder on food deficient in one way or another: in some cases there was a deficiency of vitamines; in others, an ill-balanced diet was offered; in still others, the food was of the "natural" variety, but had first been sterilized. Says Dr. McCarrison:

> Those that were naturally fed remained free from intestinal disease; those that were fed on deficient and ill-balanced food, and on sterilized food developed, within a short time in the majority of cases, diarrhea or actual dysentery (a disease involving the inflammation of the large intestine). Here, then, is an unequivocal instance not only of the effect of faulty food in inducing a specific disease such as dysentery, but of the protection against it that is afforded by a natural and well-balanced diet.

IV

Whether we take the view, as some psychologists do, that instinct has become "saturated" with intelligence, so that in highly civilized man it is now of little moment, or whether we agree with Metchnikoff that our instinctive actions have become perverted, largely owing to the consumption of alcohol, there seems to be general agreement that instinct in man is becoming less and less potent and accurate. Our intellect, which has largely displaced it, cannot serve us as well in the selection of food; for though one of the characteristics of this intellect is that it builds on the accumulated experiences of the past, the food we eat today is vastly different from the food we ate in the past. Moreover, it seems plausible that the requirements, for example of a New York City clerk and a Minnesota lumberman, will show degrees of difference. Scientific experimentation must therefore come to our aid. It must point the way towards determining the extent of the harm done by the consumption of artificial foods. It must suggest such combinations of different foods as will provide for the varying needs of the organism. Given a limited supply—such as prevails in most of Europe, in all of Asia, and among the very poor elsewhere—how much of each type, and what combination of the various elements, will bring the maximum return to the human machine? Our instinct will not tell us; the food faddist misleads us; the politician and the legislator are ignorant. Our hope lies in the scientist of the laboratory, with his rats and mice and guinea-pigs, and in the dietitian and clinician at the bedside.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TESTIMONIES

BY L. M. HUSSEY

I

Fundamentalist

FRANKLY, I find all talk about the antagonism of religion and science nonsensical. There is no such antagonism. Time was, of course, when I shared this common prejudice. When I first began my studies for the ministry I was actually afraid of the scientific branches in my arts course, biology especially. It makes me smile now when I remember how I used to go to my knees every night praying that I might learn nothing to shake my faith. But the fact was, as I came to see, that these scientific studies really reinforced faith. Take for example the laws of heredity, Gregor Mendel and so forth. There's nothing unscriptural in them. Why, I admit them to be true. You can demonstrate scientifically that this old world is not going to be made over in a day. A man has hereditary impulses he can't escape—another way of speaking of the Old Adam in him. Scientific fatalism. Calvin recognized it. Just remember this: through the laws of heredity science shows that the world has very little chance of becoming perfect. And that's just why Our Lord has promised to come again. The Second Coming is a scientific necessity. When He comes He will set aside all these laws and establish His Kingdom right here on earth. That's the only hope of perfection. Yes, I positively believe in science.

II

Suburban Pastor

You say you can't understand just how the Christian man is saved. Brother, I can show you! The soul of man is just like this peanut that I'm holding between my fingers. Half an hour ago, when I was walking downtown, I saw this peanut lying with a lot of trashy stuff in the gutter. It looks pretty dirty doesn't it? You wouldn't believe there was anything worth saving in it, would you? Brother, it's only the shell of the peanut that's dirtied. You see, I crack it open and the kernel's sound and clean. I'm eating it now. It's the same way with God Almighty and the soul of man. The soul of man is like a lost peanut. It wallows in the gutters of sin and is fouled. Then the Blood of the Lamb dissolves away the dirty husk, cracks it open, and a pure kernel remains, acceptable to God the Father.

III

Praying Brother

Don't try to tell me what's the matter with the world. I don't want to see your statistics about this and that. Statistics are bunk. The whole trouble with the world right now is that people don't go any more to their Heavenly Father in prayer. In the old days good Christian men and women knew how to pray. Now they've forgotten. That's why the world is full of trouble. There's no trouble you can't ease by Christian prayer. I'll tell you an instance. One afternoon I was standing in the railroad station waiting for a train. I saw a shabby looking man pacing up and down with deep trouble in his face. The Lord moved me to speak to him. "Pardon me, friend," I said, "but you seem to be in trouble. Is there anything I can do?" "Yes sir," he answered, "I am in trouble. I got word this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morning that my old mother is on her death bed. I've done a lot of things in my life to break her poor old heart, but she's always forgiven me. Now she's calling for me. And I haven't a nickel to buy a ticket to go to her. I knew that when I came down here to the station—but I had to get that much nearer to her anyway!" "Friend," I told him, "have you tried prayer?" He looked surprised. "No, I haven't." "Well let's give it a try!" We walked a little way out of the crowd and bowed our heads. I prayed for that repentant son! "God," I said, "give him a ticket to go and see his poor old mother." "Now," I said to him, "you go right up to the ticket-window and tell the clerk your story!" He hesitated but finally he went. The clerk at the window listened to him and then waved him aside. But there was an old gentleman standing nearby, counting his change. Suddenly the old gentleman rested a kindly hand on the stranger's shoulder. "I think you're a Christian man," he said. "I'll give you the money for your ticket!" And that's the way Our Heavenly Father answers real Christian prayer! And not only in little things, mind you. The big things are just as easy for him. You take this last war. The whole trouble was Christian men and women didn't go to their knees. If Christian men and women had gone to their knees and prayed God to send his spirit into the heart of the Kaiser there wouldn't have been any war.

IV

Evangelist

Friends, I came up out of the gutter. I don't believe there's one of you here was ever as low as I was. Yet one night the Holy Ghost came to me, and praise God, He entered my heart! There's no spot on me now. All the filth of my spirit was laved away by the Precious Blood. Praise God, my spirit's clean, white like the Lamb! Do you know what that means? Do you know what it means to be a Christian and saved? I'll tell you what it means. Scoffers that aren't saved think there's nothing practical in it. They say, what's the use? Oh yes, it's practical enough! This is how practical it is: when I pass away I'm going to a mansion of eternal glory! Praise God, I'm going to sit in glory and from the glory seat I'm going to look straight down on all sinners who refused salvation. People of that sort laugh at me now, but then it'll be my turn to laugh! I'm going to look straight down at them where they roast in the bottomless pits of hell, with white hot flames lapping at their vitals like waves. It'll be my turn to laugh. Praise God! I'm going to sit through eternity on the glory seat and watch the scoffers pay the price of eternal torment. That's just how practical it is. That's what it means to be Christian and saved!

V

Parent

Certainly I'm a Christian. And when my boy gets old enough to understand he's going to learn the lessons of the Heavenly Father's love. I'm going to make a Christian of him too, just as my father made one of me. I was a harum-scarum sort of youngster and although I was always obliged to go to Sunday-school I never cared much about it. One day when I was about eleven years old I came home and found my father in the parlor with our pastor. Father nodded for me to come in also. Then our pastor began to talk to me and asked me if I didn't want to be a Christian and join the church. Well, I didn't think much of church because it kept you another hour after Sunday-school and I thought Sunday-school was long enough. So I said, no. Then father got up and took me out of the parlor by the slack of my jacket. He shoved me right through the dining-room to the kitchen, and there he took down his razor strop from alongside the kitchen mirror. Right away he turned me over his knee and whacked me with that strop until I could almost see the sparks fly. He set me on my feet. I was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blubbering. "What about it now?" he demanded. "Do you intend to join the church and be a Christian or not?" I was still blubbering. "Say yes or no!" "Yes!" I blubbered. And thanks to father, I've been a Christian ever since. Furthermore I intend to make a Christian out of *my* boy.

VI

Organist

I've been a Christian since I was nine years old and a church organist for thirty-five years. In my time I've seen a good many rectors come and go, but very few of them were able to get anything on me. But this Christian life has been no bed of roses. In the beginning of my work I had to work mainly with volunteer choirs. God knows, it's tough enough to keep a volunteer choir running at all. Every one of the volunteers that can croak through an octave wants to sing all the solos. But when your rector steps in and messes things up with the girls, you feel like stepping out on the spot and leaving the show to someone else. I used to work in a little church up in New York State where the choir loft was right alongside the altar. After our rector got through making his passes he used to sidestep into the choir loft and sing the anthem with the basses. He shot our soprano and alto sections full of holes—he was a handsome dog; all the girls were jealous of each other and half of them quit. He finally went West with the daughter of one of our trustees, but his wife wouldn't divorce him and the girl came back. Only a year ago I met that fellow and recognized him immediately. He was secretary in a Y. M. C. A. I'd just gone in to meet a bootlegger that lives there. Then, in another church, we had a rector who was just the opposite. I don't say he was afraid of the girls or anything of that sort. He simply didn't like them. That church had plenty of money and this fellow wouldn't have a woman in our paid choir. He insisted on a double male quartette. I finally resigned because there isn't any church music written for a double male quartette. I knocked about for a while and finally took up my work in Chicago. I was three months at my first church there when the preacher was jailed for bigamy. They found he had four wives. He took the stand in his own defence at the trial and delivered an eloquent speech. He said he wasn't a perfect Christian but he knew Christians a whole lot worse than himself. He said there were plenty of Christians with no right to throw any stones at him. He might have done wrong, he said, but at any rate he'd been Christian enough to marry all the women he'd ever lived with. He said he loathed the sort of man who could fall low enough to live out of wedlock with a woman. Whatever was done to him *that* wasn't on his conscience. Yes, in thirty-five years at the church organ I've seen some queer upsets and some funny circumstances. Thank God all Christians are saved.

VII

Liberal

My claim is that grace is free. It's free for everybody and that's the Lord's will. Just remember that when the dead stand in front of the pearly gates there's no distinction of race or color. Niggers'll get in the same as you and me. Yes, and Chinks and Indians and Mexicans and Germans. They'll all pass through the pearly gates if they believe in the Lord. There won't be any distinction of creed, either—don't forget that. A Baptist stands as good a chance as a Methodist. Why, I believe that even Catholics will go to heaven.

VIII

Kiwanian

I'll tell you why I'm a Christian. It pays. Christianity pays dividends. I'm sold on the Saviour and I do my best to sell Him to everyone else. Furthermore, I believe in supporting the church—with the old cheque book and fountain pen, I mean. I figure it this way. If I drop a nickel in the plate I'll get interest on five cents. And if

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's a dime I'll get interest on a dime. If it's a dollar I'll draw my percentage on a dollar. If a man's after the biggest spiritual dividends he can get, let him invest till it hurts. And don't let anyone tell you that Christianity is dead. It was never more alive than right today and right here in the United States of America. It works every minute in everyday life. Everyone knows where Christians go on Sunday. You'll find them in the churches. But I'll tell you where the Christians are during week-days. They're in all the big offices in all the big office buildings sitting at their desks! Do you understand what I mean? I mean Business—Business is Christian these days. Business nowadays means Service. What's Service? Our Lord Jesus! That's all there is to it. That's modern business. That's my creed.

IX

Aesthete

I believe in Him because He was so exquisitely a failure. Thus He summed up life itself, was the embodied semblance of all life's drama. Consider His unparalleled frustration. He came by prophetic announcement, the end-product of an antique theology. He was the Messiah. He was to establish the Kingdom of a chosen race over all other races. Yet an obscure procurator of a remote empire washed his hands—and the Messiah perished in ignominious torment, flanked by a pair of rascals! Was this not a significant and a perfected symbol? Does it not demonstrate His Divinity? What but Divinity could set forth so exquisitely the drama of eternal vanquishment?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

It is supposed to be the duty of criticism to grant to the artist whatever materials he chooses and to concern itself alone with the use which he makes of them. This, no doubt, is an excellent critical rule, and one that looks very well in the text books, but I confess that, so far as I am concerned, I am often a poor critic when it comes to it. The materials that an artist chooses are, to me, almost as much a criticism of him as the achievement he distils from them. The difference between an artist and an artisan is the difference between the materials of, say, "L'Aiglon" on the one hand and "In Old Kentucky" on the other. It is difficult to conceive of a Hauptmann starting off with the materials of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" or a Zola with the materials of "Pollyanna." It is easy enough, of course, to stick a thumb into the materials that genius has made use of and to show that they are intrinsically not far removed from claptrap—to show, indeed, that they are entirely similar to the materials used by ignoble hands—but for every such proof that the materials of "The Comedy of Errors," for example, and those of the Dolly Sisters' "Her Bridal Night" are alike at bottom, there are a dozen proofs that the materials an artist chooses are the mark of him. An artist would not be likely to choose, as a starting point, the materials of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," or "Brown of Harvard," or "Up in Mabel's Room." Nor is it likely that a hack would choose, as a starting point, the materials of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," or "The Last Night of Don Juan," or, to come down a hundred pegs, even "Liliom."

I thus sometimes find myself prejudiced against a playwright before he really has had a fair chance to demonstrate what he can do with the materials that he has selected. As the evening wears on, I am perfectly willing and more than happy to change my attitude toward him, if his triumph over his materials warrants it, but he begins at a critical disadvantage so far as I am concerned. The author of "The Dark Angel" in this way finds me against him at the end of his brief prologue. And if he does not succeed in persuading me to his favor in the act which follows, and the act which follows that, and the act which, further, follows that, it is simply because his materials continue for the major part of the evening to be persistently more obvious than his treatment of them. This treatment is at times dexterous, wise and witty, but one can't obscure a red nose and cardboard ears merely by making an epigram on them. That, it seems to me, is figuratively what the author of "The Dark Angel"—the play is signed with the apparently pseudonymous H. B. Trevelyan—has endeavored to do. He has tried to conceal the essential banality of his materials—the adulterous night on the eve of battle, the report of the hero's death, the heroine's plighting of troth to another, and the return of the hero—with a few bright *mots*, a couple of good theatrical tricks and the transparent but currently always successful dramatic dodge of treating what would ordinarily be comedy scenes seriously and what would ordinarily be dramatic scenes lightly. This device generally deceives the laymen, as well as many of the professional reviewers, into regarding as a work of art, and one blessed with what they call a fresh and original viewpoint, almost any play that employs it. These persons confuse a point of view of life with a point of view of dramatics. The clever playwright fools them into believing that he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an original dramatic thinker by the simple hocus-pocus of saying no where they anticipate that he will say yes and yes where they expect him to say no. Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" is a recent example; this "Dark Angel," in a smaller way, is another. The playwrights in question first wrote their plays as the average Broadway or Shaftesbury Avenue playwright would have written them and then diplomatically converted them into plays that would jounce the critics by the simple deception of changing all the tears into laughs and all the laughs into tears.

There are moments of merit in the Trevelyan play; it is well staged by Robert Milton and well acted by a company including Patricia Collinge, Reginald Mason and Stanley Logan; but its materials, as I have said, pedal an out-of-date velocipede.

II

None of our producers can do more for a bad play and less for a good one than Belasco. Where his intellectual resources are not such as to make fine drama his oyster, and where, as a consequence, fine drama almost invariably either escapes his appreciation altogether or, achieving it, baffles his producing equipment, fraudulent drama is distinctly his dish. Give him a play that is devoid of sound merit and he can produce it to the king's taste, provided, of course, that his royal highness' taste is for a play that is devoid of sound merit. In this *passe-passe*, Belasco is, as he has been dubbed, actually a wizard, for all the fact that, when it comes to the presentation of creditable drama, he is merely a coin palmer. Hand him "The Merchant of Venice," and he can do little with it save a few transparent parlor tricks. But hand him something like "The Dove," by Willard Mack, and he can make a better show of it than any of his colleagues.

This Mack play is a pretty poor and always obvious melodrama which Belasco contrives to turn into a pretty good theatrical exhibit by painstaking attention to details that are not worth painstaking attention, by excellent casting, by shrewd showmanship, by staging as careful as some other producer would bestow on a great classic, and by the exercise of all those yokel-yanking dodges that used to hornswoggle the Willie Winters, the Acton Davieses and other such impressionables into mistaking their impresario for a full-fledged genius. Please do not, however, mistake my tone. I affect anything but a superior air in the matter. A superior critical air would become only such a commentator as deceived himself about Mr. Belasco's position in the theatre. If the critic believes that Mr. Belasco is a very dervish of art, one who is deeply and passionately devoted to the drama and the theatre on its highest levels, he may assume the elegantly sniffish attitude when his idol descends from the starry heights and lewdly shuffles a clay foot. But if the critic, possessed of a somewhat sharper vision, appreciates that he does Mr. Belasco an injustice by assuming him to be what he is not and, as a matter of fact, has honestly in later years made no claim to being; if the critic accepts him merely for what he is, to wit, a canny old showman, like Alf Ringling, or the late Fred Thompson, or Bernarr McFadden, then any affectation of superiority on the commentator's part is hypocritical and ridiculous. When Mr. Belasco produces such yoshiwara drama as "The Harem" and "Ladies of the Evening," or such knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out melodrama as "The Dove"—plays that lay no more claim to dramatic art than a burlesque show belly-dancer—he does so simply to fatten his purse. That is surely his only purpose; it is unfair to suppose that he has any other aim in mind—he himself, certainly, has not postured any other aim. And, when it comes to fattening his purse, he has just as much right to go out and make money, so far as I can see, as any other man. If he pretended that he was putting on such dudelsocks as he has lately put on for their artistic quality, he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be a justifiable target for some very damp and particularly squashy pies. But, learning wisdom and gaining cynicism as the years chase each other, he no longer makes the silly pretences that he used to make. He has become a sincere and forthright box-office producer. And, as such, it is his right to demand that he be so criticized, with no art nonsense figuring in the matter.

I apologize, therefore, for the critical attitude which I took in my reviews of certain of his recent exhibitions. I was mistaken—time has showed me that much—in attributing to Mr. Belasco motives that I had no right to attribute to him. If I assumed that the finer design of the drama and the theatre found an echo, however faint, in his present conscience, that was my blunder. He himself was surely not to blame for misleading me; I misled myself. He has plainly, and, in a business way, intelligently, been producing plays that will make him rich. They seem, furthermore, definitely to be making him rich. And he deserves praise for his trade acumen, like any other cloak and suit merchant. So far as I know, no one has ever demanded of Mr. Gimbel or Mr. Saks that he take up Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Molière.

III

In "Exiles," James Joyce has thought up an interesting sex drama and then has simply talked about it for three acts. His manuscript is far removed from the stage; it lacks every vestige of action; its first and last curtains are merely book covers. When I say that the play lacks action, I do not mean only physical action—there are many excellent plays that contain no more physical action than an octogenarian paralytic—but verbal action as well. There are words that are dramatic and words that are not dramatic, and Joyce apparently does not recognize the difference between the two kinds. There are words that quiver with life and movement as there are others that are supine and sleepy, and Joyce makes use only of the latter. As a consequence, his play becomes a mere dialectic operetta: three hours of talk in a single monotonous key.

The otherwise highly gifted author of "Dubliners," "Ulysses" and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," judging him from this, his first and only play, is anything but a dramatist. The technic or trickery of the drama—call it what you will—escapes him completely. He can make his characters suffer, but he is unable to make his audience suffer with them. Their emotions bounce back upon them from the footlights as if the latter were a stone wall. It may be argued that the materials Joyce selected for his play are not essentially dramatic materials, and that his failure was hence a failure foredoomed. But while it is true that these materials are perhaps not the happiest for purposes of drama, while it is true that it would be difficult to translate them into action, the fact remains that materials not greatly dissimilar have been made intensely dramatic by such dramatists as Strindberg and Porto-Riche. The fault, therefore, properly remains Joyce's. And that fault has its roots in a lack of clear analysis of his theme and dramatic materials. It is all very well to say that a dramatist must feel his theme, but before he feels it he must think it out clearly, and Joyce has done the feeling without the thinking. One can tell with one ear plugged up that the author is an Irishman. The typical Irish vagueness hovers over his play like a chill mist. This Irish vagueness—in many cases it is described as mysticism (for what reason, God knows!)—is not so often the appealing merit that some find it as an irritating fault. It is merely the result of a befuddlement of mind which produces either fine poets like Synge or bad playwrights like Joyce.

"Exiles" deals with the sexual longings, doubts and despairs of a husband, a wife, a second woman, and a lover. In a general way, the play may be said to be a blend of the themes of "The Dance of Death" and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Amoureuse." But Joyce has removed the drama from the blend and left only the words, chiefly inactive verbs. The Neighborhood Playhouse has produced the play in the spirit and tempo of a German funeral.

IV

Entering the lobby of the Bijou Theatre not long ago in the course of my nightly duties, there greeted my eyes a large *affiche* reading as follows: "Gilbert Emery's latest comedy-drama, 'Episode.' A play about *you!*" My curiosity, plainly enough, was aroused. The you, of course, while not meant by the Messrs. Shubert to signify me alone, at least was obviously meant to include me, and I was hence reasonably to be pardoned for anticipating that the M. Emery's exhibit would presently disclose to me and to the world at large the Shuberts' conception of what manner of individual I was. Being by nature a fellow not without a small measure of vanity—aye, even roosterishness—I may perhaps be forgiven for expecting that so far as the play concerned me, it would depict a hero, exceptionally *distingué* and unbelievably handsome, who would be a compendium of all the virtues, who would smoke nothing less than four-dollar cigars, who would dispose of the villains without so much as soiling a cuff, who would save the beautiful blonde from the top floor of the burning tenement, and who would, through it all, nonchalantly fashion pointed epigrams and mirth-provoking *mots*. The thought was, I may say, not entirely offensive to me. Indeed, inspired by it, I may have been observed to tilt my topper a bit rakishly and to smooth the white bloom at my lapel as I passed within the playhouse. And I took my seat, I daresay, with a trifle more aplomb than is usual even with me. The world, I whispered to myself, would soon see what the Shuberts thought of me!

Having seen "Episode," I am torn by doubts as to just what the Messrs. Shubert had in mind when they included me in the phrase on their placard. The characters in the Emery play are an old husband, a middle-aged married man who seduces the old husband's wife, the wife herself, a butler and a French maid. I have racked my brains to figure out which of these characters the Messrs. Shubert believe represents me. The wife and the French maid may be eliminated: I have never been either. Nor have I ever had the honor to be a husband, old or middle-aged. Furthermore, I have never, so far as the police records show, seduced an old husband's wife, and besides, the wife in the play was too fat. There remains the butler. The point becomes a delicate one, and I avoid it.

To leave myself out of the matter, since the Shuberts seem to have muffed me badly, however accurately they may have put their finger on the rest of the audience, all that I find in Emery's play is what may be called a beer idea, that is, an idea which seems excellent over the beer-table at night but which does not come up to the mark the next day when one sits down to work it out. In other words, the old story of a vaudeville one-act play idea stretched out to cover the distance between a one-dollar ticket and a two-and-a-half-dollar ticket. Emery's manner of stretching out the idea takes the ingenuous form of playing the one-act play as if it had a couple of hours to kill until train time. Instead of acting it, the actors simply hang around in it. In addition, the author seems to have confused himself somewhat in his dramatic attitude toward his theme. The latter, a defence of the sexual *faux pas* on the ground of its essential immateriality in the long and crowded run of life, he handles in terms of talk rather than action: a sound enough procedure providing the talk is sufficiently fetching. But, after a long speech, placed in the mouth of his spokesman-character, in which he decries the practice of treating such a theme in the terms of conventional drama, he goes ahead and does that very thing. True enough, he abjures pistols, fisticuffs and other such things evidently associated in his mind with con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ventional drama, but he substitutes for them such even more conventional dramatic dodges as the heroine's apologia for her misstep in terms of her restrained and starved youth, numerous moist allusions to the need of poetry in a woman's life, references to the Italian hills in the April sunlight, and the like. Drama may not necessarily lie in revolvers, but where there are no revolvers there must be words that flash and gleam and shoot. Emery has not supplied them. Furthermore, his technic of playwriting on this occasion is strangely amateurish. The curtain goes up on the butler's and maid's discussion of the family secrets. The telephone is relied on to get at least a third of the plot over the footlights. Characters on the point of making their exits are called back three and four times. (This is one of the oldest devices in the business of stretching out a too-short play.) And his attempt to inject the note of modern humor and bluff good nature into his manuscript consists chiefly and respectively in drawling allusions to the cat's pajamas and putting this or that in your pipe and smoking it. There are also more "Gods!" in the play than in a five-foot shelf of mythology. The skill of the Emery who wrote "The Hero" is not here. The present Emery is the one who wrote "Tarnish." For every five minutes of interesting drama, his "Episode" furnishes half an hour of conventional drama masked in protestations of originality.

William Courtleigh played the old husband with the vociferous intensity of a riveting machine on a warm May afternoon. Emery cast himself for the rôle of the Lothario. He is an exponent of the school of acting which believes that fashionable nonchalance consists in never standing up straight and in a constant rolling back of the coat lapels to display a fancy waistcoat. Kathlene McDonnell gave a good performance of the rôle of the wife who, piquantly enough, it seems to me, defends her adultery during her married life on the score that her husband was no angel himself when he was a young, unmarried man.

V

A much better title for Henry Bernstein's "The Virgin of Bethulia" would be "Getting Judy's Garter." If the Judith and Holofernes of the play were named Gertie and Harry and if the scene were transferred from Bethulia to Riverside Drive, the Rev. Dr. Banton and his sextons would let out a yell that could be heard out at City Island and would descend upon the exhibition like a ton of bricks. For what Bernstein has negotiated is once again the familiar dodge of writing a good loud sex show and getting away with it by naming the actors after biblical characters and playing the thing in front of canvas painted to represent Judea instead of Atlantic City. Thus, all the local Sunday school superintendents, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, vice crusaders and other such cherubim chosen by the Lord to carry on His work on earth may again buy tickets and comfortably enjoy a grand emotional orgasm without going to the usual trouble of putting on blue goggles and false whiskers and sneaking up an alley.

The curtain of the first act is not up more than five minutes before all the old hands in the audience get the hang of what Bernstein is up to. After Judith has duly kneeled before her oratory and delivered a ten-second prayer by way of establishing the necessary fake atmosphere and throwing a stray moralist or two out front off the scent, the proceedings promptly get down to tacks. Henceforth, the author makes no bones about his intentions, except, of course, safely to keep up a superficial show of biblical-play hocus-pocus by interrupting the racy dialogue and situations every now and then with an irrelevant but assuaging schnitz'l from the Old Testament. (The producer, sharing the author's sapience, aids and abets the aforesaid hocus-pocus by causing the actors duly to read their lines in the guttural stomach-ache manner which is the accepted and approved form for the articulation of all biblical drama.) But, happily, no one is deceived

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the connoisseurs of bedroom shows may get what pleasure they derive from some very hot toddy. They may smirk over the snappy girlish sex confidences of Judith and Addah, retailed in a scene directly following the prayer before the oratory, and over the smoking-car wheezes of the Assyrian generals, and—this especially—over the scene wherein the half-stripped Holofernes lays himself alongside the heaving Judith and whispers into her ear his particular brand of bedtime story.

In his retelling of the venerable apocryphal tale, the French dramatist makes Holofernes not the familiar bewhiskered von Hindenburg with the twenty-six-inch calves, clad in a tiger-skin and wearing a soup-can as a headpiece, but a suave sybarite with a taste for having his toes perfumed by eunuchs and with a passion for elegant blossoms and bric-a-brac. This Bernstein Holofernes, save for an occasional grunt condemning some one or other to be burned alive or cast to the hyenas, is in speech, manner and act—unintentionally, I believe, so far as the author is concerned—rather a lizzie. His strength and power are suggested not in and by the character itself, but by such easy and obvious dramatic tricks as causing the minor characters to bow and scrape before him. He is, in point of fact, simply a French matinée idol, and the gaudy scenes in which the playwright has placed him are equally and simply the familiar Bernstein adventures of phallus in wonderland. McKay Morris, who has the rôle here, plays it, it seems to me, exactly in the spirit it deserves, if not, perhaps, in the spirit the self-deluded author might wish. His performance is a criticism of the rôle, and his costume is an even better criticism. His Holofernes in fringed skirt and silvery brassière is properly a female impersonator strutting his stuff, as the phrase goes, before he removes his wig and makes a muscle. Miss Julia Hoyt's Judith would have tickled her father, the late Charley Hoyt.

VI

Briefer Mention—"Tangletoes," by Gertrude Purcell, is a sketchy character study of a theatre girl illuminated with some well-observed details. The play is crude and amateurish in execution, but it has flashes of truth and sharp insight. "Cape Smoke," by Walter Archer Frost, is a boiler-factory melodrama of the African veldt that substitutes noise for excitement. "Houses of Sand," by G. Marion Burton, is awful ga-ga of the "East is West" variety.

"Nocturne" is a feeble dramatization of Frank Swinnerton's interesting novel of that name. It is the second offering of Henry Stillman's so to speak Art Theatre. "Natja," an operetta with a score adapted from Tschaikowsky, is by all odds the most tuneful exhibition in the New York playhouses. The libretto is poor, but the melodies have much beauty. "White Collars," by Edith Ellis, out of a popular magazine story, is cheap hokum. This play has run a year out in Los Angeles and is still going strong. The great artistic effect of the movies upon the Kultur of their own capital is thus made brilliantly perceptible.

"Ariadne" is another of A. A. Milne's half-portion comedies: a mildly amusing affair containing two brightly written scenes and excellently played by Laura Hope Crews in the name part. The Actors' Theatre's revival of "The Wild Duck," save for a grotesquely bad performance of the rôle of Hialmar Ekdal, is a good one. "The Night Hawk," by Roland Oliver, is not worth criticism. "The Rat," by Ivor Novello and Constance Collier, ditto. "Two by Two," by J. Trimble and E. Woodward, ditto fortissimo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Conrad Wake

JOSEPH CONRAD: A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE, by Ford Madox Ford. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

TALES OF HEARSAY, by Joseph Conrad, with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Garden City: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

THE SHORTER TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD, with a preface by the author. Garden City: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

Now that Joseph Conrad is safely entombed in Canterbury, hard by the palace and golf links of the Most Rev. the Archbishop, we may look for a great gush of books about him, some of them judicious. The first to appear, so far as I know, is "Joseph Conrad: a Personal Remembrance," by Ford Madox Ford, *geb.* Hueffer, a friend of early days and collaborator on two of the Conrad books, "Romance" and "The Inheritors." This Ford, or Hueffer, has been a promising young man in England for thirty years. He got launched early through the fact that his grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, was much talked of in the nineties; he has made many gallant efforts, since then, to realize the high hopes of his sponsors and rooters, of which last group he has always been an ardent member himself. Once, with Douglas Goldring, he started the *English Review.* Another time he took to writing history and biography. Yet another time he consecrated himself to novels. Lately, apparently despairing of making a permanent go of it in London, he moved to Paris and started a *Tendenz* magazine called the *Transatlantic Review*—the sort of thing that Ezra Pound and his friends were doing ten or fifteen years ago, and that Young Aesthetes out of St. Louis, East Broadway and Rahway, N. J., still play with in the suburbs of Greenwich Village. Luck, I fear, is not with him; even his change of name has not got him anywhere. Half German and half English, he is a sort of walking civil war—too much engrossed by the bombs going off in his own ego to make much of an impression upon the rest of the human race. The high, purple spot of his life came when he collaborated with Conrad, and upon the fact, I daresay, his footnote in the literature books will depend.

In the present volume he makes as much of the episode as he can, and not unnaturally. Every drop of juice in it is squeezed out. The transactions between him and Conrad do not appear as exchanges between a young, pushing and extremely bad story-teller and one of the greatest masters of fiction of all time, but as friendly parleys between full equals, in which Ford, or Hueffer, usually gets rather the better of it, whether as artist, as literary business man or as English country gentleman. The fact seems to distress the English Conradistas, especially those who had places within the dead maestro's circle of intimates. The Widow Conrad herself, in an indignant manifesto in far from impeccable English, roundly denounces Ford-Hueffer as a cuckoo, shamelessly laying eggs in her late husband's nest. "During the years," she says, "that Mr. Hueffer was most intimate with Joseph Conrad, between 1898 and 1909, Ford Madox Hueffer"—she seems to be unaware of his yet worse cuckooing of the patronymic of the Detroit thinker—"never spent more than three consecutive weeks under our roof, and when we returned the visit we always, with few exceptions, had rooms in a cottage close at hand. After 1909 the meetings between the two were very rare and not *once* of my husband's seeking." Have your way, Madame! I am too old and full of scars and bitterness to quarrel with widows, or even

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to question them. But the fact remains as plain as day that Conrad took in Ford, or Hueffer, as a collaborator on "Romance" quite voluntarily, that Ford, or Hueffer, provided the main outline of the story, and that the same Ford, or Hueffer, did his fair share of the writing. This last he proves, indeed, by a document over Conrad's sign manual. Conrad, in those days, was by no means the Eminentissimo he later became. His books were not selling, the reviews treated him stupidly, and he was so poor that he had to take a pension from the British Civil List. Ford, meanwhile, was a promising young man, very well connected, and full of plausible theories. Is it against the probabilities that Conrad took him seriously, and listened to him with respect? I don't think it is. Conrad, in fact, needed help. He was feeling his way, trying to formulate a programme, wrestling with the difficulties of a strange tongue. Hueffer, alias Ford, brought into the partnership all the high assurance of youth—more, a dogmatic positiveness of a powerful order. It steadied Conrad, and I believe he knew it.

At all events, Ford ben-Hueffer's account of those early years is surely not improbable on its face. What he says, even when he is most impudent, always has a well-greased reasonableness. He depicts a Conrad who is always plausible, and sometimes overwhelmingly convincing. The man emerges from behind his smoky monocle, and begins to take on the color and heat of life. How, at the start, did he happen to leave Poland and take to the sea—a matter almost as astounding as an archbishop's desertion of the sacred desk for Hollywood? The answer is found in the novels of Captain Marryat, read in the dog's-eared volumes of a French translation in a remote Polish manor-house. And how did he come by his peculiarly narrow but romantic philosophy, his reduction of all human virtues to one, his resolute fidelity to fidelity? The genealogy of that passion is traced back through generations of yearning and ineffective Polish squires, always under the shadow of the Russian eagle. Conrad, it must be obvious, was never the standard literary gent. There was always something remote and occult about him. He held himself aloof, and was a bit disdainful, even while he accepted patronage. Ford, I think, gets at the man within the cloak—perhaps not completely, perhaps not always accurately, but certainly more nearly completely and accurately than the rest of the Conradian exegetes. Himself in youth a blatant and hollow fellow, blown up by the gases of a preposterous egoism, he was yet sufficiently in the possession of sense to know that he stood in the presence of an extraordinary man, and sufficiently skillful to observe that man with sharp care. His book is affected and irritating, but full of valuable information. No matter how violently the Widow Conrad protests in her eccentric English it will be read with joy and profit by all parties at interest. It is packed with little shrewdnesses, and it is immensely amusing.

"Tales of Hearsay" is the first cup of bouillon that the publishers have brewed from the bones of the fallen giant. It is thin and anæmic, and we might have spared it without loss. The four stories in it are all second-rate. One of them, "The Black Mate," is puerile stuff indeed—a mere anecdote, badly managed. The news is that Conrad wrote it back in 1884. Before the end of the year, perhaps, we shall have his school exercises, done in Polish in 1865, and now clawed into English by tender hands, with variorum notes. "The Warrior's Soul" is another anecdote; "Prince Roman" is an inconclusive character sketch; "The Tale" is a fable of the late war, ruined by Pinero stage settings. Put these trivialities beside the superb masterpieces in the volume of "Shorter Tales"—"Youth," "Typhoon," "Falk," and so on. It is like comparing Mark Twain's after-dinner speeches to "Huckleberry Finn." There is a preface to "Tales of Hearsay," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, which adds the final horror. I can imagine no more banal and idiotic intro-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duction to the work of a man who, even at his worst, at least showed some intellectual dignity. What Graham says is precisely what a country high-school teacher would say. It is awful stuff, almost disgraceful stuff. Let us hope and pray that the publishers will omit it from the next edition of the book, and that they will dig up some better tales to carry the four poor ones that they now print.

"Arrowsmith"

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

Of Sinclair Lewis' technical skill it is unnecessary to speak. The fellow, indeed, has a vast cunning at the art he adorns and staggers—far more than any of the high-toned English novelists who swarm across the ocean to instruct and patronize Yankee blighters. If he would pull himself together, translate his very sure instincts into plain propositions, and put them on paper, the result would be the best treatise on novel-writing ever heard of. His "Babbitt" is not only an extremely engaging story, full of grotesque and devastating humors; it is also, in structure, the very model of a modern novel. It hangs together admirably. It moves, breathes, lives. From the first page to the last there is not the slightest faltering in direction or purpose. If you think that planning a novel so adeptly is an easy job, then try to do it yourself. Try, indeed, to write *any* book—that is, of more than a hundred pages. What you will inevitably discover, to your dismay, is that the author's worst peril is that of getting lost in his own manuscript—of standing blinded and gasping in the middle, unable to discern either one end or the other. Lewis never falls into that difficulty, or, if he does, he always surmounts it with great aplomb. Even in "Main Street," vast in area, crowded with people and flabby in design, he never got lost for an instant. And even in "Arrowsmith," treading unfamiliar and arduous ground and constantly confronted by technical problems of a complicated and onerous sort, he never wobbles. Once the thing gets under way—and it gets under way toward the bottom of the first page—it thunders on in a straight line to an inescapable conclusion. There are episodes, true enough. There is what the musicians call passage work. There are moments of voluptuous lingering, as over stuff too sweet to be left behind. But there is never any uncertainty in design. There is never any wavering in theme or purpose.

That theme, in brief, is the burden which lies upon any man, in our highly materialistic society, who gives over his life to the pursuit of truth—not only the indifference and contempt which he must face, but also the positive opposition which he must face. The public theory, of course, is that the tide runs the other way. Haven't we two or three hundred universities, more than all Europe and all Asia, and don't all of them devote at least a part of their funds to keeping scholars? Aren't there scores of great foundations for research, maintained gloriously by Baptists in the oil business, Rotarians in the chewing tobacco business, Harvard graduates in the bond business? Doesn't the government itself provide three thousand jobs for scientists? Are not thousands more employed by the States, the cities, the correspondence schools, the rolling mills, the manufacturers of vaccines, tooth-pastes, oleomargarine, sheep washes, wall-papers, ready-mixed paints? All true, and yet the tragic fact remains. What ails every one of these undertakings for the fostering of science is that, whatever its pretensions on the label, it is utilitarian in the bottle—that its primary aim is to back the scientist into a comfortable stall and milk him like a cow. This is true even of the most pretentious of the scientific foundations: the glorified Babbitts who sit on their boards are all hot for "practical" results, and judge every aspiring Virchow or Rayleigh by the ease and rapidity with which he reaches them. It is true especially of the universities, which have been converted of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late into mere breeding pens for industrial laboratory slaves and "research" workers, *i.e.*, kept scientists, *i.e.*, anti-scientists. The State universities in the Middle West have gone the whole hog; they frankly put the professor of swine husbandry and his colleague of ice-cream making above the forlorn fellows who presume to inquire into such useless subjects as philology and archeology. Even in the East the thing has rolled a long way. Harvard, like Kansas and Michigan, now trains bookkeepers, pig-iron salesmen, and liars to write bond circulars; the Johns Hopkins was but lately offering courses in choir leading and motor troubles. Do the medical schools remain? Alas, no. Their old aim of breeding competent doctors is now abandoned, and they devote themselves to teaching brisk young fellows how to invent new sure cures for chilblains and psoriasis, and so provide the "director of public relations" with something to hand out to the newspaper boys, and so attract the favorable notice of illiterates with millions for endowments. It used to be football; now it is quackery.

Yet scientists remain among us. They are hatched every year, sometimes in low life. The passion which animated Johannes Müller and Karl Ludwig penetrates, curiously, to the remotest reaches of the land. Of our two native-born Nobel prize-winners —both workers in pure science—one was born in an Illinois village and the other in a suburb of Philadelphia. But what is the national machinery for rescuing such fellows from their surroundings, and helping them to develop their powers? Is it effective? Does it work? The thesis of "Arrowsmith" is that it doesn't—that, on the contrary, it opposes and hobbles them —that most of its help goes to quacks. Nearly five hundred pages are devoted to that thesis—five hundred pages of riotous and often barbarous humor, yet always with a sharp undertone of irony in it, always with a bitter flavor. Lewis, in brief, preaches. Well, if this be preaching let us have more of it! For it has the strange aim, for preaching, of combating fraud and obscurantism, of getting at and hymning the truth. It has a moral, but there is in it no snuffling moralizing. Arrowsmith is no peerless Florestan, standing against the Philistines. He shares all their weaknesses. He is almost as bad as they are—but not quite. In the end, after long and dreadful battles, some ending with his defeat outright and some with his surrender, he escapes by flight. So "science" goes marching on, its banners flying, Babbitts clearing the way, a mule-load of gold every ten paces. And Martin, saved at last, woos science-without-the-quotation-marks in his austere retreat, rid at last of all urging to get "practical" results.

The book has interested me immensely. It is well thought out and executed with great skill. Whether or not there is a popular success in it I don't know: perhaps the passages which set forth a bacteriologist's problems will balk more readers than one. Neither do I know who should get the credit for the highly skillful management of detail—Lewis or his collaborator, Dr. Paul H. De Kruif, himself a bacteriologist. Perhaps De Kruif deserves most of it. Did he invent Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, the forward-looking health commissioner? If so, then he is a reporter of the highest imaginative type. Pickerbaugh exists everywhere, in almost every American town. He is the quack who flings himself melodramatically upon measles, chicken pox, whooping cough—the organizer of Health Weeks and author of prophylactic, Kiwanian slogans—the hero of clean-up campaigns—the scientific beau ideal of newspaper reporters, Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and the pastors of suburban churches. He has been leering at the novelists of America for years, and yet Lewis and De Kruif were the first to see and hail him. They have made an almost epic figure of him. He is the Babbitt of this book—far more charming than Arrowsmith himself, and far more real. Arrowsmith fails in one important particular: he is not typical, he is not a good American. I daresay that many

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a reader, following his struggles with the seekers for "practical" results, will sympathize frankly with the latter. After all, it is not American to prefer honor to honors; no man, pursuing that folly, could ever hope to be president of the United States. Pickerbaugh will cause no such lifting of eyebrows. Like Babbitt, he will be recognized instantly and enjoyed innocently. Within six weeks, I suspect, every health officer in America will be receiving letters denouncing him as a Pickerbaugh. Thus nature imitates art.

A New England Worthy

BARRETT WENDELL AND HIS LETTERS, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: *The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

WENDELL, in the New England of his time (he began to teach at Harvard in 1880 and died in 1921), passed for a considerable iconoclast—in fact, for a contumacious and even wicked fellow. It is somewhat amusing, meandering through Dr. Howe's collection of his letters, to observe how near he was to orthodoxy all the while. Most of his recorded opinions, indeed, might have gone into the *Transcript*, or even into the *Christian Science Monitor*, without wrenching more than a few admonitory grunts from the Boston suburbs. What saved them from infamy was the fact that, whenever they were actually in contempt of the Puritan *mores* and gnosiology, they were safely superficial—that is, they never questioned fundamentals. Wendell had a lot to say about the transient excesses and imbecilities of democracy, visible in his time, but nevertheless he believed in all the primary democratic fallacies, and even defended them eloquently. He was a tart critic of the whole educational process, and went to the length, in his own department of English, of denying it any value whatever; nevertheless, he remained a sentimental Harvard man to the end of his days, and venerated *alma mater* with the best of them. He saw clearly that there was little that was sound and solid in New England culture, that the rest of the country had small need of it and would quickly surpass it; all the same, he clung to the superstition that the preposterous theologians of the Golden Age constituted an intellectual aristocracy, and even wrote a book eulogizing the most absurd of them, Cotton Mather.

He was, in fact, two men, separate and distinct, and they were often at war. One of these men was highly intelligent (though surely not very learned); the other was a romantic under the spell of a disintegrating tradition. The latter was the more charming, but often a prey to mere lyrical fancy. The picture of the American character that Wendell presented to gaping throngs in his Sorbonne lectures was a sort of fanciful chromo of the primeval New England character, seen through nine thicknesses of amber gelatine—in brief, a thing as fanciful as the accounts of the Revolution that used to be in school-books. "Fundamentally," he once said somewhere else, "we believe in fair play." It would be hard to imagine a more inaccurate saying. If any single quality, indeed, has marked off the Americano from all other civilized men since the start, it is his incapacity to purge combat of passion, his strong disinclination to allow any merit whatever to the other fellow. Our history is a history of minorities put down with clubs. Even the duel, during the few years it flourished in America, took on a ferocity unheard of elsewhere. Gentlemen, going out at daybreak, shot to kill. Aaron Burr was a thorough American; Hamilton was an Englishman. In other places, Wendell indulged himself in similar sentimentalities. He reacted to the shock of the late war in the correct manner of a State street banker. He succumbed to the Coolidge buncombe far back in 1920. Yet always the sharply intelligent Wendell hauled up and stayed the orthodox romantic. The tribute to him by Prof. Kuno Francke, quoted by Mr. Howe, is a tribute not only to a gentleman, but also to a man of sense. And even in the midst of his banal speculation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether Coolidge, after all, would not turn out to be "a Yankee Lincoln," he saw clearly the "small, hatchet-faced, colorless man, with a tight-shut, thin-lipped mouth"—*i.e.*, the third-rate, small-town attorney, stuffed with copy-book platitudes and quite without imagination. He saw, too, the truth about Wilson, and stated it blisteringly in a letter to his friend R. W. Curtis.

Wendell's actual books, I believe, are now all dead, even his arbitrary and ignorant but highly amusing "Literary History of America." His volume on Shakespeare, published in 1894, was admired by Quiller-Couch and Mrs. Edith Wharton, but no one else seems to remember it. His novels and dramas are long forgotten. His "English Composition" was and is a school-book; he himself, in his old age, had doubts that it had accomplished even its pedagogic purpose. His political essays, once so salacious, now read like the heresies of the Jefferson era. What remains, then, of Prof. Barrett Wendell, A.B., Litt.D.? A great deal more, I believe, than a ghost. When, indeed, the roll of American literati is drawn up at last, and the high deeds of each are set down, it will be found that Wendell, too, did something, and that what he did was of first-rate importance. In a few words, he diverted criticism from books to life itself; he was the first to see that mere literature is, after all, mere literature—that it cannot be understood without knowing something about the society which produced it. Even Poe, masterly critic that he was, overlooked that obvious and all-important fact. His discussion of books went on in a sort of vacuum. He had brilliant (and often sound) opinions about every technical problem imaginable, and about every question of taste, but only too often he overlooked the fact that his author was also a man, and that what the author wrote the man had first to think, feel and endure. Wendell got rid of that narrow bookishness, still lingering in Lowell. He was primarily a critic, not of literary manners and postures, but of human existence under the Republic. There was no scholarly affectation about him, for all his superficial play-acting, his delight in impressing sophomores. He did not bury his nose in books; he went out and looked at the world, and what he saw there amused him immensely and filled him with ideas. In Mr. Howe's index the name of Longfellow appears but once, and that of Gilder but once, and that of Aldrich not at all, but that of Blaine is there six times, and after "Democracy" there are no less than twenty-two entries.

It seems to me that this break with the old American tradition had its high uses, and has left its mark upon American letters. Criticism among us is vastly less cloistered than it once was. Even professors of the loftiest tone, if they would have themselves attended to, must descend from their ivory towers and show themselves at the sea-level. The aloof and austere spirit is now viewed with suspicion. There are, I daresay, ancients who deplore the change. A natural regret, for it has made criticism vastly more difficult. But few deplore it, I believe, who know what literature really is—few, that is, who know the difference between mere intellectual prettiness and a body of living ideas, held passionately by real men.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HARRY E. BARNES *is at present professor of historical sociology at Smith College. He has written extensively on historical and sociological topics. He was statistician of the United States War Department in 1918.*

JAMES M. CAIN *is an editorial writer on the New York* World.

GEORGE E. DEMILLE *was educated at Syracuse and Columbia, and is now teaching English at Westminster College in Pennsylvania.*

CARL DREHER *is an engineer by profession and is now devoting himself to radio engineering. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

ROBERT L. DUFFUS *has been an editorial writer on the San Francisco* Bulletin, *the New York* Globe *and the New York* Herald. *He was born in Vermont. He has published two novels and a number of magazine articles.*

JAMES L. FORD *is a veteran chronicler of the life of New York. He was in newspaper work for many years, and is the author of a dozen books.*

CASIMIR FUNK *was the pioneer investigator of vitamines and originated the name. He was director of the biochemical department of the Hygienic Institute at Warsaw, and has also worked at the University of Berlin, at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and at the Lister Institute in London. He was until recently at Columbia.*

BENJAMIN HARROW *is an associate in biological chemistry at Columbia. He is the author of "What to Eat in Health and Disease," a work on vitamines, and various other books. He was born in London and came to the United States in 1907.*

ALICE MARY KIMBALL *was born in Vermont, and has done newspaper work in Vermont, Arkansas, Kansas and Missouri. She is now living in New York City.*

DANIEL GREGORY MASON *is associate professor of music at Columbia, and is well known as a composer and critic. His books include "Beethoven and His Forerunners," "From Grieg to Brahms" and "Contemporary Composers."*

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO *is a Chilean journalist who came to New York in 1915. He is now American correspondent of several Chilean papers, and contributes articles on American letters to* La Nacion *of Buenos Aires.*

WILLIAM ORTON *took second honors in the Economics Tripos at Cambridge in 1919. He is now professor of economics at Smith College. He has contributed to the* Westminster Review, *the* New Age *and various other journals. His essay on British literature during the war won the* Athenæum *prize in 1920.*

G. FREDERIC PELHAM, JR. *is engaged in the practice of architecture in and about New York. He is also president of a building company.*

JULIA PETERKIN *is a South Carolinian and lives on a plantation near Columbia. She is the author of "Green Thursday."*

JAMES STEVENS *has worked as a laborer in the Northwest for many years. He is the author of a collection of lumber camp legends, "Paul Bunyan," soon to appear.*

JAMES A. TOBEY *is administrative secretary of the National Health Council. A graduate in public health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has for the last ten years or so had experience as a city and State health official.*

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD *is the editor of* The Nation *and was formerly publisher of the New York* Evening Post. *He is the author of the standard life of John Brown, of "Newspapers and Newspaper Men" and of other books.*

J. G. WILSON, M.D., *has been connected with the Public Health Service for nineteen years, and was formerly stationed at Ellis Island. He is now attached to the American consulate-general at Hamburg.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDEX TO VOLUME IV

Agnew, B. J.: A Saloon-Keeper's Son 42
Aikman, Duncan: Santa Barbara Has a Fiesta . . 48
Americana 29, 151, 298, 417
Anderson, David Merrill: Play a Waltz 314
Arts and Sciences, The:
Anthropology 342
Architecture 193
Cookery 69
Dentistry 72
Government 459
Landscape Design 339
Medicine 462
Music 79, 465
Philology 199
Poetry 337
Public Hygiene 76
Sociology 196
Asbury, Herbert: Up from Methodism 129
The Passing of the Gangster 358
Asgis, Alfred: The Dentist as a Physician . . . 72
Authors, The American Mercury: 128, 256, 384, 511
Barnes, Harry Elmer: The Second War for Independence 469
Beffel, John Nicholas: Finger-Prints 232
Cabell, James Branch: Above Paradise 143
Cain, James M.: Servants of the People 393
Cavendish, John C.: Folk-Tunes as Materials for Music 79
Check List of New Books . . . . . No. 16, xxxii
Clark, Barrett H.: George Moore at Work . . . 202
Clinical Notes 56, 175, 319, 448
Crowell, Chester T.: Davy Crockett 109
Strange News from Texas 323
DeMille, George E.: Poe as a Critic 433
Dodd, William E.: When Washington Tried Isolation 344
Dreher, Carl: The Psychopathology of Business . 411
Duffus, Robert L.: The Hound of Heaven 424
Eastman, Max: On Learning Foreign Languages . 368
Eaton, Walter Prichard: Junk 353
Editorial 158, 286
Editorial Notes . . . . . No. 16, xviii
Ford, James L.: The New York of the Salons . . 399
Funk, Casimir: Instinct as a Guide to Food . . . 489
Grattan, C. Hartley: Oliver Wendell Holmes . . 37
Greenwood, Major: Speculations on Hatred . . 278
Harlow, Alvin F.: The Career of an Artist . . . 305
Harrow, Benjamin: Instinct as a Guide to Food . 489
Hofford, H. M.: Ladies of Affairs 188
Hussey, L. M.: Homo Africanus 83
Testimonies 495
Kearney, Patrick: The Fountain of Spiritualism . 331
Kent, Frank R.: The Master Minds 1
Kimball, Alice Mary: The Devil is a Woman . . 404
Kline, Burton: The American Cuisine 69
Krock, Arthur: The Damn Fool Democrats . . . 257
Le Blanc, Thomas J.: School Days in the Snow . 96
Lee, Gretchen: Nebraska 102
Lee, Muna: A Charming Mexican Lady 105
Lowie, Robert H.: A Note on History and Race . 342
McDougall, Walt: Old Days on the *World* . . . 20
Memories of a Cartoonist 263
Marín, Luis Muñoz: The Song-Maker of a Continent 337
Mason, Daniel Gregory: Stravinsky as a Symptom 465
Masters, Edgar Lee: Lichee-Nut Poems 61
John Peter Altgeld 161
Mencken, H. L.: The Library . . 122, 250, 378, 505
Editorial 158, 286
Clinical Notes 56, 175, 319, 448
Montenegro, Ernesto: The Heirs of Bolívar . . . 453
Mumford, Lewis: Towers 193
Nathan, George Jean: The Theatre 116, 244, 372, 499
Clinical Notes 56, 175, 319, 448
Orton, William: The Bewildered American . . . 476
Pattee, Fred Lewis: James Fenimore Cooper . . 289
Peets, Elbert: Central Park 339
Pelham, G. Frederic, Jr.: Adventures Among Union Men 390
Pentifer, John: Out of the Land of Egypt 90
Peterkin, Julia: The Sorcerer 441
Phillips, R. le Clerc: The Worthless Woman Triumphs 9
Pound, Louise: Walt Whitman Neologisms . . . 199
Progress in Knowledge . . . . . No. 16, xxvi
Sanford, Winifred: Wreck 14
Schless, Robert A.: The Drug Addict 196
Speyer, Leonora: Of Mountains 210
Sprague, J. R.: Sales Resistance Stiffens 215
Stevens, James: A Boy in Idaho 480
Suckow, Ruth: Golden Wedding 221
Thach, Charles C.: The Monroe Doctrine 136
Tobey, James A.: Why Is There Less Tuberculosis? 76
Heart Disease 462
Villard, Oswald Garrison: Creating Reputations, Ltd. 385
Waldman, Milton: Subscription Sets 237
Walker, Stanley: Saving Souls in New York . . 270
White, Owen P.: A Glance at the Mexicans . . 180
Wilson, J. G.: The New Immigration Law . . . 459
Wilstach, Paul: Jefferson Out of Harness 63

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We want especially to call your attention to this great novel to which press and public have responded magnificently.

Gold by Gold

by Herbert S. Gorman (2nd Edition)

"WAS bound to be an interesting book . . . a remarkable novel. The marvelous felicity of phrase and sunburst of style, detached and shining, will strike hammer fashion upon the mind."—*Laurence Stallings, N. Y. World.*
"Certain to rank well toward the top of the year's novels by newcomers."—*Herschel Brickell, N. Y. Evening Post.*
"No other book by a contemporary American author, with the exception of Willa Sibert Cather's 'Youth and the Bright Medusa,' shows more sympathy with and understanding of the aspirations of sensitive youth for artistic self-expression than Herbert Gorman does in GOLD BY GOLD."—*The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*
$2.50

TROUBADOUR

An Autobiography (JUST PUBLISHED)

by Alfred Kreymborg

AS a record of the beginnings of the new American tradition, and the life of a sensitive mind in it, it is as important as "The Education of Henry Adams," which records the life of a sensitive mind during the passing of the old American tradition. This is its main outline but in detail TROUBADOUR is magnificently varied, and intimately human, a recital of struggle and achievement, of the birth of new artistic movements, of contacts with the great personalities in our artistic life of the last twenty years. $3.00

God's Stepchildren

(4th Edition)

by Sarah G. Millin

"IT cannot be laid aside once it is started. It is a classic of our own times!"—*The New York Times.*
"I cannot recall when I have been more engrossed in a tayle and the telling of it done with great and simple economy."—*F. P. A., The Conning Tower, N. Y. World.*
"A work of outstanding quality and tragic power."—*The Outlook.*
"It has those qualities which Anatole France demanded of great fiction."—*Laurence Stallings, N. Y. World.* $2.00

Replenishing Jessica

by Maxwell Bodenheim

THE story of a modern Thais, who seeks satisfaction for spiritual longings in the flesh of little spirits. There is a magnificent ending for her search. A brilliant, high powered novel that will make literary epicures happy. $2.00

Mr. Godly Beside Himself

by Gerald Bullett

IT is such a long time since readers have been able to like the characters of their book and laugh with them, and not at them, that we are exceptionally proud to present this novel to a sad and cynical world.

The New York Times writes: "He may be another Barrie, or just another Milne, but he is certainly to be considered seriously when the new laurels are awarded." $2.50

ORPHAN ISLAND

by Rose Macaulay (4th Edition)

"ONE of the wittiest writers going."—*Stuart P. Sherman, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*
"Greatest accomplishment in its order since Gulliver's Travels."—*The Providence Journal.*
"One of the most amusing books we have ever read."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.* $2.00
"Most fascinating, most effective piece of gentle irony."—*The N. Y. Times.*
"Screamingly funny satire."—*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune.*

The Newer Spirit

by V. F. Calverton

FOR the first time, the effects upon literature of the social movements and conflicts in our life is described. Here is critical work so original and powerful and revealing that it gives us the sense of a discovery of our times. $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Stay at Home

—when you can enjoy your summer holiday, at practically no greater cost, amid always entertaining and really refreshing sights and scenes? COOK'S will enable you to travel just how and where you want to go, in the most comfortable, economical way.

Special itineraries for individuals, families and small parties.

Escorted tours at frequent intervals throughout Spring and Summer seasons via North Atlantic and Mediterranean.

Complete series of tours of varying lengths.

Special Cruise Tours to Norway, North Cape and Northern Capitals.

Annual Summer Cruise
around the
MEDITERRANEAN
on the **S. S. TUSCANIA**
of the Cunard and Anchor Lines
July 4, to Sept. 3
From New York back to New York

A Magnificent Itinerary
Limited Membership
Popular Fares

THOS. COOK & SON
NEW YORK

Boston
Philadelphia
Chicago St. Louis
San Francisco Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

Editorial NOTES

With its June issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY will set up a department of Notes and Queries. Queries will be printed in the order of their receipt and numbered serially. Answers will be printed as they are received from readers, with corresponding numbers. Queries may deal with any subject of general interest. They should be limited to a hundred words. Every answer sent in should refer to the number of the query it answers.

The Editors welcome the following suggestion by Mr. Gordon Dorrance, the Philadelphia publisher, and have submitted it to their Staff Latinist. They will act upon his advice as soon as he becomes sober enough to make it known:

> I have been reading THE AMERICAN MERCURY since its first issue, and I have yet to encounter either *pro bono booblico* or *vox boobuli*. Certainly both belong in your glossary.

Mr. J. S. Olsen, a valued cash customer in St. Paul, Minn., suggests that THE AMERICAN MERCURY be extended to 500 pages a month and that the price be raised to $5 a copy. The Editors have gone into prayer upon the subject, and will announce a decision anon.

The following protest comes from Mr. W. O. Stanley, a Christian reader of Brooklyn:

> You have chosen to speak sneeringly of the Ku Klux Klan and of God-fearing men and women, terming them "Baptist dervishes" and "Methodist rainmakers." You speak only for a dangerous minority which has lost the trust and faith which enabled the Pilgrim Fathers to found this great country. In your "Americana" you satirically refer to men who have

Continued on page xx

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR WEEKS IN FRANCE
at the cost of an ordinary vacation

A GOLDEN noon under striped umbrellas—chicken en casserole fit for a prince and his court . . . Barbizon. A million jewels in the air, tossed against the sky—the spirit of history in lovely and stately rooms—gardens that make you dream of the long ago—Versailles, with the fountains playing. Moonrise from Sacre-Coeur. Twilight in the Bois.

The Riviera with summer prices—jeweled with little red roofed towns and sparkling beaches, banded by the Corniche Road where every turn provides a never-to-be-forgotten view. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are accessible by means of wonderful motor roads.

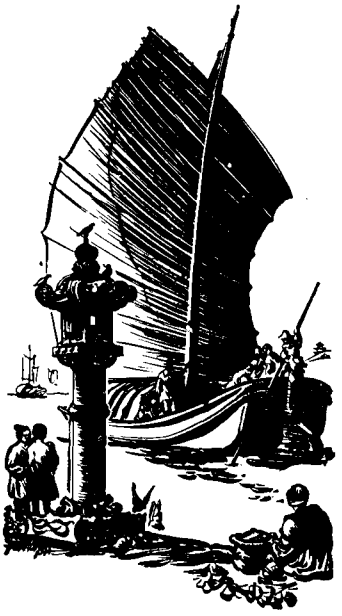
You can go to France this summer for $140.00, in the large French Line one-cabin liners—with French service and French cooking. You can even make a round trip for $162.00—tourist III class, with individual rooms . . . You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day . . . Write for interesting booklet.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

Agencies in Principal Cities
of the United States

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the Orient

Where your steamer docks in a harbor dotted with sampans and ancient junks.

Where you turn the corner and are back —beside the lotus ponds, among the temples and palaces that, for a thousand years, have been the wonder of the world.

Where camel caravans wind down the streets, laden with ermine and sable; where the shops are piled high with silks and brocades; where jades are sold for a song.

JAPAN IN 10 DAYS

Then Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

Four magnificent Empresses—the largest, fastest and finest steamers on the Pacific. Wide decks, attractive staterooms and lounges. Music and dancing. And traveling companions—diplomats, explorers, officers, men and women with social and business connections throughout the East. A high standard of cuisine and service.

Sailings every two weeks from Vancouver

Canadian Pacific

The World's Largest Transportation System

Offices in all large cities including
New York.....344 Madison Avenue
Chicago.....71 East Jackson
San Francisco.....675 Market Street
Montreal.....141 St. James Street

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

> set forth their belief in the power of God, and in the high purpose and future of this country. In particular you quote sneeringly an address by a Brooklyn clergyman to the effect that there is a theological difference between Brooklyn and New York. I am proud to say that I agree with him, for whatever the inhabitants of New York may be, the people of Brooklyn are good, decent, respectable people on the whole, who have not yet been tainted by the heresies of which THE AMERICAN MERCURY seems to be so fond.

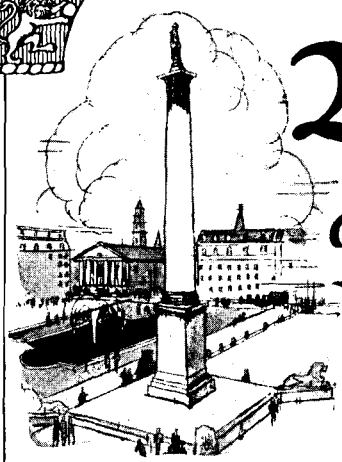
An antiquary in Seattle sends in the following gloss upon a recent reference, in an article by Mr. Orville A. Welsh, to the town of Port Townsend, Wash.:

> Port Townsend was the early port of entry on Puget Sound. It was originally an Indian town of the S'Klallam tribe. The Indians there are called Siwashes, a corruption of the French *sauvage*.
>
> The people of Port Townsend in the early days were all engaged in one of two occupations—ship chandlery and shanghaiing sailors to man the ships.
>
> Once John L. Wilson was a candidate for United States senator before the legislature. One of his followers was Col. Patrick Henry Winston, a fiery and picturesque old character. The member of the house from Port Townsend had voted for the opposition when he was expected to vote for Wilson, and the Wilson camp was in session expressing the collective and individual indignation of those present. Col. Winston arose and summarized the general view by saying:
>
> "Port Townsend was settled by Siwashes, sailors and sons of ——, but the Siwashes died and the sailors sailed away."

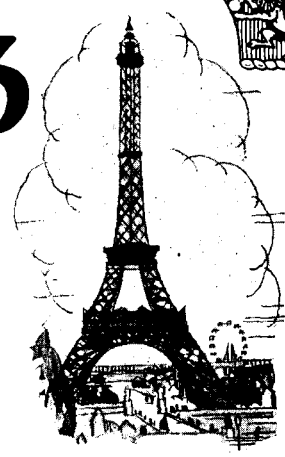
Since the pre-natal days of THE AMERICAN MERCURY the Editors have been seeking articles upon the higher phases of cookery, perhaps the most subtle and kingly of all the fine arts. So far their success has been almost indistinguishable from complete failure. A few months ago an article by Mr. Burton Kline was printed, but it showed plainly that the author, while full of a laudable enthusiasm for sound vic-

Continued on page xxii

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



203,343



Passengers to and from EUROPE

Travelled via Cunard

during 1924 ~ again the largest number carried by any line or group of lines on the Atlantic

By Popular Verdict —

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY!

Literature, schedules and other information on request

CUNARD *and* **ANCHOR** *Lines*

25 Broadway
New York
or Branches and Agencies

"Going to Europe is only half the pleasure— The other half is going on a Cunarder."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Billion Dollars Lost

BANKERS estimate that Americans pay one billion dollars a year for worthless securities. Think of it—nearly $10 apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States! In almost a score of states the assessed valuation of all real estate is less than one billion dollars.

Such Losses can be Avoided

Caution, Care, Investigation and, above all, consultation with your investment banker will reveal safe and profitable investment opportunities for you.

The Financial Article that appears in the April issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

This Book May Mean Thousands To You!

It will show you how to accumulate thousands by the systematic purchase of Guaranteed 5½% PRUDENCE-BONDS, and it will also safeguard you against the possible loss of thousands in securities that have no guarantee!

Mail the Coupon for a Copy

TEAR OUT

The Prudence Company, Inc. A.M.637
331 Madison Ave., at 43rd St., New York
Under supervision of N. Y. State Banking Dept.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send booklet "Prudence-Bonds Provide the Guarantee that Prudence Demands."

NAME

ADDRESS

©1925 P. Co., Inc.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

tuals, had no more knowledge of cookery than a chef on a Pullman diner. Nine-tenths of the current writers upon the topic in America are female professors of what is called domestic science; that is to say, they know a great deal about calories and vitamines, but nothing whatever about civilized dining. The meals they advocate are excellent for diabetics, but fatal to epicures. If these lines, by any chance, are read by one who is privy to the secrets of the diamond-back terrapin, he is hereby invited to set down his ideas and send them in. There was a fear that Prohibition would ruin the diamond-back, for cooking it is impossible without sherry, but the bootleggers have now saved it. In New York it is cooked *a la* Newburgh—a crime comparable to frying soft crabs in batter. Who knows the true Maryland style, and can describe it tenderly and voluptuously? Cash money is paid for such articles.

The following eloquent passages, apparently inspired by a recent paragraph in Clinical Notes, have come in anonymously:

> There is in the Catholic Church a training in art, in symbolism that is to be got nowhere else. The daily drama, colorful, actionful, meaningful, of the Holy Mass, is a training in art, in pageantry, in painting. It is only poverty that makes some of the Catholics put up their terrible yellow, red and blue crudities of the Holy Family. They must have color, and these are handed out. Every Catholic child has lived an imaginative life in the Catacombs, where the Catholic religion lived and bloomed next to its pagan enemies. What a thrill to read of Pancratius! What if error may be occasionally mixed with it? The joy of living in times long past, the delight of visiting among colorful noble tragedies, are the possessions of every Catholic child. The sisters in a convent school are figures of noble self-forgetfulness, of mysterious spiritual romance. The stations of the cross are playthings of souls touched with sorrow. The triumphant victory of the Resurrection enacted at Easter time amid the triumphant boomings and joyous soprano singing of young

Continued on page xxiv

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAJESTIC

The World's Largest Ship

Two Million People in Ten Years

ALMOST two million people crossed the ocean on our ships in the past ten years; crossed the wide seas in supreme comfort, mingled pleasantly with pleasant people—met courtesy and friendliness all the way.

Ours is a vast service—but human. A service that understands the traveler's every whim—and meets it. A service that has provided the best of ocean travel for more than half a century.

WHITE STAR LINE

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE · RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York; 127 So. State St., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To ITALY

and Return

$193

Intermediate Second Class

Reserved Exclusively for Teachers, Students, Artists, Journalists, Professional Men and Women

on the Magnificent Oil-Burner

COLOMBO

12,087 Gross Tons 21,000 Tons Displacement

The ideal season and the ideal route. From New York June 30. From Philadelphia July 1. Through the Straits of Gibraltar, across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to Naples in 10 days. Arriving in Rome for the Holy Year at a time when the eternal city is thronged with pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe. Returning from Genoa July 21, from Naples July 22, or later. One Way Fares: Intermediate Second Class $107, One Class Cabin $155.

Ask for illustrated Folder X showing spacious cabins and social rooms.

Italian Line

NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA
1 State Street, New York
or any authorized Tourist Agent

Do you hold

FRENCH DOLLAR BONDS
JAPANESE DOLLAR BONDS
POLISH DOLLAR BONDS
GERMAN DOLLAR BONDS

Are you uncertain as to the advisability of investing funds in the obligations of the above Governments?

We have prepared an analysis of value on these securities.

Write for ANALYSIS "D"

GREAT NORTHERN
BOND & MORTGAGE
COMPANY, INC.

25 BROAD STREET NEW YORK

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxii

boys is an unequalled soul experience. The dolorous silencing of the organ on Good Friday, the voluntary humiliation of the washing of feet reënacted by the priest, the melancholy dirges of Jeremiah, prototyping the Christ, the Old Testament scenes of the Tenebrae in Holy Week—what is there in Protestantism or even in Judaism to equal these? Perhaps Jesus would be surprised to come back and witness some of the services! The fact remains that an emotional need is satisfied by the colorful romancing, the soul adventuring.

Have you a grief that tears at your heart? Look at the symbols of grief worse than yours around about you, borne for your sake, nobly, without counting the cost. It's *der Kuss der ganzen Welt.* It is universal in its message. Death? We cherish our dead. We even take the bones of our dead, the only remaining things of souls who dared and were brave, and we boldly wrap them in sheaths of glimmering silk and satin and put them beneath an altar, and dare to look at them and remember that we too shall be gone with only a few bones remaining. Our spirits cherish the spirits of those gone ahead, and in our sorrows we are glad.

Friends who encounter news-stands on which THE AMERICAN MERCURY is not on sale are invited to complain politely to the Circulation Manager. There are, alas, many such stands in the remoter reaches of the Republic, and many will remain through all eternity. It is simply impossible to broadcast so expensive a magazine as the popular magazines are broadcasted. But an effort is made to keep it on all stands which cater to an enlightened and refined clientèle. The truly prudent reader subscribes by the year. The cost is $5 in the United States and its groaning dependencies—a dollar less than the cost of 12 copies, one by one. Moreover, the annual subscriber is sure to get his magazine, and on time. Canadian subscribers must pay $5.50; the excess goes to their government, *i.e.*, to their public job-holders. The rate for all other countries, Christian and heathen, is $6. Payment may be made by postal order, or by check on any solvent bank.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come to Tarpon Inn, Useppa Island, Florida, and Discover How to Live

TARPON INN, famed resort for fastidious gentle folk, is located on a charming, picturesque island, "Useppa the Beautiful".

Nobody ever forgets his first view of this gem of the seas. Carpeted by velvety green reaches, dotted by cool woods, shaded by great friendly palm trees, wreathed in semi-tropical foliage and flowers, flecked in season with the blossoms of orange and grape-fruit groves, and scented with perfumed breezes, Useppa is a tonic to the body and a feast to the eyes. It is like a picture painted by a master's hand; a bit of creation in her most loving mood. Yes; a he-man's place, to be sure.

And nestled in all this wealth of grandeur stand the white, chummy portals of Tarpon Inn — the home of honest hospitality. Here are rooms as airy and cool as a flower garden, with beds as spacious as a lawn.

Cuisine, too, Ah-h-h! How your ravishing appetite relishes the varied and generous dishes which are prepared to the ultimate of tastiness.

Then, when the sun sinks like a golden balloon in the west and ends a day crowded with recreation and sport, there come lazy hours in the brilliant moonlight, listening to the soft strains of dreamy music which float to your ears and away into the semi-tropical night.

Come to Tarpon Inn, Useppa Island, and discover how to live.

OFF-SHORE VIEW OF TARPON INN

Tarpon Inn

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE. ADDRESS, TARPON INN, DEPT. A, USEPPA ISLAND, LEE COUNTY, FLORIDA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Spring—

AFTERNOON SHOE
In black suede and patent leather. Many other pleasing combinations.

Footwear Made on the Real French Last

—delightful creations in pleasing materials embracing all favored styles for the Spring Season.

On request—"MODES OF THE MOMENT"

CARCION MANFRE & Co.
MAISON FRANÇAISE

15 West 50th St. ▲ 986 Sixth Ave.
NEW YORK

Extend Your Horizon Through S T C A Travel

EUROPEAN Summer Tours Arranged for College People by College People in the True Vacation Spirit.

Prominent Lecturers
Sleepy Hall's Orchestra
Holland American Line Service

A thoroughly enjoyable and worth while ocean voyage at minimum rates. Crossing on the sister ships VOLENDAM and VEENDAM.

From New York June 20th and 27th
$155 Round Trip to England

STUDENT THIRD CLASS ASSOCIATION
121 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn.

PROGRESS *in* KNOWLEDGE

LOSS OF BLOOD IN SURGERY

Gatch and Little, of the School of Medicine at the University of Indiana, have measured, by a very ingenious device, the amount of blood lost at various common surgical operations, and report their finds in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The most bloody routine operation, it appears, is that for the removal of the female breast. The loss of blood ranges from 400 to 710 cubic centimetres—say, from 13 to 24 ounces. Operations on the stomach, the uterus and the thyroid gland also seem to be relatively bloody. But an ordinary appendectomy, as now performed, costs the patient almost no blood at all; the highest loss reported by Gatch and Little is little more than half an ounce, and the average is about a quarter of an ounce. They report that a patient in fairly good condition may lose from 20 to 24 ounces of blood "without any apparent harmful effect," and that "serious effects" do not begin to appear until the loss runs from 27 to 33 ounces.

READING THE FACE

Dallas E. Buzby, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently experimented on 715 students regarding their interpretations of facial expressions, and reports his findings in the *American Journal of Psychology* as follows:

> 1. Angry was judged most frequently as pleased, and very frequently as bewildered, quizzical, contemptuous, amazed or disdainful. . . . The dismayed face was judged as attentive with a very high frequency (46%), and quizzical

Continued on page xxviii

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXQUISITE FRAGRANCE OF LILACS THAT GROW ON THE SUNNY SLOPES OF FRENCH NORMANDY IS BROUGHT TO YOU IN

ED. PINAUD'S

LILAC VEGETAL

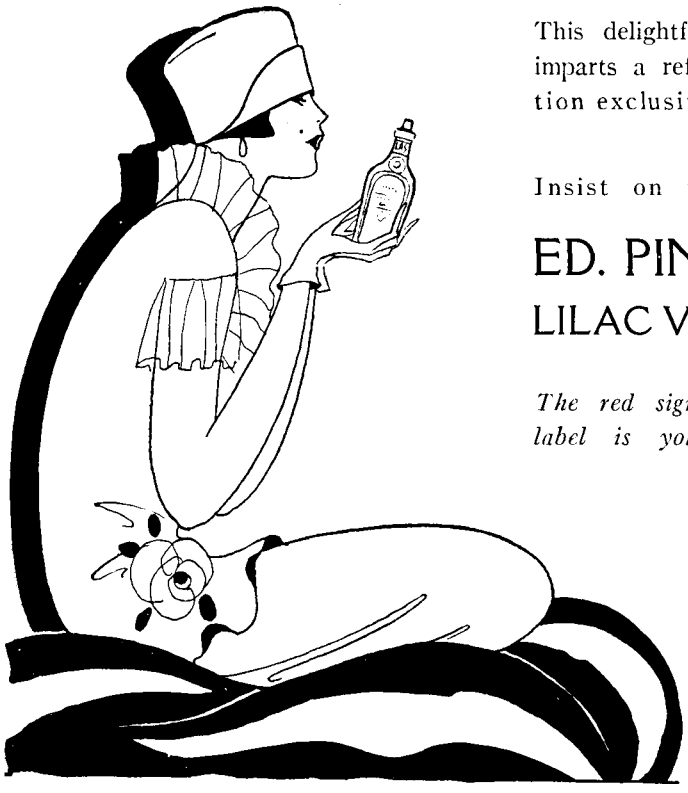
The original French Toilet Water

This delightful preparation imparts a refreshing sensation exclusively its own.

Insist on the original

ED. PINAUD'S
LILAC VEGETAL

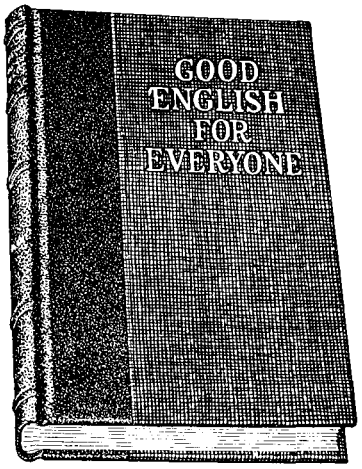
The red signature on the label is your protection.



Parfumerie ED. PINAUD

ED. PINAUD BLDG. NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Do you want to improve your English?

HERE, at last, is a practical, understandable book on Good English. Compiled from the lessons of the International Correspondence Schools. Tells you how to speak and write good English—how to improve your handwriting—how to punctuate correctly—how to increase your vocabulary—how to write better letters. Gives you full lists of words most commonly misspelled and mispronounced.

442 pages. Handsomely bound. Printed in large type on clear white paper. Price only $3. The best investment you could make, for it will help you to improve your English—get a better position and a larger salary—make friends and avoid embarrassment.

Just write your name and address on the coupon printed below enclose the necessary amount of money—check the book or books you want and we'll send them to you by return mail.

Money back if not satisfied

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 9426, Scranton, Penna.

Good English for Everyone—442 pages	$3.00
Preparation and Handling of Advertising—518 pages	5.00
Letter Writing, Indexing and Filing—277 pages	2.50
Traffic Management—368 pages	3.50
Advertising Handbook—445 pages	1.00
Radio Handbook—514 pages	1.00
Salesmanship—460 pages	3.50
How to Sell Your Services	1.00
Accountant's and Auditor's Manual—422 pages	2.00
Corporation Finance—421 pages	3.50
C. P. A. Questions and Coaching—250 pages	2.50
Commercial Bookkeeping—325 pages	3.00
Money and Banking—471 pages	3.00
Cost Accounting—375 pages	4.00
American Business Law—300 pages	2.50

Name.....

Address.....

PROGRESS *in* KNOWLEDGE

Continued from page xxvi

and bewildered were judged more frequently than the correct dismayed.

2. The percentages of correct judgment were: horrified, 60; disdainful, 37; disgusted, 53; bewildered, 37.

3. An analysis shows that the upper part of the face, and the eye and brow are more important for the correct judgment of facial judgment than the mouth.

4. Women give a slightly greater percentage of correct judgments than men.

Score One for Democracy!

H. B. Reed, of Grinell College, recently experimented with 494 students regarding the effect of training on individual differences of ability, and reports his findings in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology*. The practice exercises used were, saying the alphabet backwards, substituting symbols for digits, simple additions, etc. The results point to the conclusion that individual differences are decreased by training—in direct contradiction to the common opinion of psychologists that training increases them. Says Reed:

> In the simpler skills, at any rate—those that are taught in the elementary schools, and are important for everyone in making a living and in discharging the duties of citizenship in a democracy—the evidence indicates clearly that equal training makes individuals more equal in spite of differences in native ability.

The "Healthy" Yokel

Shepard and Diehl, of the Medical School at the University of Minnesota, have lately studied the physical records of 3,478 male students entering the university, and report their findings in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. They divided the students into four classes: those brought up on farms, those from villages of from 50 to 1,000 population, those from towns of from 1,000 to 5,000, those from small cities of from 5,000 to 50,000, and those from

Continued on page xxx

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ

THE VIRGIN FLAME

By Ernest Pascal

Author of "THE DARK SWAN" ($2.00)

"It throbs with a vivid Latin dramatic intensity that is seldom found in an American novel."
—*Philadelphia Record*

"Here is a stinging, stirring arraignment of Dollarland with its ragtime reasoning, jazz morals and syncopated justice. It is refreshing to find our America condemned by straight evidence."
—*New York Saturday Review*

The effect of the "jazz" philosophy of life on a sensitive musical nature is well brought out in "The Virgin Flame", written, obviously, by one who knows and loves music. All who are interested in the current discussion of "jazz" will find this interesting novel well worth their consideration.
—*Willem Mengelberg*
Conductor, The New York Philharmonic Orchestra

Is It An Abomination?

MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE

By Edgar Saltus

The first and also the best of Mr. Saltus' numerous fictions. Throughout the book the pages are permeated with suspense, horror, information and charm. A novel which is sure to be condemned by everyone who prefers platitude to paradox, or tea and toast to truffles and red pepper. $2.00

THE ANATOMY OF NEGATION

By Edgar Saltus

Mr. Saltus is a scientific pessimist, as witty, as bitter, as satirical, as interesting and as insolent to humanity as are his predecessors, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. There is a prodigal display of genius in his work that is a history of antitheism from Kapila to Leconte de Lisle. $2.00

[*Twenty-six other titles are described in our Spring Catalog that will be mailed to you on request.*]

Publishers - BRENTANO'S - New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bind

THE AMERICAN MERCURY!

THE January, February, March and April issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY constitute the fourth volume. They contain much that you will wish to preserve. In order that you may keep them in a convenient and permanent form, we have designed for each volume an unusually fine binding of figured Batik boards, reinforced buckram back and corners, with a paper label. The expense of the binding is $2.75, which represents exactly what the materials and work cost us.

If you wish your four numbers bound, please send them to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, notifying us that you have done so and mailing us your check or money order for $2.75.

WHILE OUR business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

The

VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.

New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue

PROGRESS *in* KNOWLEDGE

Continued from page xxviii

large cities. Their conclusions are as follows:

1. Students raised in villages have more physical defects than students raised in other communities. Multiple defects are also common in this group.

2. Students raised on farms show more physical defects than those raised in towns or large cities, about the same number as those from small cities and less than those raised in villages.

3. Students raised in towns of from 1,000 to 5,000 population show less physical defects than any others except those from large cities.

4. Students raised in small cities of from 5,000 to 50,000 population are exceeded in total physical defects only by students from villages.

5. Students raised in cities of more than 50,000 population show the lowest number of physical defects.

A Cure for Seasickness

Moxey, in the *British Medical Journal*, reports a new and very effective method of treating seasickness. As is well known, this distressing and sometimes dangerous malady is due to disturbances in the inner ear, and various sedative drugs, especially chloral and the bromides, offer relief from it. Unfortunately, it is often difficult to administer them, for the patient rejects them the moment they are swallowed. Moxey, who has had long experience as a ship's surgeon, gets around this difficulty by administering them in a suppository, and with striking success. He says:

> Two suppositories contain 15 grains of chloral and 30 grains of bromide. . . . As a preventive, one should be inserted morning and evening for the first three days at sea. If the patient is sick when first seen a suppository should be administered at once, and repeated every two or three hours for four doses. . . . There is no danger whatever, provided the administration is stopped when somnolence supervenes. . . . Subsidiary measures should not be neglected. These are recumbency (in bunk in cabin is best), warmth, keeping the eyes shut, and the use of an abdominal belt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Crowell Fiction

THE CACTUS — *By Charles Chadwick*

Every lover of detective stories will enjoy this one keenly. Beginning with a mysterious double tragedy, in Greenwich Village, New York, the tangled skeins of intrigue, mystery, adventure and romance lead into the cactus land of Mexico. The dénouement is startling. ($2.00)

OLD HURRICANE — *By Julia A. Flisch*

With a background of the Georgia hill country some years before the Civil War, the author weaves a tale of the Old South so simple and yet so poignant that one ends the book with the feeling of having personally known the characters. The central figure is a woman of the soil, whose indomitable spirit lifts her above the "poor whites" to something nobly heroic. ($2.00)

ANGELINE OF THE HILL COUNTRY — *By Cordia Greer-Petrie*

Meet Angeline! An original character from the backwoods of Kentucky, if there ever was one! Her strange adventures in the big city, and her quaint observations on men and things, have already convulsed thousands of native sons—now she takes her place as one of our national types of humor. A book to chuckle over and read aloud. *With 16 line drawings by Carle Michel Boog.* ($1.50)

MR. COLLIN IS RUINED — *By Frank Heller*

How two professional writers—a novelist and a critic, are cleverly imposed upon by the redoubtable Collin, and are made to continue writing in spite of themselves. A story of aliases and piled up mystification, with many a laugh interwoven. ($2.00)

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue - New York

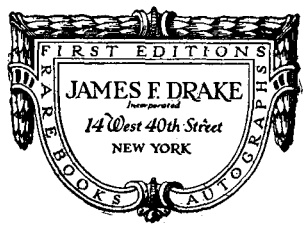
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James F. Drake

INCORPORATED

issue Catalogues of First Editions, Rare Books and Autographs which every collector will find of interest.

The shop at 14 West 40th Street is an ideal place for the booklover to browse.



Just Issued

CATALOGUE NUMBER EIGHT

Modern First Editions

The CENTAUR BOOK SHOP

1224 Chancellor Street :: Philadelphia

Recent Catalogues

No. 202. Modern First Editions, Library Editions of Standard Authors, Classical Literature, Philosophy, Theology, Sport, etc., etc.

No. 203. Law Books, Legal Antiquities, Biography, etc., with Sections on Accountancy and Banking.

Copies of above catalogues will be sent post free on application

JAMES THIN

54-55-56, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

Check List of NEW BOOKS

THE FINE ARTS

STICKS & STONES. *A Study of American Architecture and Civilization.*
By Lewis Mumford. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 247 pp. *New York*

A well-informed and often profound study of architecture in the America of today, with constant reference to its relation to American life. There are useful bibliographical notes at the end.

GASTON LACHAISE. *Sixteen Reproductions in Collotype of the Sculptor's Work.*
Edited by A. E. Gallatin. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$10 11 x 7¾; 14+(42) pp. *New York*

The selections are representative, and the collotypes from photographs are well executed. A brief introduction by the editor.

POLYCHROMY. *Architectural and Structural Theory and Practice.*
By Leon V. Solon. *The Architectural Record*
$6 10 x 7; xiv+157 pp. *New York*

A study of the use of color in Greek architecture, with many illustrations. An attempt is made to reconstruct the color schemes of familiar monuments, and the errors of previous scholars are noted. There is an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram, and a bibliographical appendix.

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART.
By Walter Pach. *B. W. Huebsch*
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 118 pp.; 36 plates. *New York*

An attempt to sketch the history of painting and sculpture since the French Revolution, with stress upon the ultra moderns. The examples chosen for illustration are well selected, and there is a short but useful bibliography.

MUSICAL LAUGHS. *Jokes, Tittle-Tattle and Anecdotes Mostly Humorous, About Musical Celebrities, Gathered During Forty-three Years as Musical Editor of the New York* Evening Post.
By Henry T. Finck. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$1.75 7¼ x 4¾; 333 pp. *New York*

A mixture of chestnuts and banalities.

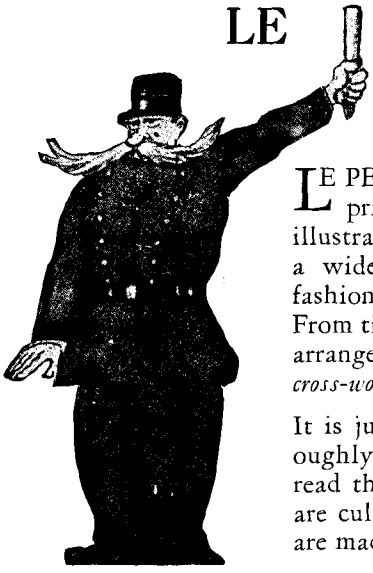
Continued on page xxxiv

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh! Monsieur—" "Mademoiselle—"

and right there the conversation breaks down!

HOW can we call ourselves educated if we haven't a working knowledge of at least one language besides our own? If you favor French—that beautiful, clear and sprightly language—and once studied it, or are taking it up now, you can derive pleasure and make a good deal of progress by simply reading



LE PETIT JOURNAL

LE PETIT JOURNAL is a small newspaper, carefully edited, printed on glazed paper of good quality, profusely illustrated, giving extracts from the French press. It covers a wide range of topics interesting to Americans—travel, fashions, old world customs, world events, general news. From time to time it prints, in full, the scores of French songs, arranged for the violin and piano. *Every issue contains easy cross-word puzzles in French.*

It is just long enough so that one has time to read it thoroughly twice a month. No one human being could possibly read the quantity of French journals and dailies from which are culled their choicest items. The allusion and difficulties are made clear by footnotes in English.

Next TWELVE ISSUES for $1.00

Here is a rare opportunity to brush up on your French and at the same time come in closer touch with the spirit of France and of Paris than by any other means available on this side of the Atlantic. Think of getting lots of entertainment and 12 splendid lessons in French for just one dollar! Order Le Petit Journal for yourself or for your friend who is interested in France or studying French. It will prove a rare and inexpensive treat.

R. S. V. P. !

Doubleday, Page & Co.,
Garden City, N. Y.

MAIL TODAY

Enclosed please find $1, for which kindly send me Le Petit Journal for your special trial offer of 6 months (12 issues).

Name.....

Address.....

.....

M-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your boy's crucial years

are from 8 to 14. Longmeadow, a country day and boarding school, uses art, music and directed play in intensive, individualized work with this difficult age group. Small classes. *Address*

I. MANSUR BEARD
Longmeadow School, Box A, Longmeadow, Mass.

Current
ENGLISH BOOKS
A carefully selected stock of modern and contemporary fiction, poetry, drama, essays and criticism
May we mail you our new list of current books? Our lists are made up from our own reading, and from a detailed study of the best in English and American criticism.
THE HOLLIDAY BOOKSHOP
10 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone, Bryant 8527

THE MESSENGER
World's Greatest Negro Monthly
Edited by
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH and CHANDLER OWEN
New Opinion of the New Negro
15 cents a copy *$1.75 a year*
2311 Seventh Ave., New York City

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE ANY BOOK REVIEWED
advertised or mentioned in this issue or any other book in print at bookstore prices. We pay postage everywhere on all orders. Promptest service assured. For your convenience, will send orders C.O.D. Our monthly magazine-catalogue "BOOKS OF THE MONTH" sent free on request.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 5th Avenue Dept A NEW YORK

For Safety's Sake-demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores
You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine Naphtha or Gasoline
Cannot Burn or Explode

WE BUY ALL ISSUES OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY
WE SELL ALL ISSUES OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY
Inquiries solicited
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 Fifth Ave., Dept. A. New York
N. B.—We also supply back numbers of all other magazines. We specialize in National Geographics 1888 to date.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

ORIENTAL FORERUNNERS OF BYZANTINE PAINTING. *First Century Wall Paintings from the Fortress of Dura on the Middle Euphrates.*
By James Henry Breasted. The University of Chicago Press
$4 11¾ x 9; 105 pp.; 23 plates. *Chicago*

Dura is a ruin that has been uninhabited for 1500 years. The author and his associates spent but a few hours there, but they managed to obtain photographs, with color notes, of two remarkable wall paintings, probably dating from the First and Third Centuries. Since their visit both paintings have been greatly damaged by desert Arabs. Their report is Vol. I of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute Publications.

THE NATURE, PRACTICE AND HISTORY OF ART.
By H. Van Buren Magonigle. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 314 pp. *New York*

An ambitious but somewhat sketchy attempt to cover the whole history of art in the West. The best parts are the early chapters on technic. There is a short bibliography, but the book sorely wants an index. There are 128 half-tone illustrations, most of them very small.

CHARLES FRASER.
By Alice R. Huger Smith and
D. E. Huger Smith. *F. F. Sherman*
$12.75 9½ x 7¼; 58 pp. *New York*

Fraser was born in 1782 and died in 1860. Most of his miniatures were painted in the South, but he often visited the North. He was a friend to Sully, Malbone and Washington Allston, and Gilbert Stuart admired him extravagantly. The present authors share that admiration. They offer reproductions of 51 of Fraser's miniatures, with notes.

CRITICISM

HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF CHRISTIANITY FROM TERTULLIAN TO BOETHIUS.
By Pierre de Labriolle. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$7.50 9¾ x 6; 555 pp. *New York*

A large, learned and very valuable work—the first on such a scale in its field. Dr. de Labriolle is professor of Latin literature and Roman institutions at Poitiers. The book is Vol. V in "The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden and based upon the French "L'Evolution de l'Humanité." The present translation is by Herbert Wilson. There are chronological tables at the end, and a good index.

Continued on page xxxvi

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOSE BARREN LEAVES By Aldous Huxley

author of "Chrome Yellow"

Brilliant, witty, and keenly provocative is this satire on the manners and morals of present-day society, as displayed at Mrs. Aldwinkle's inimitable "literary" house party.

Laurence Stallings says: "Huxley entertains me more than any other modern."

Edwin Bjorkman, N. Y. Eve. Post, says: "He is the most interesting of the younger writers now coming to the front in England." $2.50

THE PAINTED VEIL By W. Somerset Maugham

author of "Of Human Bondage"

The publication of Mr. Maugham's first novel since "The Moon and Sixpence" marks an outstanding event. Swiftly moving, inexorably determined by fate is this story of Kitty Garstin—beautiful, thoughtless Kitty who had to pass through the agony of despair before she discovered what lay behind the painted veil of life. $2.00

THE GREEN HAT By Michael Arlen

author of "These Charming People"

This amazing book has caught the imagination of the whole country. For Iris March, she of "The Green Hat," is not to be resisted—even by Mr. Arlen's detractors.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune: "There are phrases, sentences, paragraphs, whole pages to blind the reader with sheer brilliancy." *Iris March edition,* $2.00

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York

"The Private Library for the Discriminating Few"

One after another, in person and by letter, Members have queried, "Why don't you advertise in the 'Mercury'?" We are too modest to attempt any explanation of the particular appeal, to readers of this magazine, of membership in the Society.

However, persons of cultivated tastes, Members in thirty States, gracing thirty-six professions, appreciate the opportunity to **read, without buying,** rare, unusual, and bizarre books; limited, privately-printed editions; reprints and translations of famous classics.

When writing for information and list of books, kindly mention occupation or profession.

Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc.
45 West 45th Street, New York City

French Illustrated Magazines

LIST FREE. ART PUBLICATIONS—AMERICAN, BRITISH, FRENCH — SPECIAL DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS FREE

E. M. DUNBAR
113 Rowena Street, Boston 24, Mass.

FIRST EDITION
RARE BOOKS

THE BOOK PEDDLER
OMAHA NATIONAL BANK BLDG
OMAHA, NEBR.

A new literature forged and tempered in seething years of Revolution

Flying Osip

Stories of New Russia

The wild sweep of life in the village, the city, the Red Army, of these epochal days in surging Russia is mirrored in the stories of these new Russian writers. $2.50

Leon Trotsky

interprets the new literature of Russia in a brilliant, controversial book

Literature and Revolution

He writes of the men and movements that make up the literature of Russia since the Revolution. "The essential truth of Trotsky's findings and the brilliance of his discussion are undeniable." *William A. Drake* in the *N. Y. Tribune.* $2.50

Foundations of Christianity
By Karl Kautsky

A profound investigation of the origins of Christianity from the materialist viewpoint. Large octavo, 480 pp. $4.00

For sale at bookstores. Add 8% for postage if ordered by mail from Publishers. Write for bulletins of information on new books.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SIXTH OF THE CENTAUR BIBLIOGRAPHIES

D. H. LAWRENCE
by EDWARD D. McDONALD
With an introductory essay
THE BAD SIDE OF BOOKS, by D. H. Lawrence

The largest bibliography of the series to date, a volume of about 150 pages. With a frontispiece portrait and a reproduction of the title page of a book not heretofore credited to Lawrence.

Edition limited to 500 copies at $3.50 and ninety large paper copies for sale at $10.00.

(SHORTLY)

The CENTAUR BOOK SHOP
1224 Chancellor Street :: Philadelphia

Outside the Fold and Glad of it

WHY I QUIT GOING TO CHURCH

With answers to Critics and Correspondents

By RUPERT HUGHES

Author of "Within These Walls," "Excuse Me," etc.

Pp. 160 *75 cents, net*

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY
49 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON ("Sam Slick"). *A Study in Provincial Toryism.*
By. V. L. O. Chittick, Ph.D.
Columbia University Press
$4 8 x 5½; 695 pp. *New York*

The first adequate study of Haliburton as author and politician. The doctrine that he was the father of American humor is neatly disposed of, and there is an attempt at a judicious valuation of his writings. An exhaustive bibliography is appended.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA AND AN ELIZABETHAN MANIA.
By John F. Forbis. *American Library Service*
$4.50 8 x 5¾; 342 pp. *New York*

The author attempts to explain Shakespeare's sonnets on the theory that the poet was a drunkard, and that they all deal with his struggles against his weakness.

FOLK-LORE

PAUL BUNYAN.
By Esther Shephard. *The McNeil Press*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 235 pp. *Seattle*

The first attempt at a comprehensive presentation of the Paul Bunyan legend. The Bunyan stories were known to all lumbermen in the Northwest until a decade ago. Mrs. Shephard reduces twenty-one of them to print. There are many more.

LEGENDS OF TEXAS.
Edited by J. Frank Dobie. *The Texas Folk-Lore Society*
$2.50 9¼ x 6; 279 pp. *Austin*

Some of these legends are folk-lore; others embody actual history. They have been assembled from various sources, and are presented as received from volunteer contributors, and not too critically. A useful pioneer collection. A bibliography is appended.

FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH. *Collected Under the Auspices of the West Virginia Folk-Lore Society.*
Edited by J. H. Cox. *The Harvard University Press*
$5 9½ x 6; 545 pp. *Cambridge*

A model of sound research and careful editing. Though practically all of the songs presented were gathered in West Virginia they cover a wide range and include most of the more familiar ballads. Prof. Cox's notes are always shrewd and valuable. There are interesting accounts, with portraits, of some of the surviving ballad singers of the mountains.

Continued on page xxxviii

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ PUBLISHED DEBATES!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

CLARENCE **DARROW** (Against) **versus** JUDGE A. J. **TALLEY** (For)

PROHIBITION?

CLARENCE **DARROW** (Against) **versus** REV. DR. JOHN H. **HOLMES** (For)

SOVIETISM IN AMERICA?

BERTRAND **RUSSELL** (Against) **versus** SCOTT **NEARING** (For)

LITERARY CENSORSHIP?

JOHN S. **SUMNER** (For) **versus** ERNEST **BOYD** (Against)

Each debate is a complete stenographic ad verbatim report of actual debates held in New York during 1924, illustrated with portraits of debaters. Each $1.00, postpaid.

FREE! To all who purchase the above four debates for $4.00 we will send free a copy of the "Plea of Clarence Darrow in Defense of Loeb and Leopold, Jr." 121 pages. (Separately $1.00.)

The League for Public Discussion
500 Fifth Avenue Dept. A New York

N. B.—We supply debates, briefs, data, etc., on all subjects. Send for free catalogue.

FLEXIBILITY

WHEN the best sellers start blooming like mushrooms in May, happy is the publisher who has entrusted his book manufacture to us. Here is the largest capacity bindery in the country, just a mashie shot from the stores where the Big Rush starts!

H. WOLFF

Complete Manufacturers to Publishers Since 1894
518-526 West 26th St., New York
Telephone Chickering 8667

Your Headquarters Mr. Publisher

Where we offer you the following advantages:

Complete Photo-Engraving, Typesetting, Electrotyping, Printing, Mailing and Edition Binding, all under one roof.

Editorial rooms where quiet prevails; away from the hum of the big battery of composing room machinery and presses.

A place where the editor or advertising manager can prepare copy, read proofs, or close forms with the advantage of skilled advice, if requested.

These offices have been made available through the enlargement of our plant, and every need and convenience for the buyer of printing "on location" has been attended to in detail.

WE EXTEND YOU AN INVITATION TO VISIT OUR DAYLIGHT PLANT

This magazine manufactured by the Haddon craftsmen.

AND ASSOCIATES
Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. H. MUIR
RARE BOOKS AND PRINTS
76a Davies St., Oxford St.
LONDON W. 1, ENGLAND
Third catalogue in the press *Sent post free*

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS
Early Printed Books and Incunabula, Old English Authors, Rare and Curious Books, Sets of Standard Works, Coloured Plates, Books on the Fine Arts, Science, Technology, *etc.* Modern First Editions, Engravings, Drawings, *etc.*
Catalogues sent regularly—post free.
REGINALD ATKINSON
188 Peckham Rye, London, S. E. 22, England

MAMMONART
by Upton Sinclair
THE most revolutionary criticism of literature and the arts ever penned.
400 pages, cloth $2, paper-bound $1, postpaid
UPTON SINCLAIR . . Pasadena, Calif.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS
Suit lengths of these famous tweeds can now be obtained direct from the makers at manufacturers' price
The Ideal for Golf and All Sports Wear
PRICE $2.00 PER YARD, POSTAGE PAID
NEWALL—141 STORNOWAY—SCOTLAND
Write for patterns, stating shades desired

Study AT Home
Become More Efficient
Courses in *Mathematics, Chemistry, Psychology, Education, Business* and 40 other subjects command either High School or College credit. Start any time.
The University of Chicago
32 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILL.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE
Speeches, Orations, Addresses, Essays, etc., prepared to order on any subject, $3 per thousand words. Literary criticism, $1.50 per thousand words. Manuscripts typewritten correctly for publication (with one carbon copy) $1 per thousand words. Markets for literary wares suggested.
DON MAGOON STUDIO, Suite Y
4553 Emerson Ave St. Louis, Mo.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS
of every description thoroughly searched for and found expeditiously. We specialize in English editions. Imperfect sets completed. First editions supplied. Genealogies, family and town histories furnished. Back numbers of all magazines supplied. *No charge for this service.* Inquiries solicited. Free literature on request.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 Fifth Ave. *Dept A* *New York City*

FIRST EDITIONS AUTOGRAPHS
UNUSUAL AND DESIRABLE BOOKS
Monthly Catalogue on Request
HARRY STONE
137 Fourth Avenue New York City

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

ROLL AND GO. *Songs of American Sailormen.*
Ed. by Joanna C. Colcord. *The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*
$3 9½ x 6½; 118 pp. *Indianapolis*

Miss Colcord was born at sea and became familiar in childhood with most of the chanteys she presents. She departs from the usual arrangement of collections of folk-songs, to the ease of the general reader. The music is given in all cases, and there are some interesting pictures of old sailing-ships.

REFERENCE BOOKS

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH.
By Ernest Weekley. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8 x 5; 983 pp. *New York*

An abridgment of Weekley's Etymological Dictionary of Modern English, published in 1921. The work of abridgment has been done discreetly, and the new volume is very learned and useful. Many new terms have been added, *e.g., moron, hormone, vitamine.*

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF CARL VAN VECHTEN.
By Scott Cunningham. *The Centaur Book Shop*
$2.50 7¾ x 4½; 52 pp. *Philadelphia*

Sixteen titles are in the list of books. Lists of contributions to books and periodicals, and one of critical articles upon Mr. Van Vechten's work are appended, and at the front there are an "overture" by him and a biographical note by the bibliographer. The portraits include a caricature by Covarrubias and a photograph of the author in childhood.

REPRINTS

LIFE OF JESUS.
By Ernest Renan. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¾; 481 pp. *Boston*

This translation was made by Joseph Henry Allen in 1895. It is here reprinted unchanged. The book is stoutly bound and suitable for library use.

RED. *Papers on Musical Subjects.*
By Carl Van Vechten. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 205 pp. *New York*

Mr. Van Vechten, announcing his retirement from music criticism, here gathers such of his scattered critical papers as he desires to preserve. Twelve of them come from books now out of print; three more have never appeared between covers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BORZOI *Broadside*

APRIL, 1925 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. V. NO. 6.

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Harvest of Fear

"HATS off, gentlemen, a genius," wrote Robert Schumann apropos a certain composition by Chopin. Well, my hat is off to Geoffrey Dennis and his new novel, HARVEST IN POLAND. Here to my mind is a work of sheer genius, a novel overwhelming in conception and masterly in execution. I urge every reader who has any confidence at all in my ability to know

great literature when I read it, to buy or borrow HARVEST IN POLAND without delay.

In Birmingham, England, a young and attractive Oxford undergraduate receives through the eerie messages of a clairvoyant the first warning of vague encounters that lie before him. In Lichfield comes a second warning, more sinister, more supernatural—this time at a ludicrously tragic séance. Then, slowly but with unerring accuracy, the prophecies begin to come true. To Oxford, to Paris—not the Paris of tourists but the real Paris that tourists talk of in whispers and never find—to Breslau, and finally across Europe to Hate Castle in Poland goes Emmanuel Lee, drawn by a force as relentless and strong as the invisible demon that exerts it. And here in Poland demons actually appear: Zwan, the dwarf, half-demon, half-saint; Bethlehem, the Giant whose soul belongs to Lucifer; the Grandmother, relic of an Amazon; Sebastyan, too effeminate to deserve the name of man; and to offset these: Weronika, the one sane woman in a whirlpool of madness; Prince Julian, striving to save Emmanuel from an inexorable fate; Karol, weak in flesh but sanely human. The climax comes when the Giant repents of his bargain with Lucifer and attempts to win Emmanuel to the service of his master, offering him up as a scapegoat in his stead. During one terrible night he is seduced by temptations and horrors, lovely and unspeakably evil. The end is as mysteriously sudden and final as death, but to Emmanuel Lee it brings life.

Alfred A. Knopf

HARVEST IN POLAND. *By* GEOFFREY DENNIS, *Author of "Mary Lee."* *$2.50 net.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE HARVEST OF FEAR 45
WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE . . . 46
SPRING 47
GREEN MANSIONS *by John Galsworthy* . . 47
HATREDS OF 1906 *by Arthur Machen* . . 48
THE SHINING PYRAMID 48
WHEN MOHAMMED CAME TO THE MOUNTAIN 49
YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA . . 49
A GREAT HISTORICAL SAGA . . . 50
BESTIAL GODS 50
MID-VICTORIAN IMPERIALISM . . . 50
THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN TODAY . . 51
THE BORZOI BAROMETER 51
IN HIS OWN IMAGE 52
THE LATEST PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS . 52

All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Drawing by WASHINGTON IRVING
of a "pretty Norman lass on a donkey"

Washington Irving, Esquire

AMERICA can boast of few more fascinating characters in its history than that of Washington Irving, Minister to Spain, lawyer at the trial of Aaron Burr, officer in the War of 1812, friend of Sir Walter Scott, secret collaborator of John Howard Payne in playwriting, amateur actor in Saxony, diplomat, adviser of Presidents, and world famous author of KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY, RIP VAN WINKLE and others of America's finest classics. It is remarkable that up to this time no adequate biography has appeared of this great figure.

George S. Hellman, for years an ardent admirer of Washington Irving, has had access to material hitherto unavailable and has drawn it into a vivid, scholarly and entertaining volume, entitled WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE: AMBASSADOR AT LARGE FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD.

The interest of this new volume can be best shown by the headings of some of the chapters: "The Deacon's Son" shows the effect of Irving's father upon the life of the young boy; "First Taste of Europe" is full of the gay happenings of the twenty-one-year old Irving, who left Italy without seeing Florence or Venice, in order to rush to Paris. "Love Affairs" takes up the pathetic episode of Matilda Hoffman and in addition relates the stories of Emily Foster, the English girl whom Irving loved; of Mary Fairlie, one of the fascinating belles of old New York; of a flirtatious Danish countess; of the widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley; of Jean Renwick, the beloved of Robert Burns; and of others loved or in love with the attractive young Irving. "Merry Youth and First Fame" has to do with the period when KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK made him the most widely read author in America. "Light and Shadow" deals with the days when Irving became bankrupt and took to writing as a steady profession. Then follow chapters on his wanderings in France, Germany and Spain; his work as a dramatist and poet; his adventures among the American Indians; his interest and achievements in the field of legends and ghost stories; his brilliant diplomacy as an unofficial ambassador from the New World to the Old; his relation to the general development of American journalism; etc.

Mr. Hellman brings much more than scholarship to his task of depicting Irving. He brings a wide sympathy, a generous philosophy, imagination and humor. As a result WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE is not the usual formal biography but a delightful and intimate book concerning that magnetic personality who was our first great man of letters.

The volume is illustrated with old engravings, facsimiles of Irving's letters and manuscripts and sketches by Irving himself.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE. *By* GEORGE S. HELLMAN. *Illustrated.* $4.00 *net.*

Woodcut by ALLEN
LEWIS for "PAUL BUNYAN"

Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADISLAS REYMONT
From a sketch in The Literary Review

Spring

REYMONT'S great Nobel Prize novel, THE PEASANTS, reaches tremendous heights with the publication of the third volume, SPRING. Now the little Polish village is in the grip of hard times. Winter supplies of fodder and potatoes are running low and the new crops are not in the ground yet. The wound that old Boryna received in his fight against the foresters of the Manor is sapping his life away and Yagna, his young wife, beautiful and full of the overflowing vitality of youth, yields to the call of life and to younger lovers.

But Spring is the festival season. Mothers with marriageable daughters—and the daughters themselves—begin to set new traps for the young bachelors. Scenes of comedy, passion, tragedy follow close upon one another. The speed of the story becomes greater and greater until the whole village is vitally involved in the throbbing and poignant drama that life among a simple people presents to this great novelist. And from each page of the book comes the smell of the newly turned furrows, all the disturbing sweet odors of Spring.

Rupert Hughes, writing of the whole great novel in the *International Book Review*, said: "Poles are generally agreed that Reymont is their greatest living novelist and that his work THE PEASANTS is their greatest contribution to literature since Sienkiewicz swept the world with his QUO VADIS? It is gripping drama, with interludes of beauty, of horror, of greed, piety, gaiety." Another reviewer in the same magazine wrote of it, "A classic, a thing of perfection in its kind, and deserves to remain a living part of the tree of the world's literature."

SPRING, VOLUME III OF THE PEASANTS. *By* LADISLAS REYMONT. AUTUMN *and* WINTER *are already available.* SUMMER, *the final volume, will be published in June.* $2.50 *net each.*

A Romance of the Tropical Forests

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

[THE quotation below is taken from John Galsworthy's introduction to GREEN MANSIONS by W. H. Hudson. This introduction was written in 1915, seven years before Mr. Hudson's death. GREEN MANSIONS has just been included in The *Borzoi* Classics, in an edition uniform with the other fourteen volumes in that set.]

Of all living authors—now that Tolstoi is gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. Why do I love his writing so? I think because he is, of living writers that I read, the rarest spirit, and has the clearest gift of conveying to me the nature of that spirit. Writers are to their readers little new worlds to be explored; and each traveller in the realms of literature must needs have a favorite hunting ground, which, in his good will—or perhaps merely in his egoism—he would wish others to share with him.

And that reminds me: This, after all, is a foreword to GREEN MANSIONS—the romance of the bird-girl Rima—a story actual yet fantastic, which immortalises, I think, as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man. Somewhere Hudson says: "The sense of the beautiful is God's best gift to the human soul." So it is; and to pass that gift on to others, in such measure as herein is expressed, must surely have been happiness to him who wrote GREEN MANSIONS. In form and spirit the book is unique, a simple romantic narrative transmuted by sheer glow of beauty into a prose poem. Without ever departing from its quality of a tale, it symbolises the yearning of the human soul for the attainment of perfect love and beauty in this life—that impossible perfection which we must all learn to see fall from its high tree and be consumed in the flames, as was Rima the bird-girl, but whose fine ashes we gather that they may be mingled at last with our own, when we too have been refined by the fire of death's resignation. The book is soaked through and through with a strange beauty.

I would that every man, woman and child in England were made to read him; and I would that you in America would take him to heart. He is a tonic, a deep refreshing drink, with a strange and wonderful flavour; he is a mine of new interests and ways of thought instinctively right. As a simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist he has few, if any, living equals.

GREEN MANSIONS: A ROMANCE OF THE TROPICAL FORESTS. *By* W. H. HUDSON. *A Borzoi Classic.* $4.00 *net.*

Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACHEN'S HOME
at St. John's Wood, London
(*Courtesy of* E. V. MITCHELL'S BOOK NOTES)

Hatreds of 1906

By ARTHUR MACHEN

[THE following is taken from the new preface which Arthur Machen has written to DR. STIGGINS: HIS VIEWS AND PRINCIPLES, which is the latest addition to the *Borzoi* Uniform Edition of his works. In this book Mr. Machen states the opinions of a crazy American preacher, using him as a mouthpiece for his own comments, ironic, sarcastic, and critical, of the passing show of life.]

In the year 1906 THE HOUSE OF SOULS was issued by the firm of E. Grant Richards. The publisher, I know not why, thought the book ought to have a preface, and so I wrote one. This preface had nothing very much to do with the contents of the volume; it served me as a vehicle for the expression of my hatreds. I find that I disliked many things in 1906. I abhorred the notion that literature should be "practical," or utilitarian; the notion that made Macaulay condemn the Platonic philosophy because it had not led to the invention of anything useful to man, materially useful, that is. Then, I detested "big business" in all ways. Big business meant to me a nest of horrible factories and appalling chimneys, rows of mean streets, staring or deplorable, the pleasant country laid waste, the rivers running black as ink. Again, Puritanism, with its successor modern Protestantism, to me was the abomination of desolation. It was not only that I regarded it as a theological blasphemy and an intellectual folly; it offended that part of the man which does not reason, but only feels. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has put the matter admirably in his notes on Dickens' violent dislike of Dissenters. He says that Dickens was in this exactly like his character Kit, in THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. Dickens knew no more of the intellectual, historical, or theological rights and wrongs of Dissent than did ignorant Kit; both took up Dissent as a man takes up a noisome fungus, smells it, makes an inarticulate noise of disgust, and throws it away. It offends; it is no sweet and natural growth of the good earth; it is foul in all its circumstances. And I was thoroughly with Kit and Dickens in this matter.

I liked saying all this so much that I went to a publisher and suggested a little book which should be, practically, this preface in an extended form. He assented, and forthwith I set about writing DR. STIGGINS.

This was eighteen years ago. I have glanced over the book again and find no single article that I would wish to recant. Everything that I hated in 1906 I hate now; if possible, with greater heartiness.

DR. STIGGINS: HIS VIEWS AND PRINCIPLES. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *author of "The Hill of Dreams," "The Secret Glory," etc. Uniform with the Borzoi Machen Edition.* $2.50 *net.*

The Shining Pyramid

"TWO years ago," Mr. Machen says in his introduction, "an American man-of-letters, full of industry, rummaged in old papers, magazines and manuscripts owing their origin to me, and produced as a result of his labours a volume published at Chicago, called THE SHINING PYRAMID. The American gentleman, I may say, did not disturb my peace by consulting me as to the content of the book in question. Then in 1924, pleased, I suppose, with the result of his toils, he rummaged a little more, and, using the same methods, produced a second volume of scraps and odds and ends from my workshop. This book he entitled THE GLORIOUS MYSTERY."

This edition of THE SHINING PYRAMID, uniform with the *Borzoi* Edition of Machen's works, contains all the matter, issued in the two previous volumes, which Mr. Machen wishes to preserve. Some of the chapters are: Out of the Earth, The Happy Children, The Secret of the Sangraal, The Mystic Speech, In Convertendo, and Education and the Uneducated.

THE SHINING PYRAMID. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *uniform with The Borzoi Machen Edition.* $2.50 *net.*

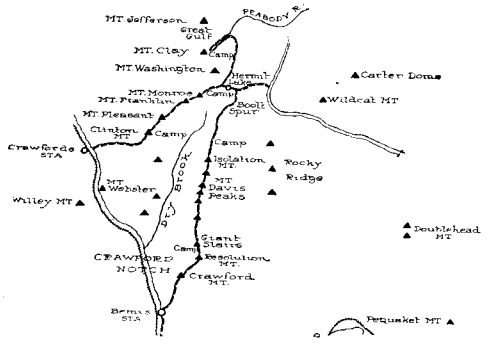
Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Mohammed Came to the Mountain

"MOUNTAINS! What stuff has been written in praise of them, what buncombe from dithyrambic pens! 'As soon as men begin to write on Nature,' Emerson remarked, 'they fall into euphuism.' Ah, well: let no one be too full of blame or too stiff-necked in criticism. These lofty habitations of the gods, where they live and play and now and then look down amused upon the swarm of life in the valleys, are not to be re-created in pallid sentences, nor adequately understood by the minds of journeyman scribblers. Sometimes on wind-swept summits, if your ears are very sharp, you may hear strange conversations in an argot, never known before, a sweeping language at a pitch inarticulate to common ears; a jargon, it must be, even to ears more sensitively tuned; yet full of some tremendous import."

Thus begins SKYLINE PROMENADES by J. Brooks Atkinson, editor of *The New York Times Book Review*. A Mohammed in his dignified calm philosophy and contemplation of life, he has gone to the mountains that he loves so well and on their peaks has talked of everything from books to birds, from trees to people, from geography to authors. Though the main story deals with a camping and tramping journey through the forests of the White Mountains the author takes half the book to write seriously and frivolously of the things that interest him most.



Cross-section of map for SKYLINE PROMENADES

A peculiar piquancy is given the book by the discourteous dialogue of the skeptical Pierre, who accompanies him on his journey. Pierre protests severely against the pose and pretense of writers in general and of Mr. Atkinson in particular. With true humor he represents the opposite camp from the author. Mr. Atkinson defends himself against himself and in the end each reader must decide for himself—or herself—whether it is Pierre or "The Author" who has the better of it.

SKYLINE PROMENADES. *By* J. BROOKS ATKINSON, *editor of* The New York Times Book Review. *The first edition will consist of* 2000 *numbered copies.* 8*vo, board sides. Illustrated with a map.* $2.50 *net.*

Youth and the Bright Medusa

[THE following article appeared in *The New York Times Book Review* shortly after the publication of YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA by Willa Cather in 1920. This volume of short stories has just been reissued in The *Borzoi* Pocket Books.

If Willa Cather had written nothing except "Coming, Aphrodite!" the first of the eight stories in her YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA, there could be no doubt of her right to rank beside the greatest creative artists of the day. This pagan paean to Beauty, symbolized in the love story of an artist and written with exquisite sympathy, is a veritable Koh-i-noor in the rhinestone and paste tiara of contemporary literature. All clamorers at the gates of art who have bitterly felt the sting of worldly success withheld, will want to lay wreaths of gratitude at the author's feet for the artistry with which her story has given voice to that loneliness of spirit which is the ultimate tragedy of their lives.

The theme of this story—youth's adventure with the many-colored Medusa of art—runs like a golden thread through the entire collection, a thread so dazzling that delight in its gleam swept the reviewer away from sobriety of expression into a mood of molten appreciation that made him grab a sheet of notepaper and write to a friend: "Don't fail to read Willa Sibert Cather's latest book if you have to beg the price of it." And facile enthusiasms are not one of his weaknesses; out of the last half hundred books of fiction he has reviewed for these columns not one has moved him to unreserved praise.

YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA is decidedly a literary event which no lover of the best fiction will want to miss.

YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA. *By* WILLA CATHER, *author of "One of Ours," "A Lost Lady," etc. A Borzoi Pocket Book.* $1.25 *net.*

Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Historical Saga

IN 1916 Verner Von Heidenstam, leader of the romantic school in Swedish Literature, received the Nobel Prize. THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS, probably his greatest novel, has just been translated into English.

"How the dwarfs lost the horn Manegarm and how a seed was laid in the earth from which a great tree was to grow, is here to be related. Here we shall tell the story of a race which attained to the highest honor and then was swept away and left no trace behind." That is the introductory paragraph to this fine epic, the romantic saga of the tragic and masterful family of the Folkungs, which, emerging from a mist of legendary origins, controlled the destinies of Sweden for two or three generations and then vanished as mysteriously as it had come.

Starting with the close of the Viking age, when dwarfs roamed the earth and magic ruled the air, it moves swiftly to the advent of Christianity, to the overthrow of paganism, down to the thirteenth century in the days of the all-powerful Earl Birger. Against a brilliantly colored tapestry of ancient glory is acted out the heroic achievements of the Folkungs and the drama of the rivalry between the Earl's two sons. In this struggle between Valdemar, the gay voluptuary, and Magnus, the stern ascetic, with all the changing incidents of love and war, Von Heidenstam has narrated a great tale worthy to stand beside the finest of modern European classics and as fascinating as the Niebelungen Lied.

THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS. *By* VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM. *Translated from the Swedish by* A. G. CHATER. $3.00 *net.*

Bestial Gods

THIRTEEN years ago Theodore F. Powys, brother of the distinguished authors Llewellyn and John Cowper Powys, turned from the world and its affairs, married a village girl and retired to East Chaldon, a remote smuggling village hidden away on the Dorset Coast some three miles inland from the magnificent White Nore Cliff. In this solitary hermitage he began writing extraordinary novels, THE LEFT LEG, BLACK BRYONY, MARK ONLY and a score of others, as brutal and frank in their vivid stories of English peasants as they are original in their treatment and style. Through the encouragement of David Garnett, author of LADY INTO FOX and A MAN IN THE ZOO, and Louis Wilkinson, author of BRUTE GODS, Powys's work was presented to the English public by Chatto and Windus. Its reception both there and in this country resulted in the unanimous acceptance of Mr. Powys as a unique figure in contemporary letters—a story teller with the themes of a Thomas Hardy and a courage almost unparalleled in literary history.

In MR. TASKER'S GODS, a full length novel and the biggest thing he has yet done, Mr. Powys depicts the English peasant in a sharp, cruel, primitive light. Mr. Tasker, the dairyman with his worship of bestial gods; old Tasker, the tramp and disgrace of the Tasker name; the Rev. Hector Turnbull with his strangely assorted family; Alice and Edith, the servants; and scores of others are creatures of the soil—wild or tame, lustful or kindly, murderous or peaceful as the moods of nature and natural impulses sway them. And in the end Mr. Tasker goes out to feed his gods—the pigs.

MR. TASKER'S GODS. *By* T. F. POWYS, *author of "Mark Only," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

Mid-Victorian Imperialism

THIS volume is an original and important contribution to historical knowledge.

The "Imperialism" with which the author deals is that specifically British movement which aims at preserving and consolidating the unity of the British Empire. In this interesting book is traced the history of this movement from its origin till the end of the Eighties. The Evolution of the Imperialist spirit is traced as reflected in contemporary literature, in public debate, and in the press.

The book is provided with a bibliography and an index.

STUDIES IN MID-VICTORIAN IMPERIALISM. *By* C. A. BODELSEN. $3.50 *net.*

Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLES MORGAN
Author of MY NAME IS LEGION

The Literature of Spain Today

WITH the publication, the end of April, of CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE by Aubrey F. G. Bell, a fourth volume is added to the library of studies of the last fifty years of European literature inaugurated a few years ago with IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE by Ernest Boyd. The second and third volumes, ITALIAN SILHOUETTES by Ruth Shepard Phelps and CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE by René Lalou appeared last Fall. A fifth title, CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE by Prince D. S. Mirsky, who contributed an introduction to TALES OF THE WILDERNESS by Boris Pilniak, will be published next Fall.

Aubrey Bell is an Englishman who has lived for many years in the Iberian Peninsula and has published many valuable books on Spain and Portugal. One of them, A PILGRIM IN SPAIN, has just been published recently. CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE comes at a time when Americans are fast awaking to the fact that there are other and better Spanish authors than Ibáñez. The works of Pío Baroja, DON JUAN by Azorin, the famous essayist, THE PLEASANT MEMOIRS OF MARQUIS DE BRANDOMIN by Valle de Inclan, FIGURES OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD by Gabriel Miró, ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES by Miguel de Unamuno, and many other translations from the Spanish have created a demand for more information concerning the little known contemporary literature of that country. There is no book in English that pretends to cover the field of Mr. Bell's book: 1870–1920. Practically every writer of any account is treated and a full bibliography is appended. Some of the chapters are: Valera and the Classical Idealist; The Lyrical Novel; Ramon Perez de Ayala and the Psychological Novel; The Forerunners of Modernism; The Drama and Social Problems; etc.

No reader, interested in following the trends of the literature of the world today, can afford to neglect this book, for classics are being born today just as they were fifty or a hundred or two hundred (and so on) years ago and Spain is having a prominent share in the creation of these classics.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE. *By* AUBREY F. G. BELL. $3.00 *net.*

The BORZOI *Barometer*

DURING the month of February The *Borzoi* became a Hound of Heaven, broadcasting its literary barks on the radio from Station WGBS. There were talks on THE WOLVES AND THE LAMB, J. S. Fletcher's latest thriller, THE MATRIARCH by G. B. Stern, which has just gone into its fifth printing, YOUTH RIDES WEST by Will Irwin, which was broadcasted under the caption "Flaming Youth in the Covered Wagon," and Knut Hamsun, one time trolley conductor, whose SEGELFOSS TOWN has recently appeared. Then on February 20th a *Borzoi* reception was held where many of the best known *Borzoi* authors spoke.

ANOTHER *Borzoi* book has reached the screen: THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER, Mary Borden's novel, has been bought by the Metro-Goldwyn Company.

AMONG recent callers at the office of The *Borzoi* have been: Joseph Hergesheimer, Julia Peterkin, John Weaver, back from Hollywood, Witter Bynner, from Santa Fe, Viola Tree, co-author of THE DANCERS, and John T. Frederick from Iowa.

EUNICE TIETJENS has just returned from Tunis, where she wrote her latest volume of poetry PROFILES FROM HOME. She found the romantic enchantment of Tunis conducive to the creation of poetry of America or home.

Turn to page XLVI for Order Blank

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* APRIL 1925

In His Own Image

THIS collection of tales, IN HIS OWN IMAGE, by the mysterious and much-misunderstood Frederick Rolfe, self-styled Baron Corvo, is in every way representative of his sardonic genius. A sincere Catholic, his piety is apparent in all his work, and yet his keen sense of the humorous and imbecilic in mundane and holy affairs found expression in his most devout writings. These stories of the monks in the monasteries and orders of Italy, as told by that delightful young imp of the perverse, Toto, are perhaps the closest approach we have had to a new Boccaccio since the original DECAMERON was written, and are all informed with that curious admixture of extreme devotion and ironic ridicule. Corvo was neglected during his lifetime and found oblivion after his death. Nevertheless, the number of his readers has steadily increased, until today the widespread revival of interest in his writings almost assumes the proportions of a genuine cult. IN HIS OWN IMAGE, together with THE CHRONICLES OF THE BORGIAS and HADRIAN THE SEVENTH, is the best of his work.

These tales are unique, and though very uneven, they are very original. They represent a natural comminglement of the Pagan and the Christian tradition in the form of modern Italian folk lore expressed through the medium of a rather fantastic youth of Rome. But at times it is difficult to say whether it is Toto or Corvo who is speaking. The naïvety is always Toto's but the subtlety is sometimes Rolfe's.

Some of the chapters are: About the Miraculous Fritter of Frat Agostino of the Cappuccini; About Sodom, Gomorrah, and the Two Admirable Jesuits; About the Love Which is Desire and the Love Which is Divine; Why Cats and Dogs Always Litigate; About a Vegetable Purgatory; About What is Due to Contrition; About One Way in Which Christians Love One Another, etc.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. *By* FREDERICK BARON CORVO. *With an introduction by* SHANE LESLIE. $2.75 *net.*

The Latest Publishing Arrangements

The books listed below have only just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced in due course.

AN ANATOMY OF TOBACCO
By ARTHUR MACHEN

FROM AN OLD HOUSE
By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE WAGNERIAN ROMANCES
By GERTRUDE HALL, *with an Introduction by* WILLA CATHER

MORE IN AMERICAN
Poems by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

THE AMARANTH CLUB
A Novel by J. S. FLETCHER

ORDER

Mail this leaflet to your bookseller, checking the books described herein.

If there is no bookstore in your town, mail it direct to the Publisher, ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me at once the books checked:

☐ C. O. D. by mail. I will pay the postman the price of the books plus postage, on delivery.

☐ I enclose check or money order for $....., the price of the books plus 8c a volume for postage.

☐ Charge to my account.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

HARVEST IN POLAND. $2.50 *net*

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ. $4.00 *net*

THE PEASANTS: SPRING. $2.50 *net*

GREEN MANSIONS. $4.00 *net*

DR. STIGGINS. $2.50 *net*

SKYLINE PROMENADES. $2.50 *net*

YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA. $1.25 *net*

THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS. $3.00 *net*

MR. TASKER'S GODS. $2.50 *net*

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE. $3.00 *net*

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. $2.75 *net*

In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPECIAL OFFER

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is making a few very advantageous offers with other magazines. Subscriptions at these rates cannot be entered through agents, or through any other channels than the offices of the magazine in question, and these offers will not be extended indefinitely.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AND

	Separately	*Combination*
THE NATION	$10.00	$7.60
THE DIAL	10.00	7.60
CENTURY	10.00	7.60
THE NEW REPUBLIC	10.00	7.60
CURRENT HISTORY	8.00	6.00
ASIA	9.00	6.80

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please enter my subscription for one year to THE AMERICAN MERCURY and

THE NATION
THE DIAL
CENTURY
THE NEW REPUBLIC
CURRENT HISTORY
ASIA

Cross out all but the magazine desired.

Beginning with the ..... issue. I enclose $..... (check or money order).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Foreign postage One Dollar, Canadian postage Fifty Cents.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New books of ALBERT & CHARLES BONI New York

FIGHTING THE WORLD

The Struggle for Peace

By Count Michael Karolyi

FROM an editorial in *The New York World*, February 19, 1925: "This distinguished patriot is not allowed to open his mouth while in this country. What does it all mean?"

The answer may perhaps be found in these memoirs of the first President of the Hungarian Republic, for in his foreword he says he has written them "as a duty to history and to myself, for I know things which no one else can know." $6.00

CARD CASTLE

By Alec Waugh

THE tense story of how a very insignificant incident can cause the card castle, or imaginary structure man builds in his mind's eye as the picture of his own life, to topple to the ground. Alec Waugh is one of the most popular of the younger English writers. $2.00

SCHOOLING

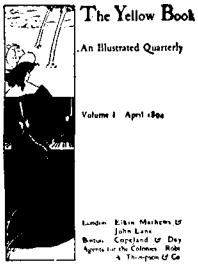
By Paul Selver

MR. SELVER has been known before chiefly for his translation of *R. U. R.* Here he presents a hitherto neglected angle of school life as it is observed and felt by a young man who enters as an inexperienced teacher, limited in intellectual and social intercourse. $2.50

LEVEL CROSSINGS

By Coleridge Kennard

"HE can give in words an impression of the gay but empty life of pleasure, dancing, eating, and *amourette* in which men of wealth join members of the chorus; and then he will switch off to a delicate and sympathetic study." —*Times Literary Supplement.* $2.00



THE YELLOW BOOK

A facsimile reissue of the thirteen volumes of this famous magazine of the 1890's, limited to 1000 copies for England and America.

$45.00 per set

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRITISH OVERSEAS EMPIRE

By L. C. A. Knowles $4.00

THE GATEWAY OF PALESTINE

By S. Tolkowsky $3.00

To be published in April

BAUDELAIRE — *Complete*

Translated by Arthur Symons

THE entire *Fleurs du Mal*, *Poemes en Prose* and *Les Paradis Artificiels*. Mr. Symons is here on his own and best ground. No other complete or adequate translation of this, one of the very greatest of French poets, exists. $4.00

Publishers of **39 West 8th Street** *The American Library*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Romance waits on beauty ~in excelsis

TANTALIZING strains that give life to tired limbs. Glittering jewels and sparkling eyes. Music, fantasy, satire and—

Cupid seriously casts an appraising eye!

She, one of the youngest debutantes; hardly beautiful, clearly unsophisticated—but surely *enchanting*. He, a globe-trotting cavalier of proud French ancestry; a social lion surveyed by grande dames' gold lorgnettes, and corraled by madames' ambitions.

Mrs. Newfriend remarked, "It must be the whimsical charm of her hair. Do you notice how, like heaped spoils of sunshine, the golden ringlets give to her features a radiance, a mysterious allurement?"

Miss Coterie whispered, "It must be the discreet use of the Parisiene preparation—let me see? Her French hairdresser recommended it. I remember, the product of Dr. Charles Marchand." (*Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris*).

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is specially prepared to bring back the golden tint of girlhood, or to transform black or dark hair to chestnut, auburn or golden shades. Charming results attained, easily, quickly and safely.

Used by French coiffeurs, especially in New York, for over twenty years.

FREE

CHARLES MARCHAND CO.,
Dept. A, 220 West 42nd St., New York

Please send me your booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MADE BY THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN AT HADDON PRESS, INC., WHERE FEDERAL CROSSES NINETEENTH, CAMDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The SWEETMEATS of KINGS"

By Appointment to

H. M. King George V

H. M. The King of the Belgians

H. M. The Queen Mother of Holland

H. M. The King of Sweden

The Imperial House of Japan

H. M. The King of Italy

Special Introductory Package of these famous Biscuits for one dollar

THIS is an assortment of twelve kinds of biscuits—every morsel a product of the master baker's art and so worthy of that expression, "The Sweetmeats of Kings."

As illustrated, Special Introductory Package sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar.

Ridgways Tea Company
Dept. C, 60 Warren Street
New York

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED